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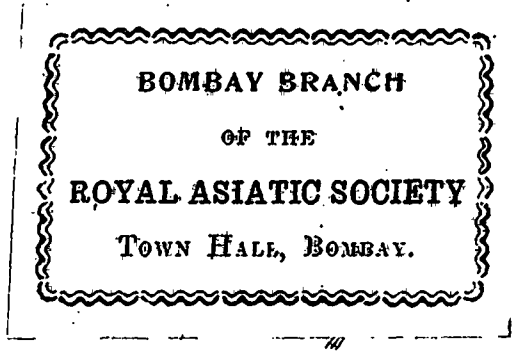

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A

TOUR

IN

FRANCE, SAVOY, NORTHERN ITALY,

SWITZERLAND,

GERMANY AND THE NETHERLANDS,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1825:

INCLUDING SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCENERY

OF

THE NECKAR AND THE RHINE:

BY

SETH WILLIAM STEVENSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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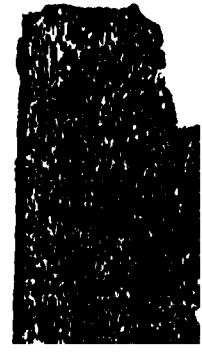

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TO

JOHN HOLMES, Esq. F.S.A.

EAST RETFORD, NOTTS,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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7.d 25

PREFACE.

In this Travelling age, and amidst the prevailing mania for writing Tours, to produce any thing novel in that way is a difficulty, which the Author is very far from pretending to have overcome. But, encouraged by the friendly approbation bestowed on a former volume,* he ventures to lay the present work before the Public. And should it be thought that he has dwelt too long on some subjects, or expressed himself too warmly on others; the best apology he can offer is that the descriptions, remarks, and sentiments contained in the following pages,

* "Journal of a Tour through part of France, Flanders, and Holland, including a VISIT TO PARIS, and a "*Walk over the Field of Waterloo*, in 1816.—Printed, *not* for sale but, for private distribution.

however they may fall short of establishing a just claim to the reader's attention, are the genuine result of impressions made on the eye and heart of the writer, by scenery replete with attractions of the sublime and beautiful, and by objects equally calculated to excite a spirit of inquiry and to awaken interest in the reflecting mind.

Norwich, March 23, 1827.

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A TOUR;

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CHAPTER I.

Departure from Paris—Fromenteau—Essonne—Forest, Town, and Palace of Fontainebleau—Family Breakfast—Nemours—Fontenay—Montargis—Briare—The Loire—Cosne—Pouilly—The Vines—French Landscape Scenery and Country Towns—Nevers.

ON the 12th of July, accompanied by my friend, Mr. Haüssermann, I set out from Paris on a journey to Milan. We travelled, *extra poste*, in an English-built *calèche*, taking the high road of Fontainebleau.

Ville-juif and Fromenteau are the two first relays.—The road from the latter place runs in a straight line, nearly as far as the eye can reach, through a fine country. A line of woody heights to the right hand and another to the left reminded us of those at Thorpe and Crown Point, near my native city. The landscape, however, though

considerably less verdant, is on a much more extensive scale than ours. The fields, are open, and the rye and oat harvest in them had already commenced.

Essonne is agreeably situated on the river of that name; but, as usual with French towns of this (I had almost said every other) class, the principal thoroughfare has a slovenly and poverty-struck appearance. It presents a long street of large dilapidated houses; in the midst of which, if we may believe the inscription over the door-way, is a *Salon des Muses.* But, in spite of *their* directive power, the men are rude loungers, the females dirty, the children half naked, and the beggars exceedingly troublesome. The banks of the river serve as a general theatre of operations for the washer-women, who with their flat mallets thump the linen into quite as *good* condition as their *compatriotes* do in Paris. At the top of the hill is a newly-erected shrine and figure of Notre-Dame-des-Champs. There are several manufacturing establishments* near Essonne, said to be in a very prosperous state, and their shew of business accords with the favourable report concerning them. The view of ridges covered with vines and with grain of all kinds, would have been yet more pleasing but for the burning heats that had parched up the vegetation of a chalky soil.

Proceeding to Ponthierry over high grounds, you have the Seine winding below you through a fertile valley, the populousness of which is indicated by numerous spires and habitations. Now and then a chateau *looks*

* For cotton-thread spinning, calico printing, &c.

grand: but the houses of the affluent class are very seldom to be seen near the main road; and "the embellished scene" forms no constituent of the picture.*

If the first stages of our journey to Fontainebleau were rendered irksome by the excessively long drought bringing upon us suffocating clouds of dust, we were amply recompensed, when, entering the vast Forest as the sun declined, we beheld the richest lustre of his evening rays penetrating the deep shade of vegetable vaults, and partially dispelling their majestic gloom.

Being desirous of seeing as much of the interior parts as the time would allow; we soon quitted the common path, and pursued our way amidst a succession of the noblest timbers. The thick and tall stems of the oaks, beeches, and poplars shew how well each of those kinds thrive even on poor land. Our postillion stopped opposite an oak, and requested us to observe that it is called "*Le Bouquet du Roi;*" the trunk has attained sixty feet in height, before a single bough springs from it.

Manifold are the features of this great sylvan domain. Its broad and branching alleys form a sheltered and delicious ride of several miles, whilst the light occasionally breaks in with enchanting brightness. Sometimes, leaving the carriage, we "pierced into the midnight depth," of groves of enormous growth—

* "The embellished scene (Mr. Gilpin has justly observed), is one of the peculiar features of English Landscape. Though not enough marked with the bold free characters of Nature, it is still, under proper regulations, a very beautiful species of landscape. It hath beauties peculiar to itself: and if it astonish us not with grandeur and sublimity, it pleases with symmetry and elegance."—See *Observations on Picturesque Beauty.*

" That forming high in air a woodland quire,
" Nod o'er the mount beneath. At every step
" Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
" And all is awful listening gloom around."

At length emerging from these umbrageous scenes, we found ourselves in a spacious amphitheatre of rocks, some worn bare and smooth, others covered with moss and foliage, and the whole piled in huge and chaotic masses. The "Hermitage" and the "*Rocher qui pleure*," to which some youthful guides conducted us, are situated amidst these wild and fantastic combinations. I cannot better describe them than by saying, that the spot on which they exhibit themselves appears as if it had been rent by an earthquake, then inundated by a deluge, and afterwards planted with germes of the largest trees as well as of the smallest shrubs, in promiscuous abundance, by the hand of Nature. Effects of light and shade, such as artists love to study, can no where perhaps be viewed in presentations more beautiful, or in varieties more contrasted, than in the long-drawn avenues and intricate labyrinths of Fontainebleau forest—still the resort of the stag, the wild boar, and even of the wolf; formerly a harbour also for the lynx, and, worse than all, for lawless and ferocious man.* Thanks, however, to *Messieurs les Gens-d'armes*, there is now nothing to be feared from banditti; and the *Garde-chasses* have been equally successful in thinning, though not in wholly extirpating, the breed of savage beasts. It were well if no longer in fear of (what Quentin Durward calls) "flayers on the highway," the traveller now-a-days could promise himself the same security in *La Belle France*, from "flayers in the hostelrie."

* See Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 47.

Arrived at Fontainebleau, our evening promenade in face of the palisades of the castle court (for it was too late to obtain admission) proved congenial to the influence of those impressions, which a sight of this celebrated and once favourite residence of the French Monarchs is calculated to produce on any one who remembers its local and political history. The vastness of the quadrangle, and the defiance of uniformity which marks its architectural character, entitle it to the appellation which has quaintly been assigned to it, of the *rendez-vous des Chateaux*. The streets of Fontainebleau are well pierced, like the roads through the forest by which it is surrounded: but the town has a deserted and melancholy aspect; there was a stillness in its streets well suited to check a stranger's disposition to hilarity.

July 13th.—At an early hour this morning we visited the Palace, and were agreeably surprised to find the interior of that grand edifice not only highly interesting from its antiquity, but also truly admirable for the rich decorations of tapestry, pictures, and furniture, displayed in its numerous suites of apartments. The Gallery of Francis the First; the very handsome rooms (and very agreeable too for any man to occupy, *except* as a *prison*), appropriated to Pope Pius the VIIth, whilst detained there by Buonaparte; and that in which Napoleon signed his abdication in 1814; have each their source of interest in historical associations. As the scene of so important an event, the last mentioned room is designated by the following inscription, on a brass plate fixed to the under side of a small round table of oak, viz.:—"Le cinq Avril dix-huit cent quatorze Napoleon Buonaparte signa son Abdication sur cette table, dans le cabinet du travail du

Roi, près la chambre à coucher, à Fontainebleau." In this cabinet is a picture, by (I think) Le Brun, of Racine reading his Tragedies to Louis XIV. and the Queen.

A few paces taken in the long and lofty Gallery of Francis the First will suffice to convince you of the strong claim to attention, which it derives from the circumstance of its having been constructed under the eye of a princely patron of the Fine Arts, in an age when reviving Genius called loudly for support and encouragement. The superb paintings and carvings that embellish this royal chamber are evidently the untouched relics of a stile, whose Italian originators in the fifteenth, and whose French adopters in the sixteenth century, seem alike to have delighted in over-laying with the utmost exuberance of florid ornament, those simple and chaste forms, which the science and taste of ancient Rome had taught her to select as the proper models of architecture.

We breakfasted at the house of a Friend; a gentleman of good family, of truly hospitable disposition, and of paternal suavity of manners. Mons. La G. had long held an active and responsible office under Government, in the department of Engineers, and about two years ago, at the age of 77, having been brought nearly to death's door by the effects of an accident, submitted to the amputation of his leg with heroic fortitude. His resignation under painful affliction, and his courage at the most trying of moments, have been rewarded with a renovated state of health: and he was enabled on this occasion to receive us in the cheerfulness of that social spirit which seems to characterise him, and with an astonishing degree of personal activity. A French Breakfast is upon no starving principle, in respectable society. In compliment to his English guests,

green tea was added, by order of our worthy host, to the usual bill of fare, which consisted of the following articles: Soup *(potage)*, ham, eggs, mutton chops, coffee, Burgundy wine *(première qualité)*, apricots, currants, and cherries. His house, situated in the outskirts of the town, and consequently bordering on the forest, to which it had immediate access, was what in England we should call a heavy building. The custom of placing thick wooden shutters on the outside of the windows clashes materially with neatness and lightness of external appearance. But it was necessary for us merely to *feel* the fervid power of the sun, in order to be brought to a candid acknowledgment that without such effectual means of excluding its beams during the greater part of the day, no habitation at this period of the year could be dwelt in with the slightest portion of comfort. The people prefer sitting cool, but almost in the dark, to gaining light by admitting the heat. And I am of opinion that of two evils they, in this case, choose the least. We walked into our friend's garden, which, fruitful though not extensive, called to our remembrance at every turn, that we moved beneath a ripening sky, upon the glowing soil that produces a celebrated grape to perfection.*

In the afternoon we left the Hotel de la Ville de Lyon,† and quitting the town of Fontainebleau, again entered the forest, through which we had to travel the greater part of our way to Nemours. The prospects vary in ex-

* The *Chasselas de Fontainebleau.*

† The *Galère*, nearly opposite the Chateau, is a larger and *appears* a better Inn. But Mrs. Marianne Baillie complains of the Bugs *there*. Now *that*, not even excepting a landlord who does not know his business, is the greatest nuisance of the "*Ville de Lyon.*"

tent, but on the whole are sufficiently attractive. The whiteness of the chalk hills, whose tops appear above the trees, gives a singular effect to the more distant parts of the landscape. But we did *not* mistake them either for the *Alps* or the *Pyrenées.** The vivid reflection of the sand, an excess of heat and dust, and an Egyptian plague of flies, made us glad to stop awhile at Nemours, in which town there is nothing remarkable, although its castle was long the seat of the Ducal family of that name, and its church served as their burial place. The road thence (without *pavé*) proceeds along the borders of a pretty stream called the Loing. On the left we had a long line of heights, sprinkled with enormous fragments of stone, some of them of grotesque forms, and seemingly ready to precipitate themselves into the road; on our right was a tract of beautiful meadows, planted with poplars and willows, whose lively foliage breaks the monotony of green pasturages. When the eyes have long been irritated with the impalpable powder, and fatigued with the glare, of the road, how gladly do you repose them on verdure mellowed by the golden tints of Summer's evening sun.

It is seldom that you see a water mill on the river; and rocks and shallows prevent it from being made navigable. Not a gentleman's house, nor even a respectable habitation, is to be recognized except at very long intervals of space, though the country offers the most desirable situations. The crops were forward, but seemed literally burnt up. The villages, when they *do* present themselves, look handsomely at a distance, but on passing through you find almost every thing out of order; the peasantry for the most part appearing wretchedly poor.

* See M. Reichard's *Guide des Voyageurs en Europe*, v. 2, p. 171.

Approaching La Croisière, we noticed considerable numbers of cattle and sheep feeding in the valley: a sight hitherto of very rare occurrence. The cows are handsome. The horses are of all sizes, except the very large, and indefatigably strong. From this stage we had a pair of uncommonly pretty greys. A great deal of hemp is grown along the course of the Loing; and turkies are here bred in abundance. The rocky chain, at the foot of which we had been proceeding from Fontainebleau, terminates near La Croisière. Double rows of the tallest poplars line the road. Hereabouts it was full harvest, the corn being completely ripe. The vineyards too began to look luxuriant.

At Fontenay is a bridge of twelve arches; its construction is evidently referable to a very ancient date; but the oval form of the arch, and the stile of masonry, which is rude, do not favour the opinion that assigns it to the Romans. The centre arch has fallen in, and the vacuum is supplied with planks, in the usual slovenly way of the French.

The forest of Montargis (to whom has not the story of canine fidelity not rendered this name familiar?) covers a lofty ridge to our left: it is not much less extensive than that of Fontainebleau. Here and there a huge old chateau shews itself embosomed in its fine timber. When we entered the very ancient town of Montargis, there was yet light enough left to reveal, amidst its narrow streets, the strongly marked features of the olden time. The river Loing, and the canal of Briare (Sully's project), both pass through this place, whose name makes some figure in the history of the wars between the English and the French, during the contemporaneous reigns of Charles

the Seventh of France and our Sixth Harry. The post-master, an intelligent man, appeared to be conversant with its local curiosities, and acquainted us that, there are, about two leagues from Montargis, the remains of a Roman circus, in a very interesting state of preservation. Notwithstanding its antiquarian allurements, the absolute necessity of proceeding under *cover* of the night, made us resolve to quit Montargis* as soon as a change of horses could be procured; and in a cool dry air, which would have been perfectly delightful but for the noisome dust, we travelled on as far as Nogent sur Vernisson. At the Hotel du Puy de Dome, kept by Chirade, we slept *undisturbed* on clean and well-aired beds.—In other respects the house is quite after the *ancien régime* of inns in this country—chambers with pantile floors —staircases that seem never to have experienced the surprise of an ablution—a filthy kitchen—and a dingy *salle à manger.*

July 14th.—We pursued our course betimes through a country flat, dreary, and parched for want of rain: not a drop had fallen in these districts for nearly two months. Instead of poplars, as in our progress yesterday, a double row of chesnut trees here lines the road side. At the poor little village of La Bussière is a Chateau, formerly belonging to the family of M. Tilly, President du Parlement. It is a curious specimen of the domestic archi-

* "The Castle built by Charles V. formed for a considerable period, part of the domain of the Crown, and the French Monarchs often held their Court there. The Queens resorted thither previous to their *accouchement*, on account of the purity of the air, which circumstance obtained for it the name of the Cradle of the Children of France (*Berçeau des enfans de France*")—Reichard, vol. ii. p. 172.

tecture of the 15th century. Though all continues open-field (a hedge being the greatest possible rarity), and tho' the plain is bounded only by the circle of the horizon, yet cultivation is carried on in mere strips of various produce: thus, whilst the country is on the grand, farming is on the small, scale: This indicates a more numerous distribution of agricultural occupations; and as far as the picturesque is concerned, exhibits a pleasing effect.—The wheat having acquired sufficient strength of straw and perfection of ear before the drought commenced, had been saved, but the crops of oats and other later grain it was feared would greatly fail. We met some large droves of horned oxen, fine beasts. The sheep are very small.

At Briare we breakfasted. This town gives its name to the canal which passes through it, and which creates some shew of inland navigation and commercial affairs.—As we passed the bridge, a crowd of watermen and labourers were assembled on it, swearing all the *sacre dieus* and *diantre morbleus* in the world at each other, but without coming to blows. A fiftieth part of the foul abuse and provoking gesticulations which these fellows were indulging in, would, under similar circumstances, among our own countrymen have inevitably resulted in a battle royal.

Here the country improves; and we gain our first sight of the Loire, from amidst a checquered assemblage of vines, barley, potatoes, beans, and fruit trees intermixed with them.—At Neuvy-sur-Loire the exterior of the church, from its very ancient character, attracted our cursory regard. The women were sitting at the doors of their forlorn habitations employed chiefly in knitting; but like their ragged children, totally destitute of shoes and

stockings. Near this village, the Loire is seen meandering through a spacious valley, in a broad stream, studded with islets of sand. For a wonder, we spied a barge sailing upon it. The landscape here amplifies to a vast extent, and its components, wood, water, and fruitful fields, would impart a yet more pleasing interest were they graced with the delicious verdure which is so distinguishing a charm of our English prospects.

At noon we arrived at Cosne, a large manufacturing town: it has a population of about 15,000 souls, and is still celebrated, in *France*, for its cutlery. But every thing in that branch is here fabricated by dint of manual labour, with scarcely any assistance from machinery: improvement in workmanship and increase of production are therefore both equally out of the question. The streets are filled with beggars, and the generality of the houses are apparently as replete with dirt. Most of the churches in this part of France have circular ends and arches, to the east: in the other parts of these buildings the pointed stile prevails. We looked into the principal church at Cosne, which, with the exception of the architectural circumstance above alluded to, has nothing particularly to be noted.

From a lofty eminence overlooking the well situated but wretched village of Pouilly-sur-Loire, a view of surprising extent breaks upon us. It is a truly fine perspective of

"The vine-covered hills and gay regions of France."

Highland and valley are each filled with the cultured tendril that bears the juicy grape. We were indeed on a favourite soil of the vine; and much both for beauty

and utility, does the country owe to its cultivation. A very thin super-stratum of light-coloured mould over a basis of brown crumbling stone, seems to prove that it is the sun's heat, and not the earth's richness, that constitutes the great desideratum to the vineyard. The vine-dressers were at work on the slopes and in the dells on each side of our road; and the temperature to which these poor creatures were exposed, must have pretty much resembled that of a fiery furnace. Of the *vin de Pouilly* we tasted on the spot a very relishable specimen at mine host's of the Swan (the post-house, kept by M. Passot). It is a white wine, of generous quality and agreeable flavour, resembling Champagne: forty sous the bottle. In consequence of the increased and increasing demand, they are, as we are informed, manufacturing in Burgundy from the light white wines of that district, an article which they have succeeded in substituting, and in many instances doubtless in passing off, for genuine Champagne. The labouring class (and we seldom see any other), are "steeped in poverty to the very lips." It has already been incidentally remarked that the female cottagers wear no stockings, and for the most part no shoes. Even those whose garments are in other respects decent, sitting in groups before the door of their dwellings, make a display of naked legs far more striking than engaging. At Pouilly we noticed, in a gateway leading into the street, a coffin resting on a bier: it was a mere shell of planks, with a white cloth partially thrown over, and a cross at the head of it. Nobody stood near to guard the remains.

Proceeding onwards in the direction of Nevers, we have the Loire still close on our left, spreading forth her shallow waters through a vast expanse, in the midst

of which the Collines de Berri, a lofty range of wooded hills, similar in their *contour* to those of Malvern, but of greater magnitude, form another striking feature of the prospect. The next place we pass through is La Charité, situated on the bank of the river, and at the bottom of a ridge of vines. Looking back upon it, we were ready to exclaim in the language of Cowper—

"God made the country and Man made the town."

A badly built, and, it is not too strong a term to say, a beggarly place, it offers in its immediate locality and the surrounding objects, some of the most lovely and engaging scenery.—Further on, the little town of Pougues stands at the foot of a very elevated line of heights, over which our road passes; and ascending it on foot, we were much more than compensated for the steepness of the walk, by the bold and brilliant prospect afforded us from the summit, whence the eye ranges round a circle of not less than fifty miles in diameter:

"The sun had lost his rage! his downward orb
"Shed nothing more than animating warmth,"

and was brilliantly reflected in the wave of the broadly winding Loire, whilst the grand range of country glowed with its effulgence.

Besides that staple article of cultivation, the vine—the *paysage* has here the advantage of being well wooded, and the whole wears an aspect at once commanding and delightful. The droning sounds of the bag-pipe struck upon our ear, and we quickly traced them to a peasant returning from labour, accompanied by his wife and children, passing towards Pougues, along a path below us. The general character of the view from this point re-

minded us of the vale of Evesham—perhaps more extensive, and certainly less rich in the evidences of productive industry and of social comfort and competency.

On our arrival at Nevers, we hastened ere evening had completely drawn her gradual dusky veil over the objects of our curiosity, to perambulate the principal streets of that city. We saw the cathedral, which is not a large building; the clock tower is the only part of the exterior that is particularly deserving of remark. As far as the scanty remnant of day light enabled us to judge, the inside appeared to be finely constructed; but its pavements and altars were in a very dirty state. As well in this church as in the parochial one of Saint Peter, we observed persons, chiefly females, kneeling at various altars in the absence of the officiating clergy.—There is, I do not doubt, a spirit of piety in these private services. Pity that so sacred a feeling should not in its impulses be guided towards the adoption of a purer system of Christian worship.

The old castle of the Counts of Nemours (now the Mairie or town-house) still presents in the peculiarities of its turrets and bow windows, a façade well calculated to interest the architectural antiquary. A large *ci-devant* monastery furnished excellent barracks and stables for the troopers of the *Huitième Regiment de Dragons.* The public walk is well laid out in shady avenues, suited to this warm climate. Near it a great crucifix has been erected, since the Restoration, on the site of an ancient one destroyed at the commencement of the Revolution.—At the back of the cross, on an elevated platform, approached by a flight of stone steps, is a group of figures in painted sculpture, within a small recess, intended to

represent our Saviour's tomb. It personifies a Dead Christ surrounded by the Virgin, St. John, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalen, &c. The figures are the size of life, and well enough executed. Guided by the light of a lamp that hung in the shrine, I ascended the stair-case at night, and saw several devotees prostrate before this renovated object of Romish adoration. The priests are straining every nerve—they are putting every wheel within wheel of the great ecclesiastico-political machine in motion, in order to recover the plenitude of their influence over the people; and the policy of the present Reign seems but too favourable to their designs. It appears equally certain, however, that the state of public feeling on these matters in France is not such as to promise them entire success.—In conversing as well with persons in respectable stations of life, as with intelligent individuals among the lower class, we have found much profession of regard for Religion joined to sentiments extremely adverse to the re-introduction of monastic institutions, to the increase of sacerdotal power, and to the doctrines and practices of the emissaries of the Vatican.

CHAPTER II.

The Bourbonnois—Sterne's Journey—Moulins—La Palisse—Saint Martin d'Estrèaux—Paçaudiere—Saint Germain l'Espinasse—Roanne.

JULY 15th.

WE left Nevers* at four in the morning. Already as we crossed the Loire, the sun-beams were brightening the sombre turrets of the place, whose antiquity is marked by the form of various local objects, that render it interesting, as thus beheld retrospectively at a distance. The foundations of a new bridge have been laid near the old wooden one; but the work is not continued. We have seen indeed from Calais hitherto no *new* public buildings going on, unless crucifixes, nunneries, and "holy sepulchres," are to be reckoned under that denomination.

The country now becomes more enclosed. The vine for a time disappears; and we find ourselves in a corn district, much resembling the finest parts of Norfolk. Oxen of a large size are used for the plough and the team; they draw by a yoke fixed conjointly to the horns of each animal. In sight of our next post, Magny, the landscape opens a little, still however resembling England, and yet more closely assimilating with Normandy.

* Among other manufactories, this place "has large foundries for cannon, shot, and anchors for the navy. At no great distance from the forges are the iron mines, which form the source of the commercial prosperity of Nevers."—Reichard—Guide, vol. ii.

Here I took up the "Sentimental Journey," reading to my friend that part of it which in so picturesque a manner delineates the Bourbonnois, and records the most probably imaginative yet truly affecting incidents which preceded Yorick's parting with "Maria" in "the market-place of Moulins." To the beauty of the country, Sterne has paid no more than a tribute of justice. Yet the inhabitants do not, either in their appearance or their manners, bear out his flattering portrait. At the dilapidated village of Saint Pierre-le-Moutier, we were surrounded, the moment we stopped, by swarms of beggars. The peasantry, dwelling by the road side, have in general a miserable aspect, particularly the women and children. Has the Revolution made this woeful difference? or are we always to take the descriptions of sentimental writers, with grains of allowance in matters of fact?

In this department we found nearly all the crops of grain cut and carried. A two-wheeled wain, drawn by four oxen, serves in this operation as a poor substitute for corn waggons. Two-wheeled vehicles are also exclusively (as in Scotland) employed to carry the heavy goods and merchandize which broad-wheeled waggons convey in England. Nothing can be more preposterous than the protruding form of the hubs of their wheels; which seem to be designed for no purpose but that of bringing them into collision with other carriages. The neat mode however in which the waggoners pack with straw their curiously balanced loads, and the simple contrivance for retarding the progress of their carts down a descent, by the nicely adjusted application of friction from a screw of wood to the tire of the wheels behind, are points worthy of imitation. We frequently met long

strings of this *roulage* drawn by good horses proceeding towards Paris.

Saint Imbert, and Villeneuve-sur-l'Allier, though honoured, as *Relais*, with a place in the *Livre de Poste*, are paltry villages. The approach to Moulins, however, is extremely pretty. On each side of the road is a succession of orchards, small vineyards, and gardens. The town also presents an agreeable appearance, with its fine stone bridge of thirteen arches. The fronts of many of the buildings are stamped with the impress of antiquity; others give an air of municipal consequence to the place, of which we traversed the whole extent from north to south, going through "the market-place," where "greetings and salutations" awaited *not* us.

After breakfasting at the Hotel de la Poste,* we looked into the church of the Carmelites, where a congregation of women, under ghostly direction, was, each with a lighted taper in her hand, burning day-light *pro salute animæ*. The Bourbonnoises wear a straw hat of singular shape, by some affirmed to be becoming; but to me it seems adapted neither to set off nor to protect the female countenance, which, among the peasantry, seldom exhibits even a slight portion of beauty—still more rarely of delicacy. The *chapeau de paille* peculiar to this province is of the gipsey kind; the hind and fore part rising considerably above the crown, so as to leave

* By suffering ourselves to be carried *through* the town, before we stopped, our opportunities of surveying it became much too circumscribed. We *ought* to have seen "the Mausoleum erected by the Princess Des Ursins to the memory of Henry of Montmorency, her husband, who was beheaded under Richelieu. It is situated in the Royal College. There is also a rich public library, a pleasant promenade, and a small theatre." (See Reichard.)

the face and back of the neck entirely exposed. And as the lower class of country-women work in the fields quite as hard as the men, and as the farmers' wives and daughters on horseback or on foot come many a weary mile with provisions to large towns, a good complexion is scarcely to be seen amongst them: indeed the skins even of the youngest are for the most part coarse, wrinkled, and sun-burnt.

In contemplating those parts of the environs of Moulins through which we passed, it struck us as somewhat extraordinary, that the Author of the Sentimental Journey should have fixed upon it as a scene of gaiety in the period of the *vintage*. For the proportion of land in this neighbourhood dedicated to the grape, appears very insignificant compared with the quantity appropriated to its growth in the districts we had just quitted. It is possible, however, that since the period of Sterne's visit to Moulins, an alteration may have taken place in the system of culture, and that corn may have been substituted in many parts formerly occupied by the vine.

Proceeding through Bessay, the road offers little or nothing to engage attention; and would be very dull and monotonous but for the plantings of fine trees, that shew themselves either in lines, or in clumps quite in the stile of English landscape gardening. In the neighbourhood of Varennes we see a few vines again, grown chiefly in small inclosures among fruit trees. At this village we were charged thirty sous for two small porringers of milk! So much for *rural* simplicity in the centre of France. The road thence runs straight as an arrow for several miles. We afterwards ascended an eminence which commands views of immense extent, bounded

on the right by the mountainous ridge of Fouret.—Descending we reached St. Gerard-le-Puy: hill and valley now kept our little carriage alternately in rapid and in slow motion, through a fertile country, in which I conclude there are wealthy residents, though we have scarcely seen more than four gentlemen's houses in a journey of sixty miles. In every town and hamlet we find ourselves assailed by beggars, and fleeced by extortioners: annoyances more exhausting to the patience of travellers, than are the heat and dust to their bodily frames.

La Palisse contains a large old chateau, belonging to the Marquis de Chabannes, occupied by his *homme d'affaires.* At Droiturier the way lies for some considerable space thro' scattered masses of rock, resembling the remarkable accumulations of sand-stone in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau. Bulls, Oxen, and Cows are indiscriminately employed in drawing ploughs, waggons, and carts. Flies of extraordinary size and of proportionably vigorous bite are the torment of the horses and cattle: those blood-suckers compelled us too to be on the alert for self-defence against their perpetual attacks.

Grand prospects open themselves on the traveller's sight in approaching Saint Martin d'Estreaux. A handsome chateau of M. Glaivie's is here finely situated. Proceeding to this village down the successive platforms of a most commanding range of hills, we were struck with the vast surface of country; consisting chiefly of arable land, very little pasturage, and no vines.—Pacaudière like the other villages, which I have already named as lying on our route, is a miserably decayed place. The evening ride, through a country whose noble and varied features were lighted up with the glowing blush of a transparent

sky, communicated a high degree of enjoyment to us, as mere pilgrims, neither patriotically nor personally concerned in the question of social and domestic deficiencies:

> "Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall
> "To see the hoard of human bliss so small."

Continuing our course through St. Germain l'Espinasse, we saw to our left a large range of verdant meadows, fine woods and plantations, with dwellings agreeably interspersed—on our right a wide plain of stubble bounded by a lofty chain of hills; and before us a seemingly interminable prospect. It was dark, or at least as nearly so as at this season and in this fine climate it can be, when we entered Roanne, a manufacturing and commercial place of some extent.* Our choice of the Hotel de la Poste for the night, brought us in contact with the banks of the Loire, and the bridge of stone built over that wide stream during the reign of Napoleon: many of the blocks of granite of which the parapets of this massive structure are formed, measure between fifteen and twenty feet in length.

Our hostess by way of recommending the large room assigned to us for parlour and bed-chamber, (as usual on the Continent) stated that "the Emperor himself" had slept in it on his return from Elba.

* "Viewed at a distance (says Reichard) Roanne resembles a great village. It serves as a port for all merchandise that comes from Lyon, from the departments of Languedoc and Provence, as well as from the Levant, and which goes down to Paris by the canal of Briare. In its environs the much-esteemed wines of Renaisson and Saint André are grown."

CHAPTER III.

*The Lyonnois—Mont-de-l'Hopital—Saint Symphorien—Pain Bouchain—Mont Tarare—Architecture and Costume——*LYON*—Its remarkable situation and striking appearance—Quay of the Rhone—Cathedral—Churches of St. Paul and St. Irenæus—Hotel de Ville—Palais des Arts—Place Louis le Grand—Silk Manufactory—Mont de Fourvière—The Calvary—Church of Notre Dame—Grand views—A Mono-dramatic Scene.*

THIS day, the 16th, we were *en route* at the sweet hour of prime. We now entered a country calculated by its mountain scenery to prepare us for the sublimities of Savoy and Switzerland. The ascent of Mont de l'Hopital gave us the salutary exercise of walking, of which the heat of the lowlands had deprived us; it afforded us also some very grand and interesting points of view. At half-past four our renewed course of early action was rewarded with the sight of the Sun climbing the distant hills on our left. What words can describe the splendour of his array, the gorgeous colours that precede his appearance, and the ineffable brightness of his rising!

Finely situated on one of the woody ridges below our road stands a large chateau, formerly belonging to Cardinal Fesch (given to him when he was Archbishop of Lyon, by his nephew Napoleon), now a convent of Benedictine Nuns. At Saint Symphorien we took each a dish of excellent milk, with fresh baked bread, supplied to us by the civil mistress of the post house, the upper windows of

whose apartments command a delightful view of this highly picturesque spot. And

"Hang the dunce
"Who would not doff his cap at once
"In extacy, when bold and new
"Bursts on his sight a mountain view."

We passed over the lofty hills to Pain Bouchain by a new and well-constructed road, every turn of which presents some new beauty. This extensive chain is cultivated to the very tops; and the corn having here had the advantage of rain to nourish it, and check the progress of premature ripening, looked healthy and thick on the ground. We continued on the descent as far as the village of La Fontaine, and then ascended the mountain of Tarare, which, though it opposes not by any means so difficult a passage as travellers formerly complained of, is nevertheless only now to be crossed by a very steep road. The village of Tarare, and the few last that we passed through, offer to our regards, as well in the dress of the inhabitants as in the stile of ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, many points of similitude to what pictorial representations have hitherto taught us to associate with ideas of Italian costume and scenery. There is certainly a marked difference between the towns in the south and those in the north of France, in the structure of their houses and churches: there is too an air of striking peculiarity in the Lyonnaise women, whose deeply tinged complexions and expressive features are shaded beneath very broad brimmed hats of straw.

"When (as Sterne says) you have gained the top of Mount Taurira you run presently down to Lyon." It was through a smiling region brown with harvests, luxuriant

in vegetation, adorned with the mingled foliage of poplars, elms, willows, oaks, and firs, enriched with orchards and *coteaux* of vines, and embellished with a succession of handsome pleasure-houses and fine gardens, that we rapidly approached the suburbs of that noble city. As we entered the avenue leading to the Quai du Rhone, our attention was perpetually claimed by a variety of truly interesting objects. The wide and rapid river there passes between two ranges of hills, on whose steep aclivities building rises above building, terrace above terrace, grove above grove, to summits crowned by the moulder-ing walls of an ancient fort, the extensive enclosure of some secularized monastery, or the pinnacled steeples of churches and chapels.

The view from the windows of our apartment at the Hotel-de-l'Europe, nearly in front of the new and hand-some bridge over the Saone, and looking towards the Quai de l'Archvêché, exhibited another but not less striking quarter of Lyon: the cathedral and the palace of the primate, situated on the western side of the river, stand at the foot of the Montagne de Fourvières, whose thickly planted sides, studded with habitations, form a bold and vivid back-ground to the venerable church; whilst the fane of Notre Dame de St. Thomas and other religious edifices decorate the highest points of this ver-dant eminence.

A call at our banker's made us better acquainted with thé grandeur of the Quay of the Rhone; the finest build-ing on which is the Great Hospital. It did not how-ever impress us with the most favourable idea of the interior economy of this vast establishment to observe that the ground floor in front was let off for shops and

manufactories in such noisy kinds of business as those of carriage-makers, braziers, and carpenters! It struck us also as evidence of a disposition on the part of *le haut commerce* in this place *to take things easy*, during the *very* warm weather at least, that although our first call at the house of the respectable firm to which Messrs. Herries and Farquhar's Letter of Order (in identification of their Circular Exchange Notes) referred us, was made at high noon-day, we were requested by the porter to call again, as nobody was *yet* come to the *bureau!*

In our too hasty survey of the curiosities of this ancient and justly celebrated city, we began with the cathedral, in the western façade of which the architect appears to have been as studious of unembellished uniformity, as those of Rouen and Amiens were of ornamental variety. What little statuary it once possessed was destroyed during the frenzied moments of the Revolution. There is a building, that adjoins the west front, now used as a dwelling by some of the ecclesiastics, which is of much earlier date than the greater part of the church, as the zig-zag mouldings of the short pilasters and little circular arcades indubitably testify. The interior of the cathedral is dreary and dark; its architecture is pointed, and plain as the outside, with details somewhat bordering on the Saracenic. A clock, made by Lippius of Basil, is a curious piece of workmanship; and one or two of the chapels are well worthy of notice. The church of St. Paul, built by St. Sacerdos, towards the middle of the sixth century, contains a fine altar painting by Le Brun. But of all the remaining religious edifices, (for the Revolution made great devastation among them), that which most interested me was the one dedicated to

St. Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, who in the second century preached the gospel to this then Roman colony. The stile of the building seems to refer it to the age of Charlemagne; the pillars of the nave are round, and the capitals ornamented with foliage of the acanthus: over the western entrance, which, if met with in England, we should call Saxon Gothic, are some curiously sculptured relievos.

Our next visit was to the Hotel de Ville (in the Place des Terraux), a very magnificent building, of the Grecian order, and of a quadrangular form. The portico is superb. In the hall of entrance they preserve the ancient table of brass which was found in 1528, by some workmen who were digging in one of the hills that overlook the city, and on which is engraved the speech delivered by the Emperor Claudius (then only Censor), before the Roman Senate in favour of the inhabitants of Lyon. The walls of the grand stair-case are covered with fresco paintings, allusive to the conflagration which is recorded to have laid this place in ashes, during the reign of Nero. The first apartment to which this stair-case leads is a large saloon, where a short time ago the municipality entertained the Duke d'Angouleme, on his return from Spain. There is not a nation upon earth that "gets up" a *fête* with such expedition and *eclât* as the French.—By no means nice about the *matériel* of their occasional displays, they have however a slight fault: they forget to clear away the ephemeral trumpery after the occasion for it no longer exists. The dining table, for example, at which his Royal Highness and all the great folks partook the splendid banquet, was, whatever might at the time have been the costliness of its covering, quite

undeserving of preservation, being merely a long range of deal planks upon tressels. Yet *there* it stood for us, among other strangers, to admire! On the floor of another hall is the delineation of a plan of Lyon, nearly effaced by the revolutionists, who in fact stripped the Hotel de Ville of its best paintings and ornaments. A suite of the state rooms has within a few years been refitted up in a very good stile. The walls are hung with various specimens of the silk manufactory, some of them extremely rich and beautiful; and the furniture is of corresponding sumptuousness.

In another angle of the square Des Terraux, is the Palais des Arts (formerly the Royal Nunnery of Saint Peter): the court of this cloister is spacious, and consists of a quadrangle of two stories; the lower piazza is completely filled with remains discovered from time to time in different parts of the city. Votive altars, legionary stones, statues of Deities and Emperors, sarcophagi, inscriptive tablets on marble and stone; bas relievos, representing sacrifices, sepulchral rites, and mythological designs; some pieces of tessellated pavement, fragments of friezes, columns, Ionic and Corinthian capitals, here accumulated and arranged, form convincing proofs of the great antiquity of the city, and also of its magnificence under the government of the Romans. It was our intention to have seen other parts of this museum; but after waiting half an hour whilst *Monsieur le Portier* went in search of *Monsieur le Concierge*, we were dismissed with the intelligence that the latter-named functionary was not to be found, and that we must call again. We would have done so had circumstances permitted: but a certain air of neglect pervading the place, and of inattention on the part

of those in charge of it, induced us to wish the Palais des Arts, for the honour of Lyon, under a different administration.*

The houses are very lofty: the streets, with scarcely an exception, narrow and ill-paved. Our day's perambulation finished with a walk through the Place Louis-le-Grand, which is very extensive, and contains some of the handsomest houses in the city, inhabited by rich proprietors. It opens eastward to the Rhone, and westward to the Saone. Here was the great scene of butchery after that dreadful siege, when the guillotine proved too slow an engine of destruction to satisfy the impatient blood-thirstiness of perfidious monsters; and when thousands to whom life had been promised, on jacobin faith, met their death in this place from slaughtering discharges of grape and musquetry, levelled against their defenceless persons by the *patriots* of 1793. The name of this principal square of Lyon had been changed from that of "Belle cour," to "Louis le Grand," in consequence of an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. having been placed in the middle of it. This symbol of Royalty was of course destroyed during the Revolution; but they are now preparing a suitable pedestal to receive a new cast in bronze, after the original design, which was expected shortly to arrive from Paris.

We visited a silk manufactory.† The operation of weaving is extremely well worth seeing; and the work

* "The Library of the College contains 120,000 volumes, among which are more than 800 manuscripts."—Reichard.

† We missed the opportunity of seeing the mills for the *organsinage* and winding of silk. "It is at the Hotel de Milan (says Reichard), where millions of bobbins and reels are seen filling and unfilling, as if by invisible hands: the buzzing of these resembles the noise of a cataract."

produced, exquisite in point both of texture and colours. The warp is vertical, the threads of which pass down from the top of the frame through holes in a piece of paste-board, suspended horizontally, and perforated with the design of the pattern. The woof is thrown with a pair of shuttles. They make for all markets—European, Asiatic, and American. The Turkish and Oriental orders are distinguished by their gilding and gaudiness. Those for France and Germany by their simpler taste and superior elegance.

From the nature of the climate, added to the circumstance of the place being hemmed in by lofty eminences, Lyon at this period of the year requires the aid of every expedient to mitigate the effects of excessive heat upon the human frame. Accordingly we find the baths numerous and frequented. There is a fine floating one on the Rhone. The establishment near the Saone to which we were glad after our day's journeying, to resort for a refreshing dip in tepid water, was literally thronged with candidates for ablution. The maxim *chacun à son tour* was impartially observed; the accommodation good, and the charge moderate.

July 19th.—At six o'clock this morning we sallied forth from our hotel; and crossing the Saone, proceeded to the quarter of Fourvière, on a pilgrimage to "Calvaire." We found the streets thronged with "operatives," trudging out of town, in large and small parties, to enjoy the country, which must have peculiar charms for the inhabitants of Lyon; their town as a residence (with the exception of a few parts), being as close, dirty, and disagreeable, as the environs are healthy and delicious.—Steep and rugged is the way up the mount; yet it ap-

pears to be one of the regular entrances; and we met the peasant girls in troops, driving down their donkies laden with milk, fruit, and flowers, to dispose of in the city. The houses on the left hand side of our line of ascent command a noble prospect; they are situated on an *echellon* of terraces; but the greater portion of the buildings are not worthy of so favoured a situation, and are occupied by a class who have little or no regard to cleanliness or propriety. There are local features about Lyon that remind one of Bath. But the Montagne de Fourvières, though it may be more picturesque, is not the abode of comfort or gentility as the hill is on which Lansdown Crescent stands.

The Calvary is placed on a conspicuous but not the highest point of these verdant heights, overlooking the city to the east. At the edge of the platform are the usual group of the Crucifixion (Christ between the two Thieves), and the ten *stations;* beneath them we descended into a small subterranean chapel, in which is deposited an indifferently sculptured object, rendered still more unpleasing to the sight by being painted: it is intended to represent our Saviour's body lying in the Sepulchre. The view of the country from this point is extremely fine. Further back from the brow of the hill stands an ancient sanctuary, formed out of the solid red-stone rock. An inscription recently fixed over the entrance, informs us that it is coeval with the days of "St. Pothier (Photinus), who was sent by Polycarp to be the first Bishop of Lyon." It is then added, that "in 1562, the *Calvinists* having made themselves masters of Lyon, devastated this Calvary," &c. As the Reverend Gentlemen have at this period deemed it fit, for the sake of *reli-*

gion, to remind their flocks of the misdeeds of Protestants in the 16th century, they might, for the sake of truth and impartiality, have gone two centuries further on with their historical references, and spoken not merely of a Calvary desolated, but of fifty monasteries and churches plundered and laid waste in this very city, by men brought up in the faith and fear of the Roman Catholic Church! If this excavation were kept in any thing like order, it would have an imposing effect as a place of worship: the pillars short, massive, and round, are formed with elaborate nicety; the vaulting of the roof also has the exact and smooth appearance of masonry. But even on this sacred ground, as elsewhere, slovenliness sets its foot; and, to spoil all decency of effect, has heaped up a lumbering mass of old chairs and the refuse paraphernalia of the sacristy, in full view, behind the very altar and image of Christ!

An hour before sun-set, I again directed my steps to the foot of the hill up which my friend had accompanied me in the morning, and taking a different course, looked into the court of L'Hopital des Antiquailles, said to be built on the site of the Roman Imperial Palace: a finer spot for the temporary residence of Princes could not have been chosen. Having thence continued my walk to the top of the mountain, I entered, during the service of vespers, the very ancient, highly "privileged," and numerously attended church of "Our Lady of Saint Thomas of Fourvières." This temple, now so strangely named, stands on the ruins of another dedicated by the heathen Lyonnois to Venus. The restoration of the present edifice, after great damage and spoliation from the revolutionists, is recorded, on a marble tablet, to the honour of Cardinal

Fesch, Archbishop of Lyon, in 1805. The walls at the west end are literally covered with "offrandes votives." These, for the most part, consist of pictures and engravings, poorly executed, and in as paltry frames, respectively commemorative of so many "vœux rendus," some in one year, some in another. The designs represent the devotee or devotees on his, her, or their knees, apparently in the act of supplication and prayer to the Virgin Mary, who, with the infant Jesus in her arms, is seated in the clouds. In various parts of the building, waxen models of arms, heads, legs, hearts, bladders, &c. are also suspended, in specific acknowledgment of her miraculous interposition.* I perused several pieces of writing exhibited in this place: their contents generally ran in terms like the following:—"All pious souls are entreated *to pray to God* that (the person prayed for) may *obtain the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary* for"—"the conversion of a heretic"—"the health of a parent, relation, or friend"—"the harmony of a disunited family," &c. &c.

This practice of praying to the Almighty Disposer of human events to obtain for some living person the favour of a departed spirit, who is in consequence to intercede with Divine Wisdom itself on behalf of that living person—in other words, this direct appeal to the Great Supreme to influence a being of his own creation, that the inferior creature may intercede with HIM, the Supreme Creator, has something in it so *simplified* and *clear*, so *rational* and *intelligible*, as at once to shew the opportunities

* "The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used upon their recovery to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them." ADDISON.

we shall have of *improvement* in religious knowledge the further we proceed in the direction of ROME! A book called "the New Testament," teaches nothing like this! It tells us indeed what Saint John saith, that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and HE is the propitiation for our sins." But then what is the authority of the Evangelist to be set against that of the Church, which invokes "Our Lady," "the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, and the Protectress of France!"*

With all due sense of *edification*, leaving the place, I came to a building, the inscription over whose portal attracted my notice. It was as follows:—"Hinc Pius VII. Pont. Max. Civ. Lugd. Faust. Precatus Est. An. 1813." As I was regarding this record of a Pope's visit to the spot, a clergyman came up, and observing, as he said, that I was a stranger, invited me to enter his garden close by. I thankfully availed myself of his politeness, and from the top of a sort of observatory to which he conducted me, enjoyed one of the greatest treats of the kind: for gay scenes and shining prospects presented themselves in every direction.

* See that famous letter worthy of the most *enlightened* age, which in the month of August last, Charles the Tenth addressed to the Archbishop of Paris. The Monarch therein says, "we are desirous of placing our reign under the PROTECTION [*not* of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords—but] of MARY, the QUEEN of HEAVEN!" (*Sous la protection de Marie, La Reine du Ciel;*) "after the example of our predecessors, who consecrated France for ever [to Almighty GOD? no,] to the *Mother* of God, as to her special patroness," (*à la perpètuité à la Mère de Dieu comme à sa patronne speciale*). Then the King desires the Archbishop to cause the Declaration of Louis XIII. to *the above effect*, to be read in all the Churches of France!!!

The larger part of Lyon lay like a map at our feet. Those two noble streams, the Rhone and the Soane, distinctly shewed their point of confluence. On our right, looking towards the city, the eye embraced the chain of Montpelier, behind us was that of the Lyonnois; to the left and in front of us below was spread a country of prodigious extent and of superior charms, bounded by an horizon, on whose line, distant indeed, yet rendered perfectly distinct by the help of a telescope, I recognised over the bright fields of Dauphiny, the craggy snow-topped mountains of Savoy.

The gentleman to whom I was indebted for this mark of civility, shewed me in a deep trench that had lately been dug in his garden, the remains of Roman walls and arches. He observed that they are constantly finding antique fragments in the gardens and vineyards that cover this eminence.*

This reverend ecclesiastic, a tall and portly personage, had in his conversation much of the mingled shrewdness and sociality that belong to men of education and of the world: contrasting his look and manners with those of the generality of the inferior clergy, I could not help thinking that such ridiculous things as had just come within my own view in the neighbouring church, were as likely to excite "a sigh or a smile" in him, as in any individual of sound understanding that I had ever met with at home or abroad.

* "The mount of Fourvières still encloses within its breast the marks of the great fire which happened during the reign of Nero, and of which Seneca speaks, viz. heaps of charcoal, leaden pipes half melted, other metals that have been in a state of fusion, broken vases, &c."—*Reichard.*

On my way back to the Hotel de l'Europe, I stopped awhile to listen to the melo-dramatic monologue of a very facetious individual, who had drawn a pretty large concourse of people around him, on the Quay of the Archevêché. This solo performer was dressed in the true costume of the Boulevard *Artiste*, viz. great coat, dirty white waistcoat, equally dingy nankeen pantaloons, and cocked hat. His "May of life had fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,"—but there were still in him that buoyancy of animal spirits, and vivacity of look and manner, which belong to younger days. The undisguised object of his efforts was to sell a few packets of soap, composition for taking out grease-spots, and "such like dulcet diseases," as Touchstone has it. The ways and means to accomplish this end were in his tongue and fiddle, of which he made alternate use with an effect that was truly comic. After opening his budget, and spreading "the lots of various" which it contained, on a small table, he began by expatiating on their virtues. This he did with astonishing volubility, but with little or no success. The crowd looked at his nostrums, and laughed at his jokes, but they did not buy. Not in the least abashed or disconcerted at this event, probably no uncommon one with him, my French Autolycus now took up his violin; waved his hand to the folks to widen their circle; and then dancing to the distance of a few yards from his box, he began to prelude quite in the stile of the orchestra. He opened his dark saying, not on the harp, but on the above mentioned fiddle; and as in his direct recommendation of the articles of his *boutique ambulante*, he had not brought himself *home*, his next expedient was to lead the wits of his auditory a wool-gathering *abroad*. He

sang of Paris—not the handsome wight who figures in Homer's deathless verses, but the superb city of cities—the matchless capital of "*La France Immortelle.*" Nor would I wish for a better guide than this poor Charlatan made, in treading the mazes of the French metropolis.—The Thuilleries, the Invalides, the Place du Carousel, the Gallery of the Louvre, the Champs Elisées, Tivoli, the Jardin des Plantes, and Montmartre, were successively the theme of his descriptive allusions; which he illustrated as he went on by frequent references (of a humourous kind, which generally excited laughter), to local similitudes in Lyon and its neighbourhood. With the palaces he was in heroics; with the gardens in raptures; but with the theatres he was in his element: running from grave to gay; from the affectedly grand to the genuinely ludicrous, his transitions were always rapid, and oftentimes striking. Between each pause in the discourse, and preparatory to any change of his topographical picture, he played, with no contemptible powers of execution, such a selection of airs, as served to convince me that, without a chance of having read Cowper, he believed that

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> "And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased
> "With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
> "Some chord in unison with what we hear.
> "Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

Alas! this preaching and playing were to an assembly of mere stocks and stones. Flints that could not be softened—animals that would not be *bled!* For my own part I was so well pleased with the man's ingenuity, cheerfulness, and drollery, that it grieved me to see this

his final appeal so ineffectual. My own trifling and solitary contribution to his box appeared like the first watery drop bursting forth from the rock to relieve the traveller in the desert, and it drew forth so marked an expression of his acknowledgment that, to escape the gaze of the throng, I was glad to hurry away without waiting to see whether or not the example had proved beneficial to him.

CHAPTER IV.

Dauphiny—A first sight of Mont Blanc—Bourgoin—La-Tour-du-Pin—Pont-de-Beauvoisin—Entrance into Savoy—Pass of La Chaille—Road of the Echelles—Thiebauld-du-Coux—Chambery—Montmelian—Valley of the Isere—Aiguebelle—Goitres—Alpine Scenery—Savoyard Honesty—Mountain streams—Valley of Maurienne—Saint Jean—Peasantry—An Alpine Village—Modane—Lans-le-bourg.

HAVING completed the requisite arrangements for proceeding on our journey to Milan, among others that of engaging an Italian servant, we left Lyon this morning (July 18th), at half-past two. After crossing the Rhone (over a bridge of twenty large arches and 260 fathoms in length), we traversed a faubourg which of itself is a considerable place. We had entered the confines of the ancient province of Dauphiné; and at Bron we beheld the Savoy Hills stretching their stupendous screen of demarcation before the very path, as it were, of our proposed route; whilst behind and far beyond those vast ramparts, revealed in its peculiar form and by its superior altitude, but still deep in shadow, MONT BLANC appeared, finely contrasted with the silvery sky. As we contemplated these sublime objects, the Sun rose with splendour; and pleasant indeed beyond expression is the sight,

> "When first on this delightful land he spreads
> "His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
> "Glitt'ring with dew."

From La Verpillière the road passes through a narrow vale, in which the cheerful look of the meadows, and the fertility of the gently rising grounds, bounded on each side by verdant hills, reminded us of some parts of Gloucestershire. We breakfasted at Bourgoin, where a newly introduced manufactory of crape is carried on, and where some paper mills and other establishments impart a shew of business and industrious bustle to an old and dirty town.* From this point the valley widens, the hills on each side grow loftier as they recede; and the whole landscape amplifies on a scale too extensive and becomes backed by objects too colossal to admit of accurate comparison with any scenery on English ground. In these parts showers had fallen; and the providential results were seen in excellent crops of wheat, barley, hemp, Indian corn, and potatoes, as well as in the promising shew of the vines with which the ridges are covered.

The prospects now become interesting in the extreme. Every time we reach the summit of an eminence, however moderate in height, the country of the Savoyard presents the majestic vision of its eternal barrier. The mountain chains that form the several distances of this magnificent picture, looked like an imposing mass upon mass of clouds approaching to discharge a copious store of welcome rain over the parched-up soil of France. The region around

* Reichard recommends to every admirer of natural rarities, to make an excursion to "the Grotto of Notre-Dame-de-la-Balme, situated three leagues from Bourgoin, and at some distance from the village of its name, between the towns of Amblerieux and Sallettes, about seven leagues from Lyon." The very interesting account which the topographical writer in question gives of this grotto, would have induced us to visit it, had not the extraordinary heat of the weather obliged us to set bounds to curiosity and confine our attention to objects lying within our more immediate reach.

us was indeed most captivating: it bloomed, a garden; but the cottage and the person of (at least) the road-side inhabitant, poverty seemed too palpably to have marked for its own. After we passed Moulins, and even before we got so far, the wear and tear of shoes and stockings appeared to be very inconsiderable among the females of the labouring class. In this part of Dauphiny, however, the stony soil obliges them to have some protection for the soles of the feet, but we see no display of white linen and gay coloured prints, as in the Bourbonnaise and Lyonnaise costumes. At Eclose, the valley again becomes narrow, and the encompassing hills less lofty. My friend imagined himself, for a moment, in the neighbourhood of his favourite Stroud; to the goodly features of which, in all respects (with the superaddition of the vine) the country hereabouts certainly bears a close resemblance. The harvest was in progress. Women as well as men reap the corn, and perform other laborious operations of agricultural economy.

Every now and then the valley opens in front of us, and exhibits the mountain-glories of the land towards which we are travelling. Rescued from their vapoury indistinctness, at our nearer approach, these giant forms proclaim, in the masses of alternate light and shade on the crags and undulations of their enormous surface, that they are, in verity, of most solid and substantial composition. We plainly discovered four graduations of the chain, rising one behind the other. The atmosphere was so clear, and the sun so brilliant, that the glaciers of some of the highest and most remote were perfectly distinguishable. From the foreground of the position of La-tour-du-Pin to the second distance is about two miles—a land of promise—

plenteous in production, enchanting in appearance. The elevated points in the third line of this grand picture must then have been distant from us at least thirty or forty, and the remotest object a hundred miles. The abruptness of the transition produces an effect of aerial perspective such as no words can describe, even the pencil itself might fail in the attempt to represent it. The air was so rarified by the long continued heat of the weather, that the clouds, far from hanging on the breasts of the mountains, only shewed their fleecy skirts above the tops, over which they remained floating like feathery plumes on the crest of the warrior's helmet. Our view of the uppermost regions of Mont Blanc was unimpeded by a single obstacle. The plenitude of sun-shine settled on his head of snow. Contemplating such a scene, it was with no assumed enthusiasm but with a real sense of visual incapacity to meet the "dazzling deluge," that in the language of the wrapt poet, I was ready to exclaim

"Visions of glory spare my aching sight!"

While from Fontainebleau to Lyon we found almost the whole vegetable kingdom suffering severely from excessive drought, in the neighbourhood of the mountains we saw corn gradually ripening, clover richly blossoming, and verdure spreading every where in its freshest hue.—As we approached Pont-de-Beauvoisin our eyes feasted on scenes that varied their charms at each step. The road leads through a succession of pastures whose vivid green refreshes the sight; of orchards teeming with fruitage; and of plantations whose recesses invite the way-worn traveller to repose on the smooth turf beneath their sheltering branches. The people here grow a great deal of hemp,

and make their own cloth with it. We saw many females employed in spinning it into yarn. The little town of Pont-de-Beauvoisin stands partly in France and partly in the Duchy of Savoy. At this place our baggage was leniently examined, and our stop limited to about half an hour. The Douaniers of his Sardinian Majesty compelled my friend to pay a duty, not a very heavy one, on a piece of English broad cloth. They were also very strict in their search after religious books, particularly a prohibited volume called "The Holy Scriptures." *

Here the Pope's Church "doth mightily prevail:
"She parcels out the BIBLE by retail;
"But still expoundeth all *the people have*,
"To keep it in her power to damn and save;
"*Lest*, making narrower search, they find, tho' late,
"That what they think the priest's, is their estate;
"And, taught by "will produc'd," the written word,
"How long he has been cheated on record,
"Each man, who plainly sees the title fair,
"Should claim his part and put in for a share."

There happened to be a market held at Pont-de-Beauvoisin, which gave us an opportunity of seeing a tolerably numerous assemblage of the peasantry; and a more swarthy race both of males and females than the generality there congregated, I never beheld. I took a momentary occasion, whilst our trunks were undergoing the custo-

* "Not only are all the Editions of the Scriptures, which may have been published by the Bible Societies in the vulgar tongues of Roman Catholic States, prohibited absolutely and universally; but in one of the latest additions to the Index, (a single sheet printed in 1820, and containing the works to be prohibited since the date of that index in 1819), are three separate editions of the New Testament, in Italian; two of them from the Vulgate, by Martini, Archbishop of Florence, one printed at

mary ordeal, to look into the church that stands on the Savoy side, a respectable clean edifice, and from its reviving coolness as opposed to the noon-tide radiance, an agreeable retreat. The pictures were out of the common order of those that decorate the village churches. It appears by the uniform answer made to our inquiries, that the Savoyards consider themselves in a much worse condition than their French neighbours.

Soon after quitting this frontier town we entered an amphitheatre of mountains, crowned with foliage to the very tops. The exuberance of vegetation at this season seems universal, and mitigates the surrounding horrors of rocks, caverns, precipices, and torrents; whose overwhelming prevalence must, in Winter's icy reign, render this a dreadful abode. Here the vines, instead of being supported with sticks as in France, are trained along posts, rails, and such trees as come within their line, which gives them a less formal appearance. Our first repast in Savoy was partaken in one of the most romantic spots that can well be imagined. Having brought with us from Lyon a small basket of provisions; (and the shade of some wide-spreading chesnut trees inviting us) we ordered the postillion to stop, sent our servant to the civil folks of an adjacent cottage to fill a water bottle at their pure spring,

Leghorn, none of them stated to have a single heretical note, but all alike prohibited, as unfit to be read. The prohibitory clause is as follows: The Pope having recited the condemnation of the New Testaments in question, proceeds—"Itaque nemo cujuscunque gradus et conditionis prædicta *opera damnata* atque proscripta, quocumque loco et quocumque idiomate, aut in posterum edere, aut edita legere, vel retinere audeat, sub pœnis," &c.—"Therefore let no one, of whatever rank and condition, presume in any place or in any language whatsoever, hereafter to publish, or if published to read, or retain the aforesaid condemned and proscribed works, on pain of, &c."—*See Sir R. Inglis's speech in the House of Commons, May*, 1825.

and seating ourselves on the velvet moss enjoyed the meal *al fresco*. Close behind us at the side of the ridge of Rochers was a steep *coteau* of vines, with the vine-dressers at work. On our right a boundless view into France. In front and far extending to our left were wooded hills of towering altitude, tremendous crags, and cascades bounding from them into the deep, extensive, verdant dell below.

Continuing our ride in this extraordinary country—sometimes ascending, sometimes descending places equally precipitous, we are carried along a broad and admirable road of which the expense to the Sardinian Government must have been prodigious, it being in many parts cut through the living rock. The varieties and contrasts of scenery from the entrance of the Pass of La Chaille to the village of Les Echelles are indeed almost without end and without parrallel. With unlocked wheels we go downhill at a full trot by the edge of abysses so hideously profound, that but for the sense of protection imparted by a well-raised parapet, they would affect the nerves even of the thoroughly initiated voyager. With a perpendicular and oftentimes a projecting line of cliff, several hundred yards above our heads, we look over and see the torrent of the Guiers, which flowing from the elevated regions of the Grande Chartreuse, forms in reality a considerable and impetuous stream; but now seems dwindled into a mere thread of water, and its sounding course through a stony channel cannot be heard so far. In our front the mountains increase in magnitude and loftiness. Whilst our eyes were yet rivetted to these grandeurs of Creation, a sudden turn conveyed us into the winding recesses of a forest, where over-arching trees

concealed both the beauties and the dangers that environed us; and we pursued a path of delightful shade till an equally abrupt change of direction brought us to the entrance of another stupendous amphitheatre. Thus proceeding through several more wondrous passages, we at length came to a point where

"Rocks pil'd on rocks as if by magic spell,"

like one vast wall reared upon another, appeared to deny an outlet. Here it was that Charles Emmanuel II. Duke of Savoy, in 1670, caused to be executed the great work which does so much honour to his memory. The road called *La Grotte*, having been blocked up by a fall of rock, Napoleon, in 1803, gave orders for a new route to be excavated, and the work was achieved to a great extent. A superb tunnel, many hundred feet in length, wide and high in proportion, has been perforated through an enormous cliff. The prospect seen from its entrance, like most of those in this part of Savoy, was at once terrific and pleasing. If "the rocky summits frown," the fertile vallies smile; and could we, for the scattered and miserable hovels of the peasantry, but substitute a sprinkling of neat cottages, *à l' Anglaise*, the valley of the Echelles though shut in so closely by Nature's fortifications, would prove an agreeable abode for the summer visitor. The road in many parts is extremely good, in others rough and troublesome; but all the way broad enough for two carriages to pass abreast. It is carried over many brooks, by means of aqueducts and bridges. Several of these structures are *chef d' œuvres* of engineer architecture; and surprise not less by the boldness of their design, than they please by the symmetry of their

form and the skilfulness of their execution. It was under the care of the lately deceased King, Victor Emanuel, that the new road of the Grotto (begun, suspended, and recommenced three different times by the French) was completed. And by order of the present Sovereign some important ameliorations are at this moment in hand from the Echelles to St. Thibauld-de-Coux. We stopped at a cascade by the side of the road leading to the last named place, and left the carriage to have a closer view of its pellucid waters sparkling in the evening sun, which gilded our way through a rich and cultivated country. I could suppose that the scene we then beheld had been witnessed by the Poet who evinces his descriptive powers in the following lines:

"*The mountains*, yielding to a fruitful vale,
"Within their range half circling had enclosed
"A fair expanse in verdure smooth. The bounds
"Were edg'd with wood, o'erhung by hoary cliffs,
"Which from the clouds bent frowning. Down the rock,
"A tumbling torrent wore the shagged stone:
"And gleaming through the interval of shade,
"Attain'd the valley, where the level stream
"Diffus'd refreshment."

We arrived at Chambery about five o'clock, highly gratified with our day's journey: and after dinner made a *tour de promenade* in this ancient yet certainly not very interesting city. It is situated in a pleasant plain; and its picturesque advantages are heightened by the rivulet Albano uniting there to the more powerful stream of the Laissi, whose receptacle is the Lake du Bourget. The lofty hills by which it is surrounded offer themselves in

various imposing points of view to a spectator traversing the public walks which embellish the outskirts. But the streets are narrow and dirty—the piazzas more convenient for a season of rain than prepossessing to the stranger's eye—and the castle, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, though it serves by its venerable tower and gateways to remind us of the past importance of this little capital, retains nothing in its interior arrangements at all worthy of its present use as a palace belonging to the King of Sardinia.

July 19.—Our road on leaving Chambery lay through a wide and fertile valley, intervening between the two chains of the Beauges and the Grenier. The position of Montmélian is very singular—it stands at the foot of a steep rock, and its buildings are confined within a small space. On a stupendous eminence stands the citadel; naturally so strong, and so formidable from its command of the mountain passes, as formerly to have obtained for this small town the appellation of one of the keys of Savoy, it being very near to the frontiers of Dauphiny. The Isere, in a broad and rapid stream, flows past it, forming many islands, small and large. From the parapets of a bridge (partly of stone, partly of wood) thrown over this river, we beheld some of the grandest of scenery:

"Above me are the Alps
"The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
"Have pinnacled in the clouds their snowy scalps,
"And thron'd eternity in icy halls
"Of cold sublimity."

The sun was just appearing over them in all the splendour of a cloudless morning, as we gazed at

the magnificent spectacle. At that fresh and invigorating hour, the Savoyards of both sexes were going to their labour—in general they are a stout active race—civil even to extreme respectfulness of deportment—though for the most part exhibiting the squalid signs of poverty—their habitations wretched—and the *goitres** horribly disfiguring many of them. Little waggons, suited to mountainous paths, drawn by oxen and cows, and usually laden with hay or green clover, constitute almost the only kind of vehicle that we meet with in these districts. Now and then a ruined castle crowning the height of some beetling cliff; and lower down some modern seignorial seats occasionally discover themselves. The first range of hills on our left is decked with pastures and foliage: the fruits of agricultural labour are plainly visible at so high an elevation as from eight hundred to a thousand feet above the level of the river. Lifting up our eyes towards these farms in the air, we are puzzled to imagine how the people can get there to use the spade, and sow with grain their allotted patches of productive soil. The valley of the Isere, besides being rich in meadows and corn fields, is beautifully wooded. The main road is excellent; and vegetative richness re-

* *Goitres* is a name given to those guttural tumours and excrescences, which are more abundant in some districts of the Valais, and also in the vallies of Savoy and Piedmont than perhaps in any other part of the globe. Mr. Coxe in his judicious remarks on this subject, after rejecting the notion that snow water occasions these swellings and wens on the throat, gives it as his opinion, founded on his own observations and on positive facts, that the primary cause of goitres is to be traced to "the springs which supply drink to the natives, being impregnated with a calcareous matter, called in Switzerland *tuf*."—*See Travels in Switzerland, vol.* 1, *letter* 35, *p.* 398.

warding the husbandman's toil, gives to these regions a rural freshness unimpaired either by the sun's hot reflexion or by the wintry influence of the surrounding summits.

Hemp, flax, Indian corn, oats, potatoes, clover, and rye are grown in abundance; and the state of the crops was such as to promise these poor folks the blessings of a plentiful harvest. A line of hills, which in England we should consider of prodigious height, and which are justly entitled to the name of mountains, we see covered with all these varieties of produce, and enriched with plantations of chesnut, beech, walnuts, and oaks; whilst beyond and far above them rises another range that exhibits the dazzling whiteness of its glacier canopies.— After passing through the hamlet of Maltaverne, and crossing the rivulet Gelon, our road suddenly changes from a north-easterly to a south-easterly direction, and we find ourselves coasting the left bank of the Arc, whose impetuous current of melted snow now rushes in foam among rocks and shallows; now rolls in eddying waves along the deeper passages of its frightful channel:

——— Decursu rapido de montibus altis
Dat sonitum spumosi. ———

Aiguebelle is situated on this important tributary to the Isere, and at the very base of the mountains, two chains of which, meeting there, reduce the valley to the narrow limits of a pass, through which alone we are to find our intended entrance into Italy. The town consists of one broad street, and has a respectable appearance, especially as compared with the wretched places we traversed this morning. The cards of the innkeepers here

bear a double address; on one side in the language of Italy, and on the other in that of France. The inhabitants all speak remarkably good French, and they have a *patois* of their own besides. It is singular that we meet with less annoyance from beggars in this poor country than assailed us in the rich one we have so lately quitted. Mendicants there are in Savoy, but they are pitiable and inoffensive. In France they are impudent and disgusting. About two miles south-east of Aiguebelle we cross the Arc over a bridge of stone, called Pont d'Argent, in face of perpendicular rocks of vast height, at the foot of which is the village of Argentine. Here the features of the Alps, into whose very heart we are now penetrating by the valley of Maurienne, become a perfect climax of terrible sublimity. The surrounding scenery changes in a wonderful manner, and always with an effect so rapidly produced, and so complete in its result as to excite in the mind of the beholder the most lively emotions of surprise and gratification. The road is a raised causeway, subject apparently to injury from the inundations of the river. That horrible deformity, the goitrous excrescence on the neck makes an augmented display. In reference to this peculiar affliction (the scourge of Savoy and the Valais) Shakspeare in his play of the Tempest makes Gonzalo say to the King of Naples,

> "Who would believe that there were mountaineers
> "Dewlapp'd like bulls; whose throats had hanging at them
> "Wallets of flesh?"

Such revolting spectacles, however, answering at least to the latter part of this apparently exaggerated description, do indeed pain the eye and grieve the very soul of the

traveller as he journies in these parts. The women seem to be yet more severely affected by it than the men. One middle-aged female, in particular we noticed, as having a wen covering the whole front of her neck, of several pounds weight.*

As seen from our line of march through this tremendous pass, the different villages, with their churches and cabins, look like the dwellings of pigmies, hung in mid-air. In some places the road is scarcely of sufficient width for two carriages abreast, with impending rocks threatening on our left hand, and a naked precipice on our right. Presently the defile opens; the mountains again widely separate from each other, and a valley presents itself which, as well as every fertile spot however high its situation, the Savoyard cultivates with industry and success.

At nine o'clock A. M. the sun's rays were melting the snows on the peak of an adjacent mountain to our right, the steam of which ascended in a cloud, whilst the water was running down to increase the tide of the Arc, here confined within very steep banks, scarcely thirty feet across. At a lone inn, called Grande Maison we stopped to breakfast. The repast set before us though simple was good, but our hostess omitted not to charge *à la Française*. Of her honesty and attention, however, truth and justice suggest that the following trait should be

* Mr. Coxe says "during my expedition through the Vallais and other parts of Switzerland, I noticed some goitres of all proportions, from the size of a walnut to almost the bigness of a peck loaf. These tumours when they increase to a considerable magnitude, check respiration, and render those who are afflicted with them exceedingly indolent and languid." —*Letters on Switzerland*, *v.* 1, *p.* 407.

mentioned. My friend had left his watch on the table: it was found soon after our departure, and before the owner himself had discovered his loss, a messenger, dispatched on a pair of swift legs, overtook us and delivered the property to its rightful claimant. The place where we waited the approach of the innkeeper's servant, (whose shouts caused us to arrest our progress and quickly to divine the object of his mission) was a wildly romantic valley, on the left side of which rose an insulated eminence having on it a ruined castle formerly inhabited by the Marquisses of Savoy.

The Arc, which had sometimes been brawling alongside of us in many narrow streams through a wide channel of shingle, and at others been rushing in an undivided torrent down some fearful declivity, we now quitted for awhile, and continued our route through the mountains. At noon we reached the point of junction formed by two opposite ranges of almost vertical elevation, and where the same remarkable stream precipitates itself with the resounding violence of a cataract, through a handsome bridge of stone. Every inch of the road is here the work of human labour, and the whole is kept in excellent repair. To protect this fine causeway from the destructive force of so powerful a current, the King of Sardinia, two years ago, caused an embankment of stone to be laid along the base of the road for a considerable extent.—We proceed through the village of Epièrre, the hamlet of La Chapelle, and the little town of Chambre, all of them sad and sorrowful abodes. The country here is a striking solitude. On our right the river flows in an ample volume, its grey waters chafing and fretting against innumerable fragments of rock that have fallen into

its hollow bed, and washing the foot of a cliff two hundred yards at least in perpendicular height: on our left is another enormous mound, which, not quite so high as its opposite neighbour, is cultivated on its platform, and serves as the foundation story (if I may use such an expression) of a much higher tier of rocks so steep in their acclivities, so indented on their barren tops, as to resemble the embattled walls of some vast cloud-capped citadel. Beyond these another and another ridge succeed in the ascending scale, as if to mock all human labours, and contrast their colossean proportions with the diminutive stature of every living thing.

> " *Tho'* pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
> " Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
> " Th' eternal snows appear already past,
> " And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
> " *Yet* those attain'd we tremble to survey
> " The growing labours of the lengthened way,
> " Th' encreasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> " Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

This part of the Maurienne, wherever its width and quality of soil have allowed cultivation, displays a good harvest of all sorts of grain and pulse. At Pont de la Madeleine we passed by a bridge of cast iron with strong stone buttresses to the left bank of the river Arc, opposite a very commanding eminence on which stands the ruined castle of St. Marie de Cuine; and arrived in the faubourg (avoiding the town) of Saint Jean de Maurienne, about one o'clock. Here, after having in our long ride been made to feel very sensibly the united effects of sun and dust, from which the poor horses suffered dreadfully, we stopped a couple of hours to dine, take some repose,

and avoid exposing ourselves too much to the almost overpowering heat of the weather.—In this extraordinary country, "the *one*" feature forces itself on the attention with a most influential potency. The imperial theme of the poem—the sublime constituent of the picture exhibits such Protean changes—presents itself with such an infinite diversity of aspects and accessories, that on the mind of Nature's admirer, as well in her terrific as in her more seductive garb, it produces every sensation save that of satiety. The Hotel de la Poste for example stands pleasantly by the road side: one of its gable ends seems attached to the base of a towering precipice: a line of snow-clad mountains* commences its gradual rise from the banks of the river in front of the house: we step out of our apartment into an open gallery at the back of the Inn, and there we find ourselves seemingly at the foot of a third ridge,† whose summits, far exceeding the line of vegetation, still wear the blanched garb of frost amidst the blaze of summer.‡

Almost immediately on leaving the Post House at St. Jean, (which merits recommendation for Antonio Balmet's civility and moderate charges) we cross the Arves, an impetuous torrent, only a little above its confluence with the Arc, over which we shortly afterwards pass in our way through the village of St. Julien, to the town of St. Michael. From thence to Modane, the country we go

* The Cols des Alcombes and de Belleville.

† The Pra Plan and the Col de St. Sorli.

‡ "A fine contrast is produced by this vicinity of the snows and the rich productions of Nature. In the valleys and mountains of the Alps, it continually happens that extremes so nearly meet as to present in one picture the four seasons of the year."—*Reichard—Guide, vol.* 3, *p.* 98.

through is more replete with the stupendous objects of savage nature than any that we have yet seen in Savoy. The Arc now becomes our constant companion (if we may so speak of a river running near us, but in a direction the very opposite of our own).

"Midst horrid crags and mountains dark and tall,"

this offspring of eternal snows takes its more or less rapid course, assuming, according to the smooth or rough nature of its channel a temperate or an enraged appearance. Its general character and aspect are those of a torrent lashing its rocky banks like the surges of a stormy lake. Beyond St. Michael it increases more and more in violence and impetuosity, pouring down very high and steep falls, and foaming in its deep and pent-up way, among unnumbered pieces of rock, with pêle mêle, hurly burly uproar. From this whirlpool of its passion we proceed a few hundred yards further up, and find the same stream in comparative quiescence flowing down a gently inclined plane: but soon again, as we continue to advance in the direction of its source, it appears in fierce conflict with the enormous blocks of granite which it encounters as it rushes on in a complete cascade. Our road crosses the Arc no less than four times from St. Michael to St. Andrè, a distance of scarcely three leagues.

Notice has already been taken of the marked propensity of the Savoyards to "force a churlish soil for scanty bread." Proofs of this inherent disposition multiply themselves around us as we go on. Attached to their soil, and probably conscious of their unfitness for emigration, this quiet and inoffensive people appear sedulously

to have hunted out every spot calculated to repay them with a crop for the labour of cultivation. Undismayed by its excessive height, undiscouraged by its local difficulties or inconveniences, the Peasant here digs and plants his patch of ground; he builds near it his cot of planks; and we see the power of vegetation excited by the sweat of man's brow displaying itself from the low-land meadow to the mountain-top. Some of these hanging villages, with their black houses and white churches, are seated at least eight hundred feet above the level of our still aspiring road. My friend likened such habitations, as then viewed at a distance, to so many toads squatting together round a chalk stone; and the comparison, though ludicrous, is not without a forcible degree of application. The tremendous precipices which at times completely overhang our route, being composed of loose and crumbling strata, awaken a fear of pieces from them falling on our heads; and doubtless at certain periods of the year, there must be great danger of this to passengers. As we take a closer view of the dwellings and inhabitants, our pity and our horror alternately arise. *Cretins** and persons exhibiting the

* "The *Cretins* are little people, stunted in growth, crazy in intellect, incapable of speaking, devoid of understanding, and almost insensible even to blows. They are bloated and chub-checked, with large broad countenances, dull eyes, flattened noses, discoloured lips, livid complexion. Their flesh is soft and without elasticity; they stagger in their walk, balancing themselves, and with difficulty keeping on their feet. Some of these unfortunate beings (but this is rarely to be found) are unable to sustain themselves; their senses are blunted and almost extinguished. Some of them are so defective in their organization that they never rise from their place. In general, they present the idea of a degraded, degenerated, and debased race of mankind. Their ordinary height is four feet; some three feet and a half: they seldom exceed four feet and a

shocking deformity of the *goitres* but too often meet the eye. The people live in hovels not houses,

> "Stealing their whole dominion from the waste;
> "Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw."

Old and young, male and female, wear on their outward frames the evidences of a destiny inauspicious alike to the body and intellect of the human species. Probably it is to the severity of distress inflicted by an Alpine winter, not less than to the heat and stagnation of the air* in summer, that these particular infirmities and sufferings are to be ascribed. My remark however, on this debateable point, is not intended to be offered without qualification. Indeed, we were continually meeting strong and healthy men. We occasionally saw well formed and even good looking women (though of the latter very few). As to houses and churches, groups of decent structures now and then attract our attention. But these for the most part discover themselves afar off, and at an altitude of some hundred yards above us. One circumstance that particularly struck us relates to the children, who are here the least lively of any I ever saw. They do not appear to have any amusements, either when by

half. And these idiots are moreover disfigured with enormous *goitres*, or wens, hanging down from the throat."—*Robert—Voyage en Swisse, vol. 2, p. 275.*—This description applies to the *worst* stages of cretinism: one or two cases of which fell under our own observation.

* "M. de Saussure, who made very deep researches on this subject, ascribes Cretinism to the heat, and the stagnation of the air in the lower part of some of the Alpine vallies. In consequence however of the precaution taken by such of the inhabitants as are in easy circumstance, to send their wives to lodge on the mountains, and to bring up their children there until the age of ten or twelve years, this infirmity is not by any means so prevalent in the Valais as formerly."—*Mallet.*

themselves or with each other. In the hamlets these little beings sit motionless on their parents' thresholds. By the road side we observed them lying on blocks of stone or in the dust. If they betake themselves to their legs, it is generally for the purpose of running after the traveller's carriage to beg *sous*.

Between St. André and Modane we alighted; and quitting the main road after again crossing the Arc, we walked towards an assemblage of habitations which we saw at a short distance up the cliffs. There we had an opportunity of forming some judgment respecting the real situation of these mountaineers, than which surely nothing can be more forlorn. Fournau is the name of this little village. It contains, as we were informed, 36 families; has a church, but cannot maintain, and in point of fact is destitute of an officiating priest. We went into several of their cabins and found them dark with smoke and offensive from filth; with paper instead of glass in their windows, and the greater part of *that* is torn out in summer. They and their neighbours cultivate a good deal of hemp: they also grow oats and rye. They had milk, coarse brown bread, cheese, and potatoes; but no very large store of any of these articles. Their hay harvest was employing all hands. Seldom have I witnessed such abject poverty—never did I see it joined to such apparent contentment, or at least such resignation to a hard and helpless lot. Four or five shillings' worth of French silver and copper money distributed among these Alpine villagers was sufficient to brighten up their sun-burnt and wrinkled countenances, and to call forth an abundance of thanks. The only intelligent and communicative individual that we found in this unmarked and unheeded place, was a young man

employed, at the time we accosted him, in driving up his only couple of cows to the milking; and whose military air but ill concealed under the mildness of his manner and the peaceful nature of his occupation, induced us to ask him if he had always lived in this spot. He then acquainted us that he had served several years in the French Artillery Train, and was of the number of those unfortunate persons who had shared in the miseries of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; that having escaped without injury from the perils of that and subsequent campaigns, he had at the conclusion of the war returned to this scene of his childhood, where he married the little woman who was then handing us each a wooden bowl of milk, and with whom he seemed to be perfectly reconciled to share a life of seclusion and privation in his native land:

> "Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
> "And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms."

At Modane (which after the hut-heap already dignified with the name of village we must call a town) the still increasing size and unterminating range of the mountains impressed us deeply with feelings of astonishment and awe. We had in fact entered the Upper Maurienne; where Alps, whose immense sides are darkened with fir trees, rise gradually to heights of from five to eight thousand feet on each side of us: the unpropitious influence of their icy vestures over the vegetation of the valley is revealed in the chilliness of its atmosphere, the scantiness of its produce, and the penury of its inhabitants. Our journey was continued in the obscurity of twilight; but we could perceive that the country was barren and wild in

the extreme. It was amidst the hoarse murmuring of the rock-bound Arc, often increased to a roar by waters from some headlong height; and after a further progress of nearly three hours, sometimes under steep chalk hills, and not less frequently by the side of deep abysses, and through gloomy forests, that we reached the town of Lans-le-bourg, at the very foot of Mont Cenis.*

* Night prevented us from seeing the double cascade of *St. Benoit*, situated between Verney and Termignon, and which Reichard describes as "the finest of this valley, and one of the finest among the Alps. The two falls of which it is composed give it a peculiar character. They have both dug for themselves an abyss of which one sees not the bottom, and where they seem to be swallowed up."—*Guide*, *vol.* 3, *p.* 99.

CHAPTER V.

Passage of MONT CENIS—*Entrance into Piedmont—Susa—A characteristic of Italy—S. Jorio—Valley of the Dora—General view of the Cottian Alps—Rivoli.*—TURIN—*Evening Scene on the Piazza Castella—King's Palace—Cathedral—Sanctuary of the Sainte Suaire—Church of Corpus Domini—Vegetable Market—Churches of St. Christina, S. Spirito, St. Philip de Neri, and Consolata—Itinerant Musicians—Recorded Miracles—Hotel de Ville—Citadel—River Po—Public Walks—Square of St. Carlo—Carignan Palace—Allusion to the Religious and Political State of Piedmont—Palais des Sciences—General Observations.*

AT five o'clock in the morning (July 20th), we quitted Lans-le-bourg, and commenced our ascent of the mountain. Along a deep valley, the river Arc (here not far from its source in the Col de Calet) runs through a narrow bed of granite with prodigious rapidity and noise. We pass over to its left bank by a bridge of wood, well constructed. From the first principal landing of our grand staircase we view far beneath us the miserably mean town where we lodged last night, situated at the bottom of snow-crowned hills. In effectuating the passage, the lowest part of the chain has (as was natural) been selected. Several of the neighbouring points are considerably higher. The way is good: it is formed of six ascents, protected in the dangerous parts by stone parapets or strong wooden rails; and crosses are also erected at stated distances, close to the verge of each steep,

to mark the route, and direct the winter-traveller in his path through the snow. Here and there, on green spots, we see the thinly-scattered and temporary habitations of such people of Lans-le-bourg and its vicinity as are employed in the repair of the road: in these mere sheds they keep cows and sheep during the summer, and descend into the valley after September: they seek their livelihood during the inclement part of the year, by making themselves useful to those who cross the mountain. Arrived at a place called La Ramasse,* we feel the cool winds at each turning of the path. The clouds ride very near us, skirting the sides of the rocks round which we take our winding course. From time to time we pass the insulated *maisons de refuge;* excellent establishments, placed with great judgment, and which were peopled by Buonaparte with a hardy and laborious company of men, who, under the name of *cantonniers,* perform services which we summer-birds of passage cannot sufficiently appreciate. This valuable establishment, strange to say, has been much reduced since the restoration of the Sardinian Government.

Soon after passing the first barrier† where a toll is

* "La Ramasse, before the opening of the new road, was during winter a place of some celebrity. Seated on a frail chair of wood, placed on a sledge, guided by a single man, a traveller was enabled to reach Lans-le-bourg in seven minutes; that is to say, to go more than two leagues in that short space of time. This very rapid descent was extremely dangerous. The least awkward kick, the slightest want of address was enough to precipitate a person into the ravines or to dash him against the rocks. Now this sledge traject, is by means of the new road made without danger; the rapidity is much lessened, the motion more uniform and smooth. *To* travel in this manner is *se faire ramasser.*"—*Reichard—Guide vol.* 3, *p.* 102.

† "For the benefit of the Hospitium of Mont Cenis, and for keeping the road in repair, a tax is established and levied by the King of Sardinia,

exacted of us, for our calèche, we find ourselves on the *Culminant*, or highest part of the road; and pursuing our course along the *plateau*, we are struck with the spectacle of clouds, of purest whiteness, floating low through a circling chain of stupendous summits; that of Le Petit Mont Cenis on our right, and of Le Grand Mont Cenis on our left. In the middle of this vast arena, at the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea, is a small lake,* partly bordered by green pasturages, and whose waters reflect the sublimer objects by which they are surrounded with singular distinctness, yet at the same time with an effect remarkably deceptive to the sight. At this great elevation the air was not cold as we expected, but simply refreshing. The day was particularly in our favour; the sun shining bright upon the snowy peaks, to whose still commanding superiority, after our long process of climbing, we looked up with amazement.

Opposite the lake is a line of buildings called the Tavernettes, consisting of three or four houses, two of which serve as Inns. The one where we breakfasted is honoured with the title of the Hotel de la Poste, and appears to be the best; but in the essential qualities that conduce to a reasonable Englishman's satisfaction, it is miserably deficient. Much had been told us of the excellent accommodation that we should find on the top of Mont Cenis.

viz. for each horse and mule, two francs—for each waggon or cart without springs, three francs—for each carriage with springs, six francs."—*Reichard —vol.* 3, *p.* 105.

* "The inhabitants of Mount Cenis (says Addison) pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year."—*Remarks on Italy.*

It was however in no such situation that we expected any thing more than a decent sort of caravansary. But La Poste is a filthy place; and all the money that its proprietors extract from the pockets of respectable travellers seems likely to have no effect in correcting the abominable habits of uncleanliness, which betray themselves in the staircases, lobbies, and chambers of this Hotel.

The Hospitium (on the same line with the Tavernettes) is a considerable building. We went to it, anticipating the satisfaction of being introduced to its Monks; but on entering the refectory, we found, of all their number, only two *religieux:* the rest were enjoying their vacation elsewhere; and those who remained, having friends with them at breakfast *à la fourchette*, appeared by their forbidding stare to regard our visit as an intrusion. They suffered us, at all events, to make our bow and retire; perhaps deeming it unnecessary to the maintenance of the renown of their institution for hospitality and humanity, as always shewn towards the necessitous and distressed, that they should gratify the curiosity of mere travellers for pleasure. Accompanied, however, by a conductor, who shews what is to be seen, we ascended to a suite of rooms, which are distinguished by the appellation of Royal. The only circumstance that really interests the stranger as he passes through the apartments is to find tolerably handsome furniture in a house on Mont Cenis; and to be assured that the Emperor Napoleon, Pope Pius the Seventh, and the King of Sardinia have, each in turn within a few years, been the occupants of it. The Chapel is handsome; and the Infantry Barracks begun and left unfinished by *Buonaparte*, are on a scale so extensive as to speak volumes in

interpretation of the grand motive, which operated with that military genius to facilitate, as he did with such magnificent effectiveness, the principal communications between France and Italy.

At nine o'clock in the morning we left the Hospital, and proceeding along the platform of Mont Cenis, came to Grand Croix; so named from a cross that divides Piedmont from Savoy. Here we pass a bridge over the Cinisella, a river issuing from the lake whose borders we had just quitted; and our descent through the Val de St. Nicholas into Italy begins, by one of the most superb as well as most elaborate works ever achieved since road-making became an art. This is indeed a work which has no equal except that over the Simplon. It constitutes a succession of eight descents, in continuity of zig-zag, being a regular declivity of five inches in two yards.* This admirable road,† guarded by a line of parapet walls, has been wrought in the rock for miles at the brink of nearly perpendicular precipices. Thus travelling at a rapid pace, but with perfect ease and safety, we looked down into the gorge beneath, a depth of two thousand feet, whilst the opposite peaks present an elevation of double that admeasurement:

> "Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
> "And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and *snowy* ramparts rise."

The mountains, indeed, seem to increase in height and to develop their awful forms with more imposing effect

* Mont Cenis, on the side of Savoy, is composed of slate; on that of Piedmont, it is of the hardest granite.

† "Before this new way, which has allowed carriages to roll over Mont Cenis, they used to dismount, and transport them, as well as the port-

as we pursue the mazes of this wonderful passage. The clouds hung suspended over their tops, like immense curtains on the point of falling upon them. In many places the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder was the only means of opening an entrance through them. Cascades and torrents are numerous: the former are prevented from injuring the road by large reservoirs of masonry provided to receive and carry off their waters; the latter are crossed by bridges of stone and wood, several of them extraordinarily bold in their construction. The villages at the bottom of the ravines, as seen from the uppermost galleries, look like so many little quadrangular bits of slate huddled together—the inhabitants, like beetles.—Of these vast hills a very trifling portion offers any soil for tillage; but wherever a fertile spot is to be found, the Piedmontese, like his Savoyard neighbour, industriously avails himself of it. We saw fine crops of grain fit for the sickle, growing at the height of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet above the level of the valley. At this stage of our descent we were regaled with strawberries, fresh gathered from the mountain-side by some of the active and vociferous young urchins of both sexes, who at the different hamlets on the route, compete for the custom of travellers. The flavour and coolness of this wild fruit were delicious. Our tongues and lips had already begun to be parched with heat, and our eyes painfully affected by the vivid glare that in every direction encountered them. We

manteaus of travellers, on the backs of mules. Now in winter time, carriages require no longer to be taken to pieces; but the conductors accompany them to prevent their overturning or sinking into the snow; this they do by holding them up, some on the right hand others on the left, at the risk of being themselves crushed to pieces."—*Reichard, vol.* 3, *p.* 100.

performed the first three posts (i. e. 15 miles) in an hour. The lower we proceed the finer is the appearance of the trees, corn, and general productions on the side of the mountains, which are still very lofty but verdant. We continue to be carried at an amazing rate, along the edge of gulfs from whose scaring depths we are secured only by the precautionary fences of this grand work of human skill and labour, which, from its having removed so many of those difficulties and dangers that formerly attended the passage, is truly a work of public beneficence. As such indeed every one who has passed it either ascending or descending must regard the road over Mont Cenis. It is with feelings of consideration bordering on gratitude, that we acknowledge it to be an honour to the memory of Napoleon; but we cannot overlook the ambitious obliquity of his views as a Conqueror, even in thus making the "the crooked ways straight" and "the rough places plain" (for the transit of artillery and for all the purposes of war); nor do we forget the impiety of his vain boast, after this work and that of the Simplon were completed, that "the Alps were no more."*

* The overweening and presumptuous confidence with which the late Imperial Ruler of France, even after the ever-memorable chastisement of his ambition in Russia, looked forward to the security of his then widely extended empire, was never more completely proved than by the decree, which, in June, 1813, he issued from the battle-field of Wurtchen:—"A monument (said Buonaparte) shall be erected on MONT CENIS. Upon the front, looking towards Paris shall be inscribed the names of all our Cantons of Departments on this side of the Alps. Upon the front, looking towards Milan, shall be inscribed the names of all our Cantons of Departments beyond the Alps, and of our Kingdom of Italy. On the most conspicuous part of the monument shall be engraved the following inscription: The Emperor Napoleon upon the field of battle of Wurtchen, ordered the erection of this monument to his people of France and Italy; and to trans-

As we go lower and lower into the Piedmontese territory the prospects, hitherto exclusively distinguished by features of the highest sublimity, exhibit such a combination of all that is both beautiful and grand, as no words can describe. Arrived at Mollaret, we find ourselves on the point of entering more galleries cut in the solid rock, some to render the declivity easier, others to place the traveller in a state of shelter from avalanches. Still further down is the village of Novalese* on the left bank of the Cinisella. The rich valley of the Dora (Riparia) bounded by lofty ridges covered with vegetation is hence displayed in a splendid picture, of which the horizontal line is so comprehensive as scarcely to exclude from our sight the neighbourhood of Turin itself:

"Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
"The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride."

Pursuing thence a continuation of the same grand route, at half-past eleven in the forenoon, we entered Susa, a small but handsome place, situated at the foot of Mont Cenis, at the confluence of the Cinisella with the Dora. It

mit to the most distant posterity the remembrance of that celebrated epoch, when, in three months 1,200,000 men ran to arms to insure the integrity of the empire and of his allies."—In less than a twelvemonth after, the capital of the said empire was in the possession of an army, *not* his allies. In another twelvemonth, returned from Elba but routed at Waterloo, Napoleon himself was a captive at St. Helena!

* Nugent in his "Grand Tour," published 1778, thus describes what kind of travelling it was at that date, from Novalese to Lans-le-bourg, over Mont Cenis:—"Here you take mules to ascend the hills; the way is broad enough; but uneven and full of stones. In winter, as the ice and snows render it dangerous and difficult riding, travellers generally choose to be carried in sedans, by a sort of chairmen called *Maroni*, who climb up these mountains like goats, and mind neither wind nor weather."

is the first town of Piedmont. The upper parts command some superb views. It also contains a very interesting proof of its great antiquity, in a triumphal arch, said to have been erected to the honour of Augustus in the 740th year of Rome. I walked a mile, beneath a burning sun, up the steep rock on which the old castle stands, to see these Roman remains. My guide led me through the garden of the Governor's house to a gate opening upon the mountains, and close under the walls outside the town, I beheld the arch, in a hollow way, apparently neglected, and as an object of ancient art, shorn of its best effect by being subjected to a disadvantageous approach. But the object is well worthy of inspection: it is simply elegant in its architectural design, constructed of a light red stone, and tolerably well preserved. The entablature is ornamented with a sacrificial group.

There were extensive decorations about the old edifice, which the Commandant of the town resides in, that instantly reminded me of my being arrived in Italy. Fresco paintings, of scriptural and legendary subjects, in bright colours and by no means ill executed, meet the eye at every turn and corner. Not only are the fronts of their churches and chapels surcharged with these pictorial ornaments; but the municipal edifices, and even the dwellings of private individuals, nay the very walls and signs of inns are dedicated to personal representations, large as life, of the Virgin Mary, St. Francis, St. Anthony, and a whole calendar of Saints and Saintesses.

From Susa an excellent road bears us through a valley, bounded right and left by finely foliaged mountains of the second and third magnitude, and filled with vineyards, orchards of fruit, and fields of clover and Indian corn.

The Dora, issuing from Mount Genévre, flows through this district, and enables the cultivator to irrigate and fertilise what would otherwise be an arid plain. The Gothic castle of Bussolino attracts the regards of the stranger, and reminds him of feudal times, when the town itself might possibly have been more interesting than it now is: as to its inhabitants, I conceive they could at no period have been more wretched than they appear to be at this moment. The recollection of Juvenal's allusion—*Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?* failed even in Savoy to reconcile us to a grievance, not the less revolting to modern travellers because it was known to ancient ones. What however shall we say now? For although no longer among the deep, cliff-encompassed basins of that country, but on the borders of "Fair Italy," and fair indeed are her borders—yet even here we see many goitrous persons, and not a few Cretins.

The next relay to Susa is Saint George, the site of another ancient strong-hold. The barbican, the keep, the baronial-house, the chapel, with other buildings and outworks, surrounded with embattled walls, cover a rocky mound of considerable extent. These fine ruins of castellated architecture again carry us back to days of yore; whilst a street formed of hovels, and their inmates in the most woeful state of destitution, would seem to tell us, that though the country teems with plenty and abounds in beauty; yet its advantages are not destined for the relief of indigence, nor its charms for the solace of age and infirmity. If the importunate and pestering applications of beggars proved a drawback on our satisfaction in traversing the French towns, this *entrée into Italy* is infested with a still greater annoyance to our feelings in the

shocking appearance of most of the mendicant train. Many of these poor creatures were truly deplorable objects. One old woman, who approached close to the side of our carriage at "the witching time" of changing horses, presented in her person a portentous assemblage of deformities! Near the little town of Saint Antonin, we observed people employed in a singular mode of thrashing: the work is done by means of a machine resembling the paddles of a steam-boat, drawn by horses round upon the corn as it lies spread out in the farm yard.

A short distance from the town of St. Ambrozio is St. Michael's Mount, on whose pyramidic summit, about 800 feet high, stands a celebrated monastery, which previous to the revolution belonged to the Benedictines. It is now unoccupied as a religious establishment. The extensive buildings, including the church, erected with a whimsical mixture of grandeur and inconvenience on the very edge of the precipice, appear to be going fast into decay.—This hill-convent forms a remarkably striking feature in the landscape of the Dorian valley, which here becomes amplified and enriched, as the nearest range of hills on each side, with few exceptions, gradually lose their loftiness.

Beyond St. Ambrozio, about a mile and a half, is Avigliano, where a very large chateau or monastery stands on an insulated hill of commanding elevation. From almost the first moment of our quitting Susa, we were, as if under some irresistible fascination, incessantly looking back towards the Alpine regions from which we had so recently descended. When in close vicinity, their encompassing grandeur fills—it overwhelms, the sight. But it was from this point that a retrospective glance at

them struck upon our feelings with the greatest force; for thence we were enabled to trace, in the concave form of a vast irregular crescent, that part of the great Alpine chain which extends from Dauphiny to Piedmont. In the deepest recess of the semi-circle rises Mont Genèvre. The intermediate space is filled up with mountainous ridges of diversified shape, and yet smaller eminences without number. The two horns of the crescent are respectively marked by the towering altitude of craggy peaks. The one, comparatively speaking, close to our right hand, is Mont Rochiamelon, a branch of Mont Cenis; that on the left, is the much more distant cone of Mont Viso,

> "Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
> "And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods."

From the position of Avigliano, this highest and acutest point of the Cottian Alps is seen over the Colla della Rossa, behind whose lofty bulwark, in the province of Pinerolo, lie the three vallies, Lucerna, San Martino, and Perosa, inhabited by the Vaudois or Waldenses. Not unaware of our approximation to the wild and secluded abodes of that unoffending people,* in whose behalf Mr.

* Could we have commanded adequate leisure and facilities for an excursion into the mountains of Piedmont, such as those respectively undertaken by Mr. Gilly and Mr. Acland, it would have been a high satisfaction to our feelings to have visited the altar of Religion there preserved pure and undefiled, amidst "the wreck of matter," in spite of poverty's overwhelming pressure, and the bigot's unrelenting hate—to have entered the humble dwelling of the venerable Rodolphe Peyrani, whose "bookcase was enriched with the works of Tillotson, Barrow, and Taylor;" to have conversed with some of the Protestant inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, whose present situation exhibits a striking proof of the intolerant and persecuting spirit of Romanists; and to have offered the homage of our sympathetic interest to the undegenerated descendants of men, who led the way and stood

GILLY has made so powerful an appeal to the British public; and retaining as we did among our most recent impressions and cherished recollections, the affecting incidents of that Reverend Author's interview with their late chief pastor, it was from the want not of inclination but of sufficient time alone, that we failed to undertake a pilgrimage infinitely more worthy of Christians to perform, than all the jubilee-tasks enjoined by Rome's distributor-general of pardons in this world and of indulgences in the next.

A new road has within the last twelve months been opened from Susa. It is straight and good, having curb-stones of granite thickly and regularly placed on each side, with a foot-path between them and the talus of the cause-way. Rivoli itself, which is the only town of consequence between Susa and Turin, we did not pass through, the post-house being on the outskirts. The Royal castle, built on an eminence, and the lofty towers of one or two fine churches, render this place an interesting commencement to the rich plain of Lombardy, which extends thence as far as Venice. A little way beyond Rivoli the new joins on to the old road; and the latter proceeds, *tiré au cordeau*, for seven or eight miles, forming a noble avenue lined with elm trees, and having, for the termination of its vista, the Royal Mausoleum of the Superga, a splendid temple, of Grecian architecture,

in the van of that army of Martyrs, to whom we are indebted for our own freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny; of men against whom "the blood-hounds of the Inquisition were first let loose," because, at a period,

"When all the world with midnight gloom was dark,"

they nobly dared to persist in their conscientious adherence to "a Church built up in Christ, and accordant with the tenets and discipline of the Apostolic age."

situated on the brow of a hilly region in the immediate vicinity of Turin.

Catholicity, ever ready to attract eye-worship, has amply furnished forth a road-side display of chapels dedicated to the Virgin, whose image is painted on the outer wall, whilst her effigy, holding the *Bambino* in its arms, is enshrined within. Our postillions take off their hats, like good children of the Church, as they pass each little building dedicated to this most conspicuous object of religious adoration. The soil here appears very good, the produce abundant. The farming folks were making their second crop of hay; and, it appears that they cut it three or four times in the course of the summer. It was pretty to see the numerous parties of country girls, in their scarlet petticoats, their black corsets, white kerchiefs, and large straw hats, aiding the men lustily in these rustic occupations. The approach to Turin bespeaks a city of sovereign consequence: "Her domes and temples rise in distant view;" and the countless villas of white stone or stucco, with which the verdant hills beyond it are studded, confirm the impression that it must be the abode of nobility and wealth.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel de l'Europe where a spacious and handsome apartment on the first floor was assigned to us. Thence looking out upon the Piazza Castella, immediately facing the Royal residence, and comprehending a side view of the Palais d'Aoste, with the Gothic tower, a relic of old Turin, behind it, we had all that could be desired in point of situation.

In the evening our principal amusement, after a saunter through some of the neighbouring streets, was that of observing from the balcony of our windows, the inhabitants

as they assembled in the square before us, to enjoy the cool promenade. No children let loose from school can revel more joyously in temporary freedom from thraldom and confinement, than the good people of this city seemed to do, on their escape out of dwellings, wherein, from a just dread of the sun's forceful rays, they had so many hours of the live-long day, been imprisoning themselves. In one part of the square, they were crowding round a vehement spouter of verses; in another, listening to the vocal and instrumental combinations of some clever musical itinerants; whilst equally on the cadences of poetic declamation and on "the concord of sweet sounds," brake the conversational bursts of the garrulous multitude,

"And the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

The summer-lightning vividly corruscated over their heads, giving a still more animated effect to the varied scene of stationary groups and moving trains of both sexes, thus breathing with full enjoyment the refreshing air of their delicious night: nor was it till a very late hour that the noisy throng had retired from the place, and left two weary travellers to what repose they best might find beneath the roof of M. Dufour. And if his Hotel de l'Europe were as cleanly and well conducted as it is eligibly placed, it should have a double share of my commendation. But to *pay dearly* for being *bitten smartly* is one of those splendid miseries, of which the honour does not compensate for the injury.

July 21.—Our first visit in the morning, was to the King's Palace. After regarding with disappointment its forlorn, grass-grown court, and its neglected façades,

presenting a strange medley of architectural ostentation and meanness, we were equally surprised and gratified to behold the redeeming display in its interior. The sumptuousness of the numerous apartments is no less to be noticed than their loftiness and amplitude. The decorations are in the gorgeous stile of Versailles; but if possible more exuberant in every variety of carving, gilding, and painting. The furniture is antiquated and heavy; yet at the same time so rich and royal, that one would deem it in such a place but ill exchanged for the more classical lightness and elegance of modern taste. The great gallery, besides some fine specimens of antique statuary, contains *chef-d'œuvres* of all the great masters of the Roman, Florentine, Venetian, and Flemish schools of pictorial art. Among the rest we noticed some exquisite portraits of Royal and Illustrious Personages; particularly from the pencil of Vandyck, whose picture of our Charles the First, (a whole length figure in a walking dress, and with his right hand on a stick) is well calculated to arrest the attention of an Englishman.

We proceeded next to the Cathedral; a structure of inconsiderable dimensions, in a heavy stile of architecture. The roof of the nave is supported by massive columns after the Doric order. The side aisles are filled with chapels, each of which has a picture, allusive to its guardian saint; most of these are by the great artists of Italy. We observed that, wherever the Madonna and Infant Jesus are painted together, some pious soul has been suffered to fix an *alto relievo* coronet of gold or chaplet of artificial flowers upon their heads, to the total destruction of all chaste and proper effect.

Adjoining the east end of the cathedral, and in direct communication with that church on one side and with the King's Palace on the other, is the celebrated sanctuary of La Sainte Suaire,* in the high altar of which they pretend to preserve the winding sheet that enshrouded the body of Our Blessed Saviour. This chapel, a noble proof of the talents of Guarini, is built entirely of black marble, inlaid with bronze, which gives it an unusual effect of sombre magnificence. The workmanship of the cupola and lantern is a master-piece of its kind.—From thence we walked to "Corpus Domini," which glitters with gold and precious stones. The superior merits of the marble sculptures, the wood carvings, and the pictures

* This marvellous S. Suaire is to be found in several different places! Mr. Misson in his *Voyage d'Italie*, vol. 3, p. 51. 52, says on this subject "Le Suaire de Turin qui doit être l' unique au monde, s'est reproduit ou multiplié en sept ou huit endroits pour le moins. Je ne parle que de ceux que je connois. Il y en a je crois trois à Rome, viz. à S. Pierre, à S. Jean de Latran, et à l' Eglise du S. Suaire de l'Archiconfrerie des Piemontois, un à Cadoin en Perigort, un à Besancon, un à Compiegne, un à Milan, et un à Aix la Chapelle. Ils produisent tous leur titre par Bulles des Papes. Le Suaire de Cadoin est le mieux établi; il a été autorisé par 14 Bulles. Celui de Turin n'en a que quatre. Il y a aussi un autre fameux S. Suaire à Lisbonne dans l' eglise de la Mere de Dieu."—"The relic of the Holy Shroud at Turin, which ought to be unique in the world, has reproduced or multiplied itself in seven or eight places at least. I only speak of those I know. There are three of them, I believe, at Rome, viz. in St. Peter's, St. John's de Lateran, and at the church of the Saint Suaire of the Archconfraternity of the Piedmontese, one at Cadoin in Perigord, one at Besançon, one at Compiegne, one at Milan, and another at Aix la Chapelle. All of them are authenticated by Popes' Bulls. The Suaire of Cadoin is the best established: it has been authorised by 14 Bulls. That of Turin has only four of these vouchers. There is also another famous S. Suaire at Lisbon in the church of the Mother of God."

with which it is so profusely adorned, render it highly interesting as a museum; but for a church it is very much too gaudy. Passing through the Piazza delle Erbe, or vegetable market, a spacious and well-built square, we stopped to taste some of the delicious fruit which is there so abundantly exhibited, and sold at so reasonable a rate. Peaches, apricots, plums, oranges, lemons, cherries, pears, and figs, all excellent." We particularly relished the figs, which look the very emblem of vegetive ripeness, and have much of the flavour of our hot-house nectarines.

The church of St. Christina was the place we next entered. It contains a remarkably fine statue of St. Theresa (by Le Gros) at the altar of her chapel.—The church of Santo Spirito is also well worth seeing.—But of the religious edifices in Turin, the only one which in my eyes appeared happily to unite symmetry of design with chasteness of ornament, and propriety of interior regulation was St. Philip de Nerri. The nave is spacious and lofty, and the Corinthian columns of marble with gilt capitals have a beautiful appearance. The arrangements to accommodate the people in this place of worship seem to be exactly what they ought to be. The expedient of chairs, which, heaped in dirty piles, disfigure most churches in France; and the plan of closed pews as in England, are alike rejected: open seats, with kneeling places in front, are placed in a double row along the nave as far as the steps of the sanctuary, which is elegantly embellished.—In our way to, and at the very entrance of, the church Della Consolata, we stopped awhile, listening to an ambulatory orchestra of vocalists and instrumentalists, who for the amusement of a crowd of folks and to catch a few sous,

were singing an amorous ditty.* There was a good deal of theatrical gesticulation and no small share of musical

* CANZONETTA NUOVA SOPRA UN AMANTE CHE CERCA IL SUO TESORO.

1.

Cerco il mio bene,
Pel bosco e il prato
Ma il bene amato
Nol so trovar.
Lo cerco al fonte
Lo cerco al rio
Oh caso rio
Nol so trovar.

2.

Risponde l'eco
A miei sospiri
Dai cari giri
Fin da lontan.
L'odon le selve
E i miei lamenti
Odono i venti
Ma tutto è van.

3.

Salgo le rupi
E scendo al piano
Sempre in vano
Cerco il mio ben.
Amata Clori
Ah dove sei
Amici Dei!
Ditelo almen.

4.

Ma lo tornate
Vi prego in braccio
Non altro laccio
Leghi quel cor.
Sol la catena
Dell' alma mia
Sola ella sia
Del nostro amor.

SONG.

1.

Along the lawn and in the glade,
With anxious steps I seek the maid,
Whose image fills my mind:
Beside the stream—the fount—I stray;
Mischance must keep my love away—
Her no-where can I find.

2.

Responding Echo to my sighs
From every well-known haunt replies,
In many a distant strain:
The list'ning woods receive my song,
And e'en the balmy gales prolong
My lament—but in vain.

3.

And still I climb the rocks in vain,
Or quick descend into the plain,
In search of Her I love:
Ah! where shall I my Clora find?
Friends ever to the constant mind,
Tell me, ye Powers above!

4.

To these fond arms the nymph restore,
Let other ties exist no more
That keep us thus apart:
But let the fetters of my soul
Our mutual love alone controul,
And bind me to her heart.

skill in the performance. The *only* circumstance which struck us as "discordant," was that the performers should (obviously as a matter of custom) have fixed themselves on a spot, where "the sound of their shallow foppery" could not but be plainly audible to the priest at the altar, then in the act of elevating the Host. But thus it is. When "the ONE Great Self-Oblation ONCE offered" is pretended to be constantly *repeated*, as in the ceremony of the mass; the sacred subject, so far from producing a more awful impression even on the votaries of credulity, becomes too familiar to them, and shares the usual fate of an every-day occurrence.

But let us enter the doors of Nostra Signora della Consolazione. At her temple, it being about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we find a large congregation of both sexes assembled. The object before whom they are bowing down is an image of the Virgin, to whose miraculous aid "the faithful" of this city resort in almost every accident and emergency of life; being taught to believe, that by putting up a brief prayer to "the *Mother* of God" in this "privileged" chapel, not only cures, but also protections, and preventions are sure to be obtained.* A fall from a horse, a carriage, or a scaffold; a stab, a con-

* At Padua, St. Anthony is the favourite wonder-worker. "He lies buried (says Addison) in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of his church: for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore *his* aid, and if they come off safe, they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up a picture or description in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature." —*Remarks on Italy.*

tusion, a gun-shot wound, or a sabre-cut—these and a "thousand ills that flesh is heir to," are registered at the shrine of Consolation; and a silly picture, descriptive of each casualty, is hung up to record the *infallible* relief of the petitioning sufferer. One of the persons present, whom we questioned on the subject of these *miracles*, seriously vouched for the truth of them, and as gravely cited an instance of their efficacy on his own person! Yet whilst strenuously contending for the healing power of "the Queen of Heaven," and the saving influence of that creed by which she is so highly honoured and exalted, this informant afterwards scrupled not to fill our heretical ears with invectives against the conduct of the ecclesiastics themselves. Inconsistency of ignorance! A man calling himself a Christian, advocates practices totally at variance with scriptural Christianity, *because* they are sanctioned by a Church, which he believes to be the only true and holy one: and he believes this on the sole authority of a priesthood, towards whom as a body of individuals he avowedly entertains sentiments the very reverse of confidence or respect! I have repeatedly met with indications of a similar disposition, among professed Catholics on the Continent, to indemnify themselves, as it were, for the passive obedience exacted of them from their Church, by the severity of their animadversions on its ministers.

In a city not of the largest size, yet containing more than a hundred places of worship, devoted exclusively to the Roman Catholic Faith, it would be almost superfluous to say, that the members of the sacerdotal order greatly abound. But of the multitude of clergy whom we saw in the streets and churches of Turin, the far greater part were persons of mean and even vulgar appearance;

and in spite of all that over-shadowing hats, and robes of solemn black, could effect in supplying the deficiency of sober years, the youthful air of many of them appeared to us strangely incompatible with the delicate office of the confessional.

We afterwards went through some apartments in the Hotel de Ville, where however there is nothing remarkable but a well executed alto-relievo, size of life, of the late King.—The Citadel, said to be one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, appears to be in an ungarnished state. We contented ourselves with viewing from the outside, the extensive range of its ramparts, and also the exterior of the arsenal, which stands in its immediate neighbourhood. The rows of trees in the public walk, and some of the houses, opposite these two military appendages to the city, still exhibit the marks of a cannonade in 1797, when the French having gained possession of the fortress, fired upon the Austrians and Piedmontese who occupied the city: some of the balls (24 pounders) still remain half buried in the walls of two buildings in particular; and each shot is numbered in black paint from 1 to 32.—Proceeding by the very handsome gate which bears its name, we continued our walk to the river Po.

> "*Eridanus*, that, rolling o'er the plains,
> "The towering Alps of half their moisture drains;
> "And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
> "Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows."

This celebrated stream passes at about 300 paces distance from the city. The stone bridge, which Buonaparte caused to be built over it, is a very handsome structure; its six arches being eliptical and its platform level. The river, though even here a truly fine one, is not navigable

at this point, but it is highly picturesque. On its banks, as well as along the little canals that run through the promenade of the Rondeau, the washer-women of Turin perform their laborious tasks in defiance of a scorching sun.

We were enchanted with the views from a delightful avenue of elms, leading down to the Palazzo Valentino on the left bank of the Po. On one side is a wide and fertile plain backed by the grandest works of Nature; on the other a nearer prospect of the Monte di Cappucini, a bold and luxuriantly wooded eminence, marked by every description of picturesque objects, natural and artificial, most worthy of embellishing the environs of a royal city.*

Returning from this delicious spot, we renewed our perambulations in the town. We passed through the large and handsome piazza or square of S. Carlo. As to its architectural conformation, each angle "but reflects the other." The arcades are commodious, and the church of Saint Charles, formerly belonging to the Augustins, is an elegant structure. The Piazza S. Giovanni is chiefly to be noted for the view which it affords of the west end of the Cathedral, a very unpretending front of the Doric order; and for the lofty clock-tower of St. John, which stands at its northern corner. Opposite the south side of the

* Turin is of a square figure, about three miles in circumference, and formerly was fortified as well as the nature of the ground would admit. These ancient defences, however, have long been destroyed.—The citadel stands beyond the line of the old walls. It is a very large work, in form a regular pentagon, consisting of five bastions. We ought to have gone in to see a curious kind of subterraneous staircase, "of so easy an ascent (says Nugent) that horses go up and down it without meeting one another; and these are constantly employed in supplying the place with water, which they fetch from a reservoir at the bottom, communicating with the Po."

Cathedral are the private apartments of the King, whose windows look out upon one of the dirtiest spots in Turin. It is true, the Court was not in residence there at the time, but we were told that *that* would not have made any difference.

We surveyed the façade, and walked into the Garden Court of the Carignan Palace; it is of stately but ponderous architecture. The Princely owner of this huge fabric is considered by the Liberals of Turin to have betrayed "the cause of the People." And that their cause, if by that phrase be meant their welfare and happiness, is not promoted in the degree which it ought to be in Piedmont, constitutes a fact which even "they who run" as we do, through the country, "may read," in the open face of its natural blessings and resources as compared with the general condition of its inhabitants. That the amelioration however so much to be wished, cannot be brought about through the means of a mere revolutionary change like that which the agitators of 1820, went far to produce, is also a matter of equal conviction on my mind: a conviction first formed from what I had always understood to be the national character, and fully confirmed by what I have seen in this visit. The attempt suddenly and forcibly to introduce "the free representative system" (as it is called) into a State hitherto subjected to the controul of an absolute monarch, and amongst a bigotted and priest-ridden population, appears to me to be a flagrant outrage on common sense.—Such a plan of proceeding has indeed, by the fatal experience of our own times, been shewn to be no less mischievous in its practical consequences, than extravagant in its original conception.

"'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
"And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile;"

But let it be remembered that this privilege of every Englishman, his own best birth-right and his country's greatest blessing, is not more liberally consistent in its principle, than wisely regulated in its exercise—that it embraces the combined advantages which flow not only from independence of political opinion and conduct; but also from that toleration of religious faith and freedom of public as well as private worship, which continue to be entirely withheld in these Catholic States.* To emancipate Northern—yea and Southern Italy too—from the injurious weight of despotic and oppressive government, would be a work of real patriotism and beneficence. But, what hope is there of such a consummation taking place, so long as the people hug, as they do, the fetters of spiritual bondage and cling to the grossest absurdities of superstition?

Our guide told us that during the early period of the French revolution, he had himself seen the father of the present Prince of Carignan standing sentinel in the Piazza

* "It is by Roman Catholic courtiers, that the divine right of Kings has been principally asserted, and yet it cannot but have been noticed, that almost all the late revolutionary movements have been in Roman Catholic countries. Protestant subjects are generally less lavish of adulation, but not less faithful in the hour of trial; the truth of which has often been experienced by the Kings of Sardinia. The late King of Sardinia was reminded of this, and requested by a British Minister to ameliorate the condition of the Vaudois. He gave a quibbling answer: "Do you emancipate the Irish Catholics, and I will emancipate the Vaudois." It was rejoined, "We only beg of your Majesty to concede as much to the Protestants of the vallies, as has been conceded to the Roman Catholics of Ireland." The King was silent, but inexorable."—*Rev. W. S. Gilly's Researches among the Vaudois, p. 62.*

before his own house. It seems that the French Government had caused his Highness' name to be inscribed on the list of the national guard, in the expectation that he would pay the heavy fine indispensible to his exemption from personal service. The Prince on being summoned assumed the uniform and arms of a private soldier, and took his turn of duty with the rest.

We were greatly pleased with what we saw in the Academy of Sciences. Monsieur Drouetti, a gentleman of learning and enterprise in the service of his Sardinian Majesty, has lately returned from his travels in Egypt, and deposited in the museum here a large and extremely valuable collection of the antiquities of that country: among them is a variety of sculptures of superior execution; hieroglyphic marbles remarkably curious; mummies, of which the exterior cases are more than ordinarily rich in colours, and the bodies, of those unwrapped, in a wonderfully perfect state.—The Cabinet of Natural History is the finest and best classified that I have anywhere seen, always excepting that in the *Jardin du Roi*, at Paris.

The streets of Turin are particularly well pierced, and of tolerably ample breadth. Most of the houses are five or six stories high, built of stone or plastered brick, in a very uniform manner. The general appearance, however, of the private buildings is far from neat; and the expedients with respect to shuttered windows and curtained balconies, to which the excessive heat in summer obliges persons to resort, tend greatly to increase the heaviness and slovenliness of their outside. Of what they are within, it is not perhaps for transient spectators like ourselves to speak; but judging from the few which we did enter, and a King's Palace as well as a Public Inn was among the number, I

should say that comfort and cleanliness are yet further removed from the domestic economy of Northern Italy, than even from that of Southern France. If the favoured inhabitants of this noble and interesting place could generally be persuaded to apply a small quantity of the clear wholesome water, that forms running brooks through all their principal thoroughfares,* to the needful purposes of personal and household ablution, they would become an infinitely more agreeable set of folks to live among.

In the outskirts of the place, we observed large swarms of Lizards basking on the parapets of gardens, or running along the walls of houses: symptoms these, of being in a hot climate!

The French appear to have established their cookery as well as their language pretty generally in Turin: we recognize but very little difference in the *carte à manger*, or in its corresponding dishes when set on the table, between the *restaurations* of the capital of France and of Piedmont. The *vin ordinaire* of this country is terribly meagre and acid. But in the white wine of Asti we found a reputable article. The *mousseux*, or sparkling sort, forms a pleasant beverage mixed with water: and the superadded luxury of ice, (thanks to the neighbouring glaciers) is here enjoyed in perfection. The *rosolio*, a cordial-

* Addison alludes to this convenience, which says he "I never observed in any other city, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarter of the town he pleases. Thus when a fire chances to break out, they have at a few minutes warning a little river running by the wall of the house that is burning."—*Remarks on Italy*.

made from cherries and other fruit, is another of the good things of Turin.*

The arts are cultivated and manufactures carried on in this city with great ingenuity, taste, and skill. We saw velvets, silk stuffs, and tapestry of excellent fabric. At a respectable artist's we purchased some few specimens of carving in ivory. His shop was quite a museum of curiosities and beauties. The choicest models of the antique are studied by his workmen; and the products of their labour and dexterity exceed, for accurate and superior finish, any thing of the kind I ever witnessed.

* The population is estimated at 85,000 souls. The streets, crossing each other at right angles, divide the town into 145 parts or squares. It is a place of great antiquity, said to have been built by a colony of Marsilians, who named it *Taurinium*.—The Sanctuary at the east end of the Cathedral alluded to in this chapter under the French appellation of the *Saint Suaire*, but which our local guide called the *Santissime Sindone*, is described in Nugent as "the Chapel of the Holy Handkerchief." Popish legends state that St. Veronica presented a handkerchief to our Saviour, to wipe his face when he was carrying the cross, and on which the impression of his countenance was left, and is still to be seen! As if the *miracle* that a handkerchief should remain in a state of perfect preservation for 1800 years was not great enough. But the "Santissime Sindone" of Turin, and St. Veronica's Handkerchief are certainly two different things; and yet there would not be more difficulty in proving them to be one and the same, than in authenticating the pretensions that have been respectively set up for them by the relic-mongers of Italy.

CHAPTER VI.

Piedmontese Towns and Scenery—Vercelli—Novara—Entrance into the Milanese—River Tesino—Bufalora.—MILAN—*The Cathedral—The Corso—The Royal Palace—Church of the Jesuits—Theatre of La Scala—Academy of Arts and Sciences; Picture Gallery—Church of the Madonna delle Grazie—Refectory of the Dominicans; Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"—Saint Ambrose—St. Victor—The Canobiana Theatre—Ambrosian Library—Academy of Painting and Sculpture—Roman Antiquities—St. Laurence—St. Eustorgio—Indulgences—The Forum—Buonaparte's Arena—S. Celso—Miraculous Image of the Virgin—Evening Service at the Cathedral—General Remarks—Journey to Como.*

AT six o'clock in the afternoon we quitted Turin by the gate of Milan, immediately afterwards crossing the Dora a little above its confluence with the Po. After another intensely hot day, the sun was casting the mitigated lustre of his oblique rays upon the hills of the Superga, which extend for many miles in the direction of our present course, and which in the neighbourhood of Turin exhibit a continued succession of villas and vineyards. On the other side, extending as far as the eye can reach, in a direction likewise parallel with our road, we behold the Alpine walls, abrupt and vast! one immense ridge of hoary peak and table-land rises above the other, till the furthest and highest are lost in the clouds. No powers of description, possessed by pen or pencil, can convey an adequate idea of the sublimities of these

mountains, which are still the objects of our incessant regard, of our unabated admiration.*

Plantations of mulberry trees for the silkworm, whose produce is well known to form a staple commodity of Piedmontese merchandise, line each side of the road for a considerable space.—We cease to wonder at the fertility and verdure that display themselves in this part of the great plain of Lombardy, on observing the numérous rills (some of them fine ones) that cross our path. By means of road-side brooks the farmer here is enabled to irrigate even his arable land. They plough with oxen, yoked in our English fashion, and not by the horns as in Savoy. The cattle are of a very large breed, and are used as well in waggons and carts as for tillage. At most of the relays, the post horses exhibit good size and tolerable make, and seem by no means deficient in strength and activity.

At a quarter past seven we entered Settimo. The sun was at that moment descending upon the Alps: a glorious sight! Some thickly gathering clouds, that obscured his beams just before he had sunk behind the summits of these heaven-aspiring rocks, seemed to promise rain, but they

* From their commencement at the Mediterranean to Mount Viso the Alps were called Maritime, now Le Montagne di Tenda. Hence to Susa run the Cottian Alps, separating Dauphiny from Piedmont, and extending from Mount Viso to Mount Cenis, between the Maritime Alps to the south, and the Grecian Alps to the north. The Grecian Alps begin at Mount Cenis, where the Cottian terminate, and run between Savoy and the Tarentese on the west, and Piedmont on the east, to the Great St. Bernard, where the Pennian Alps begin. After these the Rhetian Alps continue to the head of the river Piave, a part of which to the north of Trent are called the Tridentine Alps. To these join the Norician Alps, reaching to Doblach in the Tyrol. Thence begin the Carnician Alps, or of Carniola; and the last called the Pannonian and Julian Alps, extend to the Adriatic.

opened only to emit the electric flash; and the dust of the road continued to be literally suffocating. Settimo is an apt specimen of an Italian, or at least of a Piedmontese, village: inns with religious signs; ruined houses; nothing in repair but the church. Instead of Crosses as in France, we observe Shrines of the Virgin Mary, and frequently with worshippers kneeling at them. On bridges of stone and sometimes of boats, we pass several rivers* produced by snows,

> "That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
> "And in warm eastern winds dissolved away."

The frequent overflowing of these waters have made extensive marshes. Amidst them, coasting the left bank of the Po, we entered and passed through the town of Chivasco. At half-past ten we alighted at the village of Cigliano; imagining it better to pass the night in that vile place, than to encounter the troublesome impediments of imperial *douaniers* further on. Subsequent experience, however, taught us that there is more wisdom in the general practice of our countrymen, who push on to Milan without stopping. There is certainly not a comfortable place to lodge at the whole way thither from Turin.

July 22d.—At two P. M. though in some need of more prolonged repose, we gladly obeyed the call, from our courier, that summoned us to leave "the worst inn's worst room," and pursue our way. Yet to see Night's dark curtain exchanged for the grey-tinted drapery of Aurora—the brilliant morning-star growing dim—"the eastern clouds checquered with streams of light"—these gradually increasing in richness of hue; till soon

* The Stura, the Molone, the Orco, and the Dora Baltea, all swallowed up by that greatest of Alpine currents, the Po.

the mingled colours of purple and gold announce the coming luminary—in a word, to watch the progress of firmamental change from early dawn to actual sun-rise, would always more than reward us for quitting even beds of down, which ours were *not*.

"The sun appears, and heaven, earth, water smile;"

He appears with all the fiery brightness that threatens a renewed flood of fervent heat; and we enjoy the gorgeous spectacle of his first beams illuming the glaciers of the distant Alps.—The road from Turin proves mostly good, in some parts excellent; and runs on so perfect a level, that we have scarcely felt any thing like the sensation of deviating for a single moment from the horizontal line. The country, however, through which we are now passing, is not at all of an inviting kind. Our career is over the stony beds of hill-streams, and the sedgy banks of canals; through fens, and fields of maize, rice, and rank grass. In front and to our right, it is a perfect flat "extending to the skies." And to our left the prospect would be equally unattractive, were it not for the high aqueducts and reservoirs of Europe by whose almost interminable range it is so magnificently bounded.*

Vercelli (where we pass the broad course of the Sesia) and Novara† (situated on the less important Gogna) are large towns, with handsome churches and shabby houses,

* Mr. Evelyn alluding to the apparently sudden rise of the Alps after some hundreds of miles of the most even country in the world, says "it is as if Nature had here swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alpes to form and clear the plains of Lombardy."—*Diary, p.* 218.

† Both Vercelli and Novara have curiosities, as well modern as antique, whose inspection would doubtless have amply repaid us for a longer stay than we allowed ourselves in either of those places.

as usual. The fresco paintings on the fronts of many of the religious edifices are extremely well designed and executed. The women are tall, coarse, and yellow-skinned. Now and then, a pretty face, a tolerably clear (but never fair) complexion, or a well proportioned figure, will present itself; by way of exception to the general mould and aspect of the female peasantry. Their head-dress is either a shawl of white linen thrown over the head and shoulders, or a sort of diadem coiffure, consisting of a metal circlet fixed on at the back of the head, and having long pins with shining knobs radiating from it.

At a solitary station of douaniers, between Orfengo and Bufalora, we cross the boundary dividing Piedmont from the Milanese. Hereabouts we also pass the Tesino, which (issuing from the Lago Maggiore) displays at this season a narrow yet very rapid current, flowing in a broad bed of shingles. At other times its spacious channel is incapable of restraining the inundations of the river. The present bridge over the Tesino at this point is constructed of boats; but a little lower down the Austrian Government are building a fine one entirely of granite.

Mr. Addison, in his "Remarks on Italy," alluding to the beautiful description which Silius Italicus has given of the Tesino, has expressed himself at a loss to know why that writer represented it as so very gentle and still a river. The words of the Geographical Poet of ancient Italy are:

> Cœruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
> Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
> Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
> Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
> Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
> Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham."

"Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
"And through the crystal stream the shining bottom shows:
"Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
"So wondrous slow, amidst the shady groves
"And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
"Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides."—ADDISON.

It is true, that at the point where we crossed it, as at Pavia, where our illustrious countryman made his observation, the Tesino, though a clear stream, is the very opposite of a gentle and still one. In our journey, however, through the passes of Savoy, we have seen numberless transitions from rapidity to sluggishness, from impetuosity to calmness, in the current of the same mountain-stream: and bearing that fact in mind, I should be apt to suppose the character of *lentè trahens* given to this river, might be applicable to some part or other of its course. But, without further argument, to shew that the Latin author above quoted was not without a foundation of local accuracy for his description, it may suffice to notice, what M. Reichard says of the Tesino. "It pours (says the modern topographer) from Mount St. Gothard like a cascade through the ruins and remains of ancient avalanches; but having reached the chesnut-planted valley of Giornico, this same river, as if tired of foaming and dashing itself into spray down its numerous torrents, flows through groves of rosemary, in a smooth channel, and winds slowly along by the track of the passenger."

The loud noise of the grasshoppers in these level districts surpasses any thing of the kind to which in more northern latitudes we are accustomed. It is indeed difficult to believe that it can be produced by such insects. They are, however, of a larger size than those in England;

and their numbers must be beyond all calculation, for we ride many miles amidst their tiresome chirping, which reaches our ears from all quarters; the grass, the hedges, even the trees appear to be filled with them.—Green lizards we see basking on banks and bridges.

At Bufalora our trunks were examined, and *plombé* for Milan. We found the mean spirit of mendicity strong in the underling officers of the custom-house. This is annoying to the traveller. But he will not do justice to the active though unpopular government of the Emperor of Austria, if he shut his eyes to the obviously improved appearance of towns and villages, and of their inhabitants, since the time of his quitting the Piedmontese territories of his Sardinian Majesty.

Of the maize, or Indian wheat, there is an abundant crop this year. It is the peculiar food of the peasantry, who make it into bread and other forms. The rice-grounds which we see in these plains are irrigated by means of numerous canals that distribute the waters issuing from the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and the Alps. There is a prohibition against its being grown within five miles of any great city. The reason assigned for this regulation is that the aquatic mode of rice-culture renders it liable to generate fevers.

At two in the afternoon we arrived at the ancient and renowned city of Milan, the capital of the New Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The entry by the Turin gate (like all the rest) is imposingly grand. It is a triumphal arch, with corinthian columns and entablature. The streets near the walls are wide and well built; but towards the centre of the city, the houses, without decreasing in height, form much narrower avenues. We

fail not, however, to notice on each side numerous churches and other public buildings.

After dinner we directed our steps towards the Cathedral.* The impression of the first *coup d'œil* was not equal to what I had anticipated from having previously examined with so much pleasure Durelli's engraved outline of it. I have the less hesitation in confessing this disappointment, because even at the very moment of experiencing it, I became aware of the cause. Like too many other grand and interesting structures, the Duomo of Milan is not sufficiently disengaged from surrounding objects, to be seen in an advantageous general view. But it is necessary only to survey it more in detail in order to be convinced that it has well-founded claims to the repute of being the most magnificent of Gothic edifices. "*Gothic*" did I say? Yes: as to its interior and a considerable portion of the outside, that vague term is perhaps not less applicable than to the grand structures in Normandy, to Notre Dame, at Paris, and St. Denis' Abbey, as well as to our own noble Minsters of York, Lincoln, Salisbury, Ely, &c. But since the year 1386, when the first stone of this yet not entirely finished building was laid, the plan has been subjected to the various revolutions of taste, and consequently offers a heterogeneous mixture of stile. This more especially prevails in the generally admired and truly fascinating elevation of the west end. That splendid part of it, judging from the construction of its portals and windows, was probably begun so late as the

* It is the largest in Italy, after St. Peter's at Rome. The building is 449 feet in length, 275 feet wide across the transepts, and 238 feet high under the cuppola. The inside is divided into five naves, supported by 160 large columns of white marble.—*Reichard.*

commencement of the 16th century; when, in Italy, workmanship after Grecian and Roman models was rapidly supplanting the form and impress of the middle ages. As well, however, might a design, in which the architraves and mouldings, the pediments and pilasters of Inigo Jones's façade at Whitehall are found associated with the buttresses and surmounted with the gables, pinnacles, and finials of Henry VII.'s chapel, be called Gothic, as the front of Milan Cathedral.

The white marble, of which the fabric is almost entirely composed, is on the outside so little discoloured, that when the sun shines upon this vast quarry it flashes back a day too intensely bright for the eyes to bear. The alto-relievos and statues of the western portals form a museum of themselves; they are master-pieces of historical design and of the plastic art. The sculptured pinnacles, and the figures on their tops, are scarcely of inferior excellence; and the works of restoration and completion are highly honourable to modern skill and to "the order of things" under which they took place. Nevertheless there is, as it appears to me, something worse than fantastical in these long drawn-out pedestals to comparatively small statues. It is an *ordonnance* for which the true genius of the Gothic, in the zenith of its glory, is no more answerable than it would have been for the colossal deformities of Egyptian or Hindoo architecture, had they appeared among the constituents of this wondrous pile. Upon the legion of Saints dancing on the points of so many needles, a great deal of superlative statuary has been most prodigally lavished, as if to prove the truth of Buonaparte's observation that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step." Thus much for

the present respecting the exterior, whose finish in every part is most elaborate and truly exquisite.

On entering the sacred walls, we feel the force of its venerable character and extraordinary magnitude. In the perspective of its immense nave, and in its double pair of well-proportioned aisles, we recognise the perfection of the pointed stile. From its lofty clustered columns, whose very capitals are enriched with canopied imagery, spring, with a boldness beyond expression, the vaultings of the superbly-constructed roof. The lantern too is an astonishing combination of grandeur and elegance. Brought out of the almost universal mass of shade by the light from this cupola, the tabernacle of the great altar appears with surprising effect. On each side are two bronze pulpits, or galleries, which respectively encircle a large pillar, and are supported at the bottom by gigantic figures of the same metal and of extraordinary merit for workmanship and modelling. We were shewn the famous sarcophagus of James de Medicis, with his statue in brass, cast by Leoni Aretino, after the designs of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Near it, in the south transept, are some other stately monuments of the Dukes of Milan. Walking at a leisurely pace round the exterior of the sanctuary, we regarded with increased astonishment and pleasure the beautiful execution of the numerous groups, in the highest degree of sculptural relief, forming the history of our Saviour,* cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. Behind the choir is the celebrated figure of St. Bartholomew, frightfully indicative of the sculptor's

* "Or rather (as Addison says) the History of the Blessed Virgin, for it begins with her birth and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of episode."

anatomical knowledge, by Christopher Cibo,* whose great abilities are equally but more agreeably displayed in the statue of Adam. In the northern transept there is a curious painting of a crucifixion, presented by one of the Popes, from the pencil of the dry-mannered Pietro Perrugino, Raphael's master. They are doing a great deal to the inside of the church, in the way of reparation: the groined ceiling and the marble floor are now both in progress towards completion. The Emperor of Austria gives two millions of francs in aid of the works. And it is to be hoped that the whole of the interior will undergo a thorough cleansing; for it wants attention in that respect as much as any place we have yet seen.

If the Cathedral of Milan is the most magnificent of buildings, it at the same time strikes one as the most gloomy. It would seem, as if the architect, intent on displaying the majesty of exterior design, and the treasures of ornamental detail, had neglected the interior illumination. The deficiency of light, I conceive to be owing to a two-fold cause: viz. the lower windows, which are of the narrow lancet form, being almost filled up with tracery and stained glass, in whose colours ruby and dark blue predominate, and the two tiers of windows immediately above them being so disproportion-

* According to Reichard and Nugent; but some attribute this statue to Marco Ferrario, called Agrati. Mr. Addison adopts the latter supposition, observing that "the most valuable statue they have in the great church of Milan is a St. Bartholomew, new flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: it is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the pedestal, to shew the value they have for the workman:

"*Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.*

"Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
"'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles."

ately small. This defect is the more to be regretted, as it prevents the noble, I had almost said, the incomparably fine specimens of sculpture, for which this grand church is so justly celebrated, from offering themselves even at mid-day, with sufficient clearness to the eye.

We ascended to the outside of the roof, or rather series of roofs. It is a "holy city" in the air: a hanging gallery of consecrated statues: a high court of Apostles and Saints. Amidst the canonized army of the church, that thus resplendently decorate the masonic terraces of this sacred mount, our guide pointed out the effigy of "Saint Napoleon," bidding us observe that the face was the face of Buonaparte. There is in fact designedly a strong resemblance between the late Ruler of France and this image of his celestial patron.* From the uppermost coronet of the lantern, we beheld Milan—its palaces, churches, hospitals, gates, promenades, and surrounding villas, presented themselves to view in brilliant succession as we stepped round the octagonal platform that supports the pyramid, on which stands the gilded figure of "Mater Nascens" (the Virgin Mary) to whom this towering mass of marble is dedicated. Beyond the walls the prospect on every side is indescribably glorious. A rich plain extends to the Alps on one side, and to the Appenines and the skies on the other. Never before did my eyes rove over so vast yet so fertile a level. That half of the circle in which the

* "Buonaparte is said to have contemplated this temple on his first arrival at Milan with unsatiated delight; and to him it owes the fabrication of two-thirds of its splendid façade, a considerable number of its 400 statues, which rather incrust than decorate it, and the perfect condition in which it now strikes the eye with wonder and admiration."—*Italy—by Lady Morgan.*

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lakes of Como and Maggiore are comprised is the most beautiful part of this wonderful panorama. To the delicious picture of a country like the neighbourhood of the Monte de Brienza, a back-ground is given, which baffles all such feeble powers as mine, in the attempt to seize even upon the faintest shadow of an expression illustrative of its sublimities. Distinctly and even brilliantly from the spot where we stood, a spectacle revealed itself, which unaided imagination cannot pourtray: it was that of the whole chain of mountains, which, beginning with those we had recently been descending, stretches from Savoy to the Grisons, and terminates only in the Tyrol.

And now before we quit the precincts of Milan's proudest temple, another and a different scene awaits our contemplation. We descend the *souterrain*, and are shewn the sepulchral chapel of Saint Charles,* its famous Archbishop. The tomb in which the remains of this ecclesiastical personage are deposited appears, by the light of flambeaux, in all the splendour that metallic carvings and silk hangings can impart to it. The vaulted ceiling of this costly crypt is decorated with a succession of silver tablets, representing, in highly relieved chasings, the most popular passages of his life. His birth, his education, his episcopal investiture, his REAL acts of charity, humanity and benevolence; together with the pretended miracles ascribed to him, form subjects of exquisitely finished designs. The relics of the greatest of the BORROMEAN name are en-

* Charles Borromeo, an eminent Romish Saint and Cardinal, was born the 2d October, 1538, of a good family, in the castle of Arona, on the Lago Maggiore. His maternal uncle, Pope Pius the 4th, made him Cardinal in 1560, and afterwards Bishop of Milan. He died the 3d of November, 1594, being only in his 47th year. He was canonized in 1610.—*Chalmer.*

closed in a sarcophagus of chrystal, placed on supports of wrought silver, and enriched with vermillion and with precious stones. The anti-chamber to this radiant chapel of the dead is lined with marble from the finest Italian quarries: the portal is ornamented with beautiful columns of the same, having the capitals and bases richly gilt.

The 4th of November being St. Charles's day is, in Milan, as we were informed, the most venerated feast in the Calendar, without any exception. The Cathedral is previously decorated for its due observance. Within all the arches of the interior, numerous as they are, immense pictures are suspended amidst festoons of scarlet and gold. These paintings form, like the sculptures on his tomb, a biographical series from his nativity to his death, not omitting his "assumption," and the subsequent wonders performed in his name and at his shrine! How strange, how unsatisfactory must be the feelings of the present family, at the worship and homage paid to their ancestor; a frail and sinful mortal like themselves. They are encompassed on every side by the traces and memorials of his *mere* mortality: they reside here in the house where the helpless infant was born: they visit his institutions; they resort to his palaces; they read his letters, and are intimately acquainted with every the minutest circumstance of his private life: and all his feelings—all his passions, hidden from the multitude, are revealed to them. Yet this *man* is become a *God*, or little less.* Surely the

* "It is easy to draw a parallel between Christian worship, falsely so called in the hands of the Papists and the popular religion of Rome and Greece; nor is it difficult to prove, that the miracles, the mummeries, and over-burthened rites of the former, are but a revival of the fables, and sacred observances of the latter. What, for instance, is the exaltation of

apotheosis, however it may be regarded by the Roman Catholic world at large, must be most revolting to their minds. The misty veil of antiquity hides nothing from them; for his age is not very remote from our own.—Even the Cathedral in which his wonder-working relics repose was erected nearly two hundred years antecedent to the age of the Saint, who spent a fortune in embellishing it. Yet nothing so holy, nothing so revered exists within the sacred pile as the perishing dust of the human being, who may be said to have hewn the stone, and hammered the brass for the beautifying of it. The verger shews a multitude of his improvements, the work of yesterday, literally with their gloss on; things in their freshness and perfection. He tells you that "St. Charles removed the choir from under the dome to the east end"—"St. Charles erected those magnificent pulpits of bronze,"—"commenced that beautiful Mosaic pavement," and "gave us those windows of painted glass." Then you descend with him (as we have already done); and he shews you the body which performed these numerous works, perishable like itself, but yet in their newness, whilst the hand that framed them has crumbled into dust:

Martyrs and Popes, to the rank of Angelic beings, but the old pagan deification of men, and wherein does the canonization of saints differ from a heathen apotheosis? If there be any difference, it is in favour of the heathens; for though they might worship the spirits of deceased heroes, they did not cherish their bones, or show a score of skulls of the same person. The veneration of relics is a pious fraud, reserved for those who affect to be the professors of a more spiritual religion.—If the Greeks filled Olympus with demi-gods, the Papist has occupied heaven with saints; and when the Pope proceeds to canonise a predecessor, he is only imitating the presumptuous idolatry of the Pontifex Maximus of Imperial Rome, who consecrated altars to Cæsar or Augustus."—*Gilly's Excursion in Piedmont, pp.* 254, 257.

a body which indeed lived and acted, during the days of its pilgrimage below, with powers as circumscribed and feeble as those of other men; but which now, *en etat de momie*, has according to Roman Catholic belief performed a thousand mighty miracles, and which annually attracts tens of thousands of devotees to pay their adoration to its desiccated and shrivelled remains!

The indispensible necessity of an implicit trust, in these and a hundred other such devices, continues to be palmed on the Milanesians of the present day, as it was on their ancestors centuries ago, for a part of "the Catholic Faith." By these and such like inventions of pretended "infallibility" are the sons and daughters of Italy diverted from the pursuit of that Knowledge which is from above. Still are they the dupes of the same "wondrous art" which (all-prevailing in England before the brighter, happier era of the Reformation) corrupted and debased "the religion of *our* forefathers:" an art brought to perfection

> "In times o'er-grown with rust and ignorance,
> "When want of learning kept the laymen low,
> "And none but priests were authorised to know:
> "When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;
> "And he a God who could but read and spell."

On leaving the Cathedral, we engaged one of the hackney chariots (many of which are as handsome and neat as an English gentleman's carriage), and proceeded through the spacious street of the *Corso di Porta Orientale*, which on our entering the city, during the heat of the day, we noticed as apparently deserted. It was now thronged with people of the first quality, hurrying in

carriages and on horseback, to the grand promenade of the ramparts and the esplanade. But neither the display of "beauty and fashion," the splendour of the equipages, nor the dashing appearance of the equestrians, could make us forget, that early rising and late taking rest, when too often repeated together, prove the bane of health: and after joining in a few of the usual drives from the Porta Orientale to the Porta Nova and back again, we retired from this favourite and certainly very agreeable scene of assembly for the *bon genre* of Milan; agreeing, however, that even without the aid of Austrian hussars to keep order, these things are still better managed in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

July 23d.—This day's perambulation was begun with a visit to the *Palazzo Reale*, where the Vice-roy of the Emperor resides when in Milan. On the open space before it we found a battalion of Austrian Grenadiers, fine troops, drawn up in parade order, and in all the stiff exactitude of German tactics. Their plain white uniform has a soldier-like effect, *en masse;* but it puts the shape of the individual to a test too severe for the generality of the men, who are what is termed awkwardly tall.—The Vice-regal palace is an extensive building, but has nothing very princely in its exterior. One branch projects at right angles, so as to interfere with the view of a very fine portion of the Cathedral on the south side. Of the interior much may with truth be said in no faint terms of praise. If the Palace at Turin be vast and gorgeous, this is really elegant and in many parts splendid. It was furnished in the modern French taste, during the administration of Prince Eugene (Beauharnois). In the first saloon are the cartoon designs of Raphael, admirably

executed in Gobelin tapestry. In the second, the mythological story of Medea and Jason, in the same fabric.—The architecture, furniture, and decorative articles are modern: the ceiling was painted by Andrea Appiani, a Milanese artist of great talent, who died a short time since. The "saloon of the Queen," and "the saloon of the Nobles," are fine apartments and superbly furnished. The banquetting room, the billiard room, the Empress's bed chamber and *boudoir*, are all elegant; and their floors of inlaid wood of different kinds particularly worth notice. The boudoir is hung with specimens of the silk manufactory of Milan, little if at all inferior to that of Lyon. It was matter of surprise to observe the Empress's bedstead no other than the commonest sort of painted furniture. The two next suites of apartments are embellished by the classical and accurate pencil of Appiani, who has charged the ceilings, in a very superior stile both of design and colouring, with various popular subjects from Roman story, viz. such as relate to Scævola, Coriolanus, the Sabines, Scipio, &c. &c.—In the audience chamber, executed on the ceiling by the same artist, is the Apotheosis of Napoleon!—What else can it be? The likeness is good. Habited in the imperial purple, he stands in a car drawn by horses of ethereal mould, whose course is heaven-ward. So fond was this vain man of "jumping to conclusions," that he seems to have forgotten his Roman precedents when he *permitted* his son-in-law and Italian Lieutenant, to dedicate to his *living* honour this premature piece of flattery. *Divus Julius*, and *Divus Augustus*, in the more modest age of Heathen Emperors, formed the inscription of the tomb, or the legend of a medal of consecration struck *after death*.

The next is the ball-room, whose architectural character is less modern, and has a singular appearance. Cariatides, finely modelled in *terra cotta*, by Calani, support galleries round the spacious apartment; at the back of the galleries is placed an equally numerous series of gods and goddesses. It is in the same state as when first fitted up by the Archduke, brother of Joseph II.—The concert-hall is a very fine one, and of more recent embellishment. The busts of Julius Cæsar, Cyrus, Alexander the Great, and Charlemagne, are of excellent workmanship. At the upper end is a marble bust of the present Emperor Francis. All these pieces of modern statuary are by Franchi.

From the state apartments, we went down stairs to a sort of lumber-room, full of *ex*-imperial vestiges. Picture after picture—bust after bust—of Buonaparte. A likeness or two of Maria Louisa, and of Josephine were also there. The only object of real interest as a work of art deposited in this museum of an extinguished dynasty, is David's picture of Napoleon on horseback, ascending the passage of Mont Grand Saint Bernard, on his way, with the French army, into Italy.

The Church of the Jesuits, like almost all that have belonged to that order, is a very handsome structure. —The new grand altar, erected by subscription of the parishioners aided by the nobility, displays some fine workmanship, and is embellished with statues of great merit, by Pacatti, of Rome. The church contains two fine pictures by Volpini: in a word, we find there whatever is imposing in construction, and attractive in the imitative arts:—

"The stately dome, the column, and the arch,
"The breathing marble, and the sculptured gold."

The Theatre of La Scala, built by Peter Marini, in 1778, is a noble piece of architecture: the sight of its façade inspires high expectations, which are fully realised on our stepping into the pit, by the only entrance under the front boxes, and commanding a complete view of the body of the house and of the stage. Their grandeur and vastness produce a strong impression. The *salle-de-spectacle*, with its six or seven tiers of boxes, is simply and classically but by no means richly ornamented. The Emperor's box has the appearance of a magnificent saloon, which faces the stage, and occupies the height of two or three tiers of the other boxes. This superb edifice was undergoing repair. It proved no slight disappointment to us to be thus prevented from witnessing stage performances, scenery, and decorations, which every one who has seen them pronounces to be of the most splendid and perfect kind.

Noticing, *en passant*, the residence of the Austrian Governor, (Gen. Frimont) a large, lofty, heavy building, as are most of the Palaces here, we proceeded to the Brera. Its quadrangle is remarkable for the spacious double tier of arcades, Doric supporting Ionic columns, with which it is surrounded. This great building, formerly the College of the Jesuits, is now appropriated to the use of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In the exhibition rooms are, an elaborate and florid copy, size of the original, from the Cœna of Leonardo da Vinci, by Bossi, a native painter of high reputation lately deceased; casts from the Elgin marbles; and a marble statue of Terpsichore, by Signor G. Monti di Ravenna. Among the paintings, are some curious frescoes by Bramantino, Bardino Luini, Marco d'Uggioni, and G.

Ferrari, of the school of Leonardo, collected during the French *regime* from the suppressed monasteries; Martyrdom of San Vincentio by Aurelio Luini, very fine; the superb picture of St. Peter and St. Paul by Guido; Cupids encircling Venus in the skies, *(the dancing loves)* by Albano; Woman taken in Adultery by Agostino Caracci. The Repudio di Agar (Abraham sending away Hagar) by Guercino di Centa, is the gem of the collection. The eyes of "the bondwoman," inflamed with weeping—the tear of grief that hangs like a pearl-drop on her yet lovely cheek—the eloquence of her pathetic action, are so many powerful appeals to our sympathy with the subject, whilst they challenge our admiration of what truly belongs to genius and to skill. This delightful production of the pencil has lately been engraved from by Samuele Gesi, a Milanese artist, in a very correct and able manner.—A modern writer has undertaken to give a description of this *chef-d'œuvre*, to which I cannot refrain from adverting, as to one of the most airy flights of a lively imagination, completely led astray by a fond but treacherous recollection of the original.* The dress of the Patriarch is richly oriental; and the personage himself, whose

* Lady Morgan alluding in her work on Italy, to the Abraham and Hagar of Guercino, in the picture gallery of the Brera, at Milan, speaks of it as follows:—"The scene is the court of a plain *rude pastoral* building; the principal figures an elderly man in an Arabian habit, a young woman, and a little boy. The face of an *old quean* is seen *scowling* from behind a half open *door*. The head of the young woman, of exquisite beauty, is turned over a finely formed shoulder, in the attitude of one, who though forced to go, yet lingered to reproach. Indignation deep seated and acute, mastering every other passion, *distorts the trembling lip*, but from beneath humid eyelids, seared with tears, escapes a look of fond weak hope, which, perhaps, belongs to the child whose hand she rather *crushes* than *holds*." The richly turbaned *Arab*, who sternly urges her departure, exhibits a determi-

majestic severity of countenance is increased by the luxuriant fulness of a flowing grey beard, has a truly commanding and dignified air. There is *no* "old quean seen scowling from behind a half open door," nor is there any door in the picture. The figure which we may suppose to be designed for Sarah, is that of a fine woman: her back is towards the spectator, and her face so turned as to offer a partly averted profile, which, however, betrays nothing of "the Virago." Apparently in the attitude of listening, she looks at no one, and no one looks at her. The aspect of Hagar, whose regards are directed towards Abraham, is that of calm reproach; her features wear the stamp of rooted sorrow not of anger. As to the boy he hangs down his head, and nearly conceals his face with his hand, which the mother far from "crushing," does not even touch. The delicate taper fingers of Hagar's right hand are gently extended along the left side of her son, whilst in her left hand she holds a handkerchief, as if just withdrawing it from her eyes. The costume of the child, as well as that of both the females is Italian, perhaps after the fashion of the painter's time—the 17th century. The pedestal and part of the shaft of a massive pillar rise in the centre behind the group, admitting the open day to the right and left of the back-ground, as through the intercolumniation of a portico: a scene hardly to be characterised as either "rude or pastoral." Light and

nation evidently resulting from feebleness. The *sharp and shrewd eye* that *gleams on him* from the *Virago face* from behind the door, renders him firm of purpose. The *innocent looks* of the *wondering* child, who *clings* to his fair young mother, contrasting pathetically with her emotion, complete a picture in which the power of moral expression, the painter's divinest art, is summed up to its utmost perfection."—*Page* 32.

shade are distributed broadly and harmoniously through the picture; the former, however, predominating with a noon-tide radiance that gives an appearance of remarkable freshness to the colouring.

Domenichino's choice painting of the Virgin, Jesus, and John; and F. Albano's Virgin, Infant, and St. Joseph; the St. Sebastian of M. A. Caravaggio; Daniel Crespi's Christ bearing his Cross; and the "Noli me tangere" of L. Caracci form also great attractions. The Marriage in Cana by Paul Veronese; his Magdalen washing the feet of Christ; Tintoretto's St. Hubert; the Magi by Palma Vecchio, are master-pieces.—Among the old (Gothic) artists, C. Crivelli's Madonna and Christ; Michael of Verona's Crucifixion; Andrea Mantegna's St. Mark and St. Bernard, and a Dead Christ; and the Magi adoring the Infant Jesus, painted by Laurenzo Costa in 1499, are particularly curious. There is an Annunciation by Santio da Urbino, (Raphael's father). Raphael's Marriage of St. Joseph and the Virgin is remarkably fine: Longhi has engraved it as finely: his burine indeed is scarcely inferior to that of Morghen's. There are some speaking heads by Titian, and his admirable St. Jerome; a beautiful little picture of Birds by Velvet Brueghel, and a landscape by the same; Paul the Hermit by Salvator Rosa; Purgatory by the same extraordinary genius; and the Virgin standing on a serpent and crescent by the florid Sasso-ferrato.—Among the productions of the present day is "the Death of Raphael," a large picture, of considerable merit as an historical composition: the portraiture, costume, design, and grouping claim great praise; but in point of colouring it has the fault of the continental school, that of too glaring a combination of vivid hues. It is by Signor Agostino Comerio,

a member of the Academy, and, as this work testifies, a man of first-rate talent.

Our perambulation was continued to the Dominican Church of the *Madonna delle Grazie*. The columns of this building are in the Roman stile, with the acanthus leaf on the capitals. Here we find Titian's picture—the Crowning of our Saviour with Thorns (one of his very best) in a state of injury absolutely for want of care and cleaning. There are in this place some well painted altar pieces, by old masters, as well as modern artists. In a Crucifixion, (on stucco) A. Ferrari, to render the man who spears our Saviour as revolting to the sight as possible, has made him *goitrous!* Tinsel crowns stuck on the heads of the holy personages, in a Descent from the Cross, spoil a noble effort of M. A. Caravaggio's pencil. A Scourging of Christ and an Ecce Homo by Ferrari; and a Madonna and Child by Fiamingini, are all of them superior pictures. The St. Paul and the paintings of the Dome by Gaudenzio Ferrari, present fine specimens of the art. In the cloisters of the Church is an effigy of Diego Ramirez, a Spanish Commandant of Milan, excellently sculptured. The walls still retain some of the paintings of Zenale. The Sacristy contains an Assumption of the Virgin, finely done by F. Bonalli, and a fresco by Luini, of which the colours are well preserved. The room is lined with portraits of Saints and Popes, and with legendary subjects. It also contains a bust of St. Charles Borromeo, and a portrait of his uncle Pius IV.

The altar of the Chapel of the Madonna is ornamented with her picture by Leonardo da Vinci. Also a fine group, consisting of the Madonna and Child, St. Dominic, and St. Francis, by Camillo Procaccini. But the *grand*

decoration *delle Grazie* is the Virgin, with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her right hand. The face is wax-work, adorned with luxuriant ringlets of hair; the figure, size of life, is dressed in a stiff brocade of silk and gold. The Queen—of all the Dolls! In the palm of her left hand sits a ludicrously dressed-up image of a child with a little flaxen frizzed-out wig, and over that a little golden crown! Near this "Privileged Altar," are hung up petticoats, stays, and other female habiliments, forming a kind of *ex-voto* wardrobe for the Great Diana!

And it is with trumpery like this, that the works of a Leonardo, a Titian, and a Caravaggio are condemned to be mingled in one of the most frequented churches. The manifest object of this medley—the hardly disguised aim of the whole factitious system, is to secure the deluding and deluded heart in its favour, through the medium of the senses. The "seal of the Fisherman" sanctions the use of various hooks and all kinds of baits, to catch each sort and condition in the world. It is to this end that highly polished and delicate ones are used for the rich and mighty, the learned and refined; whilst others, roughly hewn and coarsely laden, are employed upon the poor and ignorant. Fine music, fine pictures, fine statues are indeed indispensable things to keep in countenance and good humour those who would turn with disgust from a church, which should have nothing better to offer them than mere puppet-shews got up for the edification of the vulgar. Thus the will of Rome is daily done in Milan; and Christianity looks in vain for its own likeness.

We were glad enough to be able to give our English

taste and Protestant feeling a little *refreshment* in the refectory of the (ci-devant) Dominicans, justly celebrated and visited on account of the large fresco by Da Vinci, representing the Last Supper. This, perhaps, noblest effort of an almost universal genius, is now but the ghost of a picture: the spectre of a Divine and Apostolic subject. In this grand work simplicity of general design and force of individual expression were happily united. These still gleam dimly as it were through the veil which the decomposition of the stucco has thrown over what formerly could doubtless boast a clear outline and a powerful, though probably never a florid, tone of colouring. It is mortifying to think, that, whilst the worthless memory of a hundred lying legends will be preserved and multiplied through the intervention of pictorial art, this truly fine piece of Scripture History painting, which the Christian and the Connoisseur may contemplate with equal admiration, is inevitably going "to cureless ruin." The abilities of Morghen and Rinaldi have, however, secured from the grasp of "dull forgetfulness" the *Cenacolo* of Leonardo, by engravings that, in doing justice to his work, have for ever established their own fame. The lower part of this famous painting is about seven or eight feet from the floor of the large and lofty apartment. On ascending the platform which, for the greater satisfaction of public curiosity, has been erected close to it, we passed our hands along the wall, and found it damp and rough to a degree, that left little doubt in our minds respecting the cause to which the unfortunate condition of the picture is mainly to be ascribed. At the opposite end of the Refectory is a fresco Crucifixion, painted on an equally large scale, by Dio Donatus Montefanus; it bears the date of 1495,

and is a fine composition though in the Gothic taste.* The Convent itself has long been used as a depôt of artillery. And the cloister, on the walls of which the same Montefanus had represented all the credible and incredible incidents of *meek* Dominic's biography, is nearly destroyed.

We next proceeded to the conventual Church of St. Ambrosio. The dilapidated cloister through which we pass to it, is a quadrangle of thick columns, with curiously wrought capitals of stone, whence spring ranges of brick arcades. There are some remarkable frescoes still remaining on the walls, and a great many very ancient sepulchral effigies of Bishops and Abbots, on the pavement. The church is said to have been erected on the ruins of a temple of Minerva; and among the existing evidences that countenance this assertion, is a corinthian pillar, evidently Roman, which stands near the western portal. The pulpit is supported by a very ancient and elaborate relievo in alabaster, containing a multitude of figures relating to the history of the Patron Saint. A Crucifixion sculptured also in alabaster over the door in the south transept, is another interesting monument of antiquity. There are numerous fresco paintings in the church, some by Luini. Behind the grand altar is a

* "The true causes (says Lady Morgan) of the present faded and decayed state of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated fresco are the bad quality of the materials of which the wall itself is constructed, and its exposure to the north."—(*Italy p.* 81.)—This remark meets with additional support from the fact that the fresco by Montefanus at the opposite end of the Refectory preserves its colours much better, though it has sustained injury in other respects. Even as early as 1646 (we learn from Mr. Evelyn's Diary) "Leonardo's incomparable piece" had become "exceedingly impaired."

semi-circular chapel, being, it is said, that part of the church which St. Ambrose consecrated himself to the Saints Gervasius and Protasius, about the year 387.* In this elevated sanctuary we were shewn the marble chair of the venerable Archbishop; whose body is interred under the altar, beneath a shrine supported by columns of porphyry, the canopy of which is elaborately covered with reliefs, executed in a stile that strongly marks its remote date. There is much here to engage the attention of the architectural antiquary: the oldest part of the building being contemporaneous with the age of Charlemagne, and greatly resembling the stile of St. Irenæus at Lyon, Aix-la-Chapelle Cathedral, and Saint Germain des Prés, at Paris. Here they shew us the place where St. Austin is stated to have received baptism from the hands of St. Ambrose; also the tombs of Louis the Emperor, and two of the sons of Charlemagne. We find chapel after chapel filled with paintings. The one dedicated to Marcellina, sister of St. Ambrose, contains an altar piece, surmounted by a beautiful figure in marble, of that Virgin devotee, recently executed by Pacatti. The iron gates of the western entrance are said to be of the time of St. Ambrose.†

*There are, however, grounds for believing that such puerile and superstitious trash as one finds accumulated in the churches at Milan, would have been swept out with other corruptions of Christianity, by one of its first Archbishops.—"Ambrose, who presided over the diocese of the north of Italy, and was contemporary with Basil, Jerome, and Cyril, the advocates of relics, openly reproved the mother of Augustine, for attempting to introduce, what he properly called the heathenish custom, of resorting to the graves of the dead, with lamps and tapers, and adoring their remains. (Aug. Con. lib. vi. c. 2.)"—*See Gilly's researches among the Vaudois.* Chap. xi.

† This Church is also famous for some Councils that have been held there, and for the Coronation of divers Italian Kings and Emperors, re-

We proceeded to St. Victor, a building of still greater reputed antiquity, being by the learned supposed to be that into which Ambrose refused to admit the guilty Emperor Theodosius. This church is full of fine fresco paintings and altar pieces. Among the rest an Annunciation; and Ambrose interring his brother Satyrus, both by Spagnoletto. In the chapel of the Aresi family is a very highly relieved altar tablet of marble, of which the subject is the Assumption of the Virgin. There is a fine picture by Procaccini in the chapel of the Cœur Sacré, and another in that of St. Benedict, by the same artist. The wood carvings are particularly good. The high altar of the Patron Saint is entirely of marble, and its reliquary enriched with gold and lapis lazuli. But whilst the Virgin and troops of Romish Saints, through the two-fold medium of sculpture and painting, are thus fully emblazoned and continually obtruded on the sight, the Crucifix either escapes notice from its diminutive size, or is placed so high as to challenge only a distant and occasional regard.

As we were inspecting the curiosities at St. Victor's, a procession of ecclesiastics issued from the sacristy, and advancing to the altar of one of the side chapels, performed there "the sacrifice of the mass." This being done, the taper-carriers and cross-bearers led the way before a canopy supported by four acolytes over the head of the officiating priest, who clothed in splendid vestments, held in both hands a cushion on which rested a silver chest, or pix box. A line of persons of both sexes followed, drawling out a monotonous chant, to the running

ceiving the Iron Crown from the Archbishop of the See. *Evelyn's Diary.* Buonaparte took this Iron Crown and put it on his own head, in 1805.

base of bassoons and serpents. Thus they went up one aisle and down another, whilst brazen censers, swung now at the raised Host and then towards the prostrated congregation, filled the church with the smell of their fuming incense. And this is called devotion! Scarcely had we reached the street again, when another religious object of a similar kind, attracted our notice and bade us pause. It was the Consecrated Wafer borne by a clergyman towards some neighbouring house; there to be used as the last rites of preparation for some departing soul. On this occasion we evaded the heretical test, by turning abruptly down another thoroughfare: for, since entering the confines of Italy, sufficient opportunities had been afforded us of noticing with what seemingly reverential awe every one without exception, who meets the procession of the sacrament, stops, kneels, and bows the uncovered head, till "the Sacred *Presence*" has passed by them.

It is impossible to avoid being more or less forcibly impressed with the spectacle of prompt and emphatic obedience to the injunctions of their spiritual directors displayed by the inhabitants of Catholic States. Yet at the same time it does not fail to suggest reflections on the practical result of giving predominance to a religion, whose vast superstructure of influence over the minds of its votaries is raised on "the baseless fabric" of Transubstantiation. The people are first taught to believe that, by the prayer of consecration, the substance of bread and wine is changed into the entire, material, living body of Christ himself both God and man! Then as a necessary consequence, they are required to worship the Sacrament. And though this is done by no ordinance of our Saviour's,

though it is "repugnant to the plain words of Scripture;" though it "overthroweth the nature of a sacrament," and as we here see "hath given occasion to many superstitions;"* yet may it all be capable of being received by those whose "compendious creed is that of believing whatever the Church of Rome holds and believes."† But, with this daily—almost hourly—church service, its Hierarchy is not content. From the altar they proceed to carry about and lift up for adoration,‡ in public highways, the little thin wafer, which they pretend is converted into the incarnation of the Divinity. And by this means they contrive to leave no alternative, between an outward conformity to their practices, or the imminent risk of popular outrage and insult,‖ to those, in whom, like ourselves for example, such adoration would be an act of idolatry.

In the evening we went to the Canobiana Theatre, which although much inferior in size and splendour to that of La Scala, is yet a large and commodious building. I used to think the French theatres gloomy; and so they are compared with those of London. But the Opera-House at Paris is really brilliant compared with that of

* See XXVIII Article of the Church of England.

† Blanco White's Evidences against Catholicism.—p. 9.

‡ On ne peut pas croire aux Papistes, lorsqu'ils déguisent leurs erreurs. Quand on leur reproche l'idolatrie, ils crient au calomniateur et disent, qu'ils n'adorent que Dieu seul. Mais n'adorent ils donc pas le pain, qu'ils consacrent? Ne se prosternent ils pas devant les images, ce qui est l'essence de l'idolatrie? Tout cela est avèrè, et on n'a qu'à aller dans leurs Eglises, et voir leur processions pour en être convaincu."—*Demonstrations de la verité de la Religion Protestante p.* 221.

‖ The ill treatment recently received from a Priest by a British Officer at Malta, and the decided mark of Papal encouragement given to the ecclesiastical aggressor, shew that this danger is not chimerical.

Milan. The stage is kept in a blaze of light, whilst the house has no illumination whatever, except what proceeds from thence and from a few lustres in the imperial saloon opposite. The performance was "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" of Rossini; in which the Count D'Almaviva appeared but very moderately represented. Bassi was a good Bartolo. And Levasseur a better Basilio. Signora Carolina Pellegrini sang the character of Rosina. This lady has a good voice, and displays superior powers of execution, with much vivacity and address in her acting. Figaro had a very fair representative in Cavara. Yet on the whole I never witnessed a less attentive audience: even with the pit-goer the business of the scene appeared to have very limited attractions. Favoured by the pervading darkness, an incessant buzz of conversation was kept up, that drowned the effect of all except the orchestral music, which was more powerful than harmonious. Between the acts of the opera, a pantomimic ballet was introduced. It was a strange medley of harlequinade, witchery, and "devilry;" not an atom *too* genteel in some parts, and full of "inexplicable dumb-shew and noise."—But it served to rouse the dormant feelings of the *parterre;* and the practical jokes of the clown upon the "slippered pantaloon" were apparently relished by these *tasteful* Italians in the same degree that they would have been by the laughter-loving gods of our English galleries.

The reason of the obscurity which prevails in the theatres of this city was explained to us to be as follows:—It was in contemplation, some years since, to light the Scala by a magnificent chandelier. But the Dames of Milan signified with one accord their intention of giving up their boxes if the scheme were persisted in. In many

of the boxes, play is carried to an extravagant height. In others, the delicate creatures, enshrined there, receive sweet incense from the lips of their adorers, which is borne to them on an atmosphere redolent of pleasure, and vibrating to melodious strains.

July 24th.—After breakfast we visited the *Bibliotheca Ambrosiana*, founded by Cardinal Charles Frederick Borromeo (cousin german to St. Charles, and also Archbishop of Milan), whose portrait is preserved in the public reading room, a fine saloon with a high coved ceiling and excellent light. It contains numerous portraits of Saints, Popes, and Prelates—and of learned men connected with Milan. The Prefect of this Library, Peter Mazzucchelli, was seated in the manuscript room. Our entrance with one of the sub-librarians occasioned no interruption to the studies in which he was so deeply absorbed. Dressed in the clerical habit, with the square canon's cap on his head, the appearance of this reverend personage, full of years as well as of learning, made me think of the Kirchers, the Gruters, the Havercamps, the Vaillants, and other indefatigable heroes of literary research, whose ponderous tomes issued from the continental presses in preceding centuries. He has lately edited an elegantly printed work entitled "Flavii Cresconii Corippi, seu de Bellis Lybycis, Libri VII editi ex codice Mediolanensi Massi Trivultii." We were shewn the Rufinus version of Josephus, written in the 4th century on papyrus. A fragment of a manuscript of the 3d century, consisting of two leaves of the Iliad, illuminated. A MS. of the 7th century, beautifully enriched with figures; it is a History of St. Gregory Nazianzen. Pliny's Natural History, curiously illus-

trated with numerous paintings on vellum, a manuscript of the 13th century. An illuminated version of the Bucolics and Eneid of Virgil, with notes said to be written by Petrarch. Every one of these precious relics had been carried to Paris, and were restored only at the peace of 1815. Our conductor through this institution informed us that it contains about 15,000 manuscripts and from 90 to 95 thousand printed books. In the medal room is a large fresco painting of Bernardo Lovino's, "Christ among the Soldiers," executed with great ability, and in excellent preservation. That part of the numismatic collection which is permitted to be seen, is chiefly of the modern series.

Adjoining the Library, dedicated by its munificent founder to Saint Ambrose, is the Academy of Painting and Sculpture. In the first room are deposited the remains of Gaston de Foix's superb monument, which, together with his statue formerly ornamented the church of St. Martha. This beautiful work in alabaster is by Augustino Busti. Here we were shewn a large folio volume of drawings of engines and machines, civil and military; most of them certified to be by the hand of Leonardo da Vinci: they are accompanied with copious notes and observations also credibly vouched for as his own, and offer a proof as interesting as it is conclusive of that great man's versatility of talent, and wonderful extent of attainments. There are in this apartment some pieces of Roman sculpture. Among various casts in plaster are, a selection from the relievos that adorn the column of Trajan at Rome, and Michael Angelo's superb group of the Virgin and Dead Christ. The architectural designs of Pellegrino Tibaldi are well worthy of examination.

In the Picture Room is Raphael's cartoon of the School of Athens: also the Virgin, Jesus, and St. John, by the same master. Several portraits by Da Vinci; among them that of the Physician who taught him anatomy, and a drawing in red crayons of Leonardo, by himself: a striking dignity in the air and a consummate freedom of touch distinguish this small but attractive head. A Christ on the Cross, by Guido. Our Saviour washing the feet of his Disciples, by Pierino del Vaga, one of the ablest scholars of Raphael, and so much in his finest manner that it is no wonder the picture has usually gone under the name of that illustrious painter. A Madonna and Child, by Lucas van Leyden, with several others of the best pieces of that laborious artist. A repose (Holy Family) in Egypt, considered to be the *chef d'œuvre* of G. Bassano. A portrait by Andrea del Sarto and another by Titian, both full of expression, and models of colouring. Of Titian's there is a fine picture of the Magi adoring the new-born Messiah, and a second of Christ in the Tomb. A Repose by old Palma. A Holy Family by Lovino, one of Leonardo da Vinci's scholars, and supposed after his design. Jesus as a young man, by the same, is excellent. A Madonna veiled, by Cipioni. A St. John, by Salaino. A gilded Painting by Bourgognone, very curious and clever in its gothic stile. Drawings and Sketches by the great Michael Angelo. A St. Hubert by Albert Durer. John (Velvet) Brueghel's extraordinary performance—the Element of Water; into which he has grouped together fish, amphibious reptiles, and aquatic fowl, in the most accurate manner of delineation, with the greatest brilliancy of colouring, the most exquisite handling, and the highest finish—the landscape part has equal charms. A com-

panion to this, the Element of Fire, is a less captivating but by no means an inferior effort of elaborate and imitative art. Daniel in the Lions' Den is another wonderful, and perhaps as a subject of composition, a still more meritorious work, by the same master—the animals, the figures, and the landscape of this cabinet picture are accomplished in so correct and delicate a stile as to render it a perfect jewel. The whole of this choice collection was made by the founder in 1600.

Considering the great antiquity of Milan, and its geographical position, we should naturally expect to find in it numerous vestiges of Roman grandeur. The devastations, however, to which this important city was, during the middle ages, repeatedly exposed, have left comparatively few monuments of a date anterior to the invasion of the Goths. Among these, the most considerable and interesting are what pass under the name of *Le colonne di S. Lorenzo*, in the Corso di Porta Ticinese: they consist of a row of fourteen lofty marble columns, with corinthian capitals. There were, it seems, so lately as fifty years ago, sixteen of these; but the two centre pillars are gone, and the vacancy disfigured rather than supplied by an ugly arch surmounted by a still uglier pediment, with the apparent intention of making this fine antique colonnade serve as a portico to the ruinous quadrangle in which St. Laurence's church is situated. The interior of this court of entrance exhibits fragments of the cornice of the Roman Temple or Palace.* St. Laurence is a very

* Reichard calls it the ruins of the Temple of Hercules erected by Maximian in 286. Nugent justly observes that the opinion of its being a building of Maximian is contradicted by an inscription to the Emperor Lucius Aurelius Verus (who reigned between A. D. 161 and 170) which is still

curious structure. The chapel of St. Thomas Accolino at the east end, which is circular, is obviously from its exterior conformation of the earliest church architecture; but all the remains of interior antiquity are some rude frescoes, and the tomb of the Regent of France. Bramantino has painted the history of Accolino in another part of the church.

We continued our walk, through a quarter of the city chiefly inhabited by the labouring class, to the gate of Marengo, or *Porta Ticinese;* it consists of a handsome arch, entablature, and pediment, supported by Ionic columns, and bearing the following inscription:—"Paci Populorum Sospiti. Dedic. Anno 1815." The gate stands on a bridge over the Ticinello, which, at the moment we passed it, was pouring down in torrents the rain that had swelled its mountain-sources the preceding day.

Near this quarter, but within the walls, stands the Church of the Dominicans of Saint Eustorgio. In this place (says Evelyn) they tell us, formerly lay the bodies of the three Magi, since translated to Cologne in Germany; they however preserve the tomb, which is a square stone, on which is engraven a star, and under it "Sepulchrum trium Magorum." For what object the "Wise Men of the *East*" were travelling *so far* to the *west*, unless to get promoted after death from the rank of *Magi* to that of Kings! it were difficult to imagine. It is a remarkably old edifice, with several side-chapels, the ceilings of

legible on the columns.—Mr. Evelyn (in 1646) notices the 16 columns of marble, the ruins of a Temple of Hercules, and gives the inscription as then standing, viz. "Imp. Cæsari. L. Aurelio Vero Aug. Armeniaco Medico Parthico Max. Trib. Pot. VII. Imp. IIII. Cos. III. P. P. Divi Hadriani Nepoti Divi Trajani Parthici Pro Nepoti Divi Nervæ Abnepoti Dec. Dec."

which, as usual, are covered with fresco paintings. We entered it during the time of divine service. The people in throngs were constantly going in and out; and their fingers and knees were as constantly in movement with crossings and curtsyings. An overloaded, and, to the common people, an unintelligible ceremonial engrossed their mechanical faculties; but the indications of fervent piety were not observable either in the priests or the congregation.*

From this point we bent our steps in the direction of the new Forum, laid open by Buonaparte. In our way thither we went into a Church, which our guide, I think, called S. Nazario; but the building to whomsoever dedicated, has a forcible share of interest in my recollection, for it contained, in the south-west corner, a crucifix, literally black with age, at the foot of which was affixed a paper, from which I copied the following words:—"Adorazioni, Alle Sacratissime Piaghe di Gesu.—Ogni volta, che si reciteranno cinque *Pater* ed *Ave*, in memoria della Passione di Gesu Christo e dei Dolori di Maria Virgine, Leone X. ha concesso dieci mil' anni d' Indulgenza."—"Adorations, to the most sacred wounds of Jesus.—Every time that five *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*, shall be recited in remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and of the sorrows of the Virgin Mary, Leo the Tenth

*"There is (as Mr. Matthews, with his characteristic pithiness, remarks) something very unsocial in the whole transaction. The priest (during the greatest part of the time) turns his back to the people, and mumbles the prayers to himself. There seems to be no community of worship, except in the general genuflection at the elevation of the Host. The people seem to have no functions to perform, but to look on at a spectacle, which is to me the most fatiguing office in the world."—*Diary of an Invalid.*

has granted *ten thousand years of Indulgence.*"* Printed at Milan, 1820."

"I have often wished (says ADDISON) that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Nothing would give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic Religion; nor expose more the vanity, pride, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgences, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and in short the superstition, credulity, and childishness of

* As the meaning of this notice, though perfectly understood by those to whom it is addressed, may not be equally intelligible to the Protestant reader, a few words of explanation shall here be added. Indulgences are granted to "the Faithful," on certain conditions, such as penitently confessing their sins to, and receiving absolution from, a priest; and also paying their adoration at a particular cross, or a privileged altar. And the power thus obtained by these grants of the Pope, enables every true member of the Roman Catholic Church either to liberate a soul out of Purgatory at once by a plenary indulgence, or as in this case to send to it so many thousand years of relief from the pains of that burning place. On this subject, a modern writer, who was regularly bred and ordained a Catholic Priest, in Spain, but is now a Clergyman of the Church of England, furnishes us with the following information:—"The Popes teach that the *indulgences* which they grant are taken from the treasure of merits collected by the Saints; and that they, the successors of St. Peter, having the key of the store-house, may give to any one a property in them to supply the want of their own. A man for instance may have been guilty of all the most horrid crimes during a long life; but he repents on his death bed; the Priest gives him absolution and his soul goes to Purgatory: a place which the Romanists believe to be very like hell. There he might be for millions of years; but if you can procure him a full or *plenary indulgence* from the Pope, or if he obtained it before death, all the merits which he wanted are given him and he flies direct to heaven."—*Preservative against Popery by the Rev. J. Blanco White;* in corroboration of whose remarks see the Copy of a Papal Indulgence given in the Appendix to this volume.

Popery."—This observation made in 1703 applies with no less force in the "Jubilee year" of 1825, to the character of a Church, whose professors and advocates never perhaps evince a stricter regard for truth, than when they claim for its faith and practice the merit of being unchanged and unchangeable.

The central parts of Milan are so closely built as scarcely to leave an open space worthy of particular remark. But, on the north-west side of the city, where the ancient citadel or Ducal fortress formerly stood, and where two of its high and massive towers of stone and some of its interior walls are yet preserved, there is now an extensive *Caserne* (barracks) round which the ground has been cleared to a vast extent. On the south-east side is the Forum (Buonaparte). On the north-west is the Piazza d' Armi, spacious enough for 40,000 men to manœuvre in, and having at its extremity an unfinished Triumphal Arch, whence commences the great and admirable road that leads to the foot, and crosses the mountain, of the Simplon. This grand enclosure is lined and intersected with avenues of trees: and on the northern side Napoleon caused the magnificent amphitheatre, called the Arena, to be built after the designs of Canonica. It is in fact a mixture of the Circus and Arena of the Romans; having the *Spina* (or low broad wall running through the middle) and the *Metæ* (or columns and pyramids round which the horses and chariots, in the ancient shews, turned) united to the *Pulvinar*, (or Pavillion for the Emperor) the *Sedilia* in eight rows, the *Vomitoria*, (or entrances to the seats) and the *Popularia* (or gallery for the people behind). It really is a noble and interesting structure; and when filled with spectators, of which it is

said to be capable of holding 36,000, must present a splendid and imposing scene. Some few chariots, fashioned after the ancient manner, were *en remise*, under the arcades at one extremity of the oval. We were informed that the foundations of the Arena are so constructed as to render it capable of being filled with water for a Naumachia or aquatic fête.

It would seem that Buonaparte wished to revive among the people of Milan that addiction to gymnastic sports, for which the inhabitants of Mediolanum are noted by Ausonius:—

> ——————— *Populique voluptas*
> *Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri.*
>
> A circus and a theatre invites
> Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.—ADDISON.

That there is no falling off from the antique love of theatrical amusements, the splendid establishment of La Scala sufficiently proves. But of this more recent work, rivalling in magnitude and equalling in elegance the Roman models after which it is designed, I have only further to remark that, to whatever cause ascribable, whether to the opposition of popular taste and habits, or (as is more likely) to Austrian jealousy of large native assemblages in the open air, the Arena has a forlorn, deserted aspect, that marks it as a place where great means of public diversion have long been left unemployed, and vast labour and cost been consequently expended in vain.

The Church of S. Celso presents a marble front, after the magnificent designs of Bramante, illustrated by the superb statuary of Fontana and Lorenzi. The archi-

tecture of the inside is that of an earlier age. This building contains some fine pictures by Procaccini, Campi, and Gaudenzio di Ferrari; and an altar-piece of St. Jerome, by Paris Bordone. In the sacristy there are two pictures of the Virgin; one by Leonardo da Vinci, the other by Raphael. These are objects of no ordinary interest to a lover of the fine arts. But what attracts multitudes to this edifice is the work of a different craft; being neither more nor less than a miraculous image of the Madonna!

Pious frauds like these are first practised to profit "the Church," and then persisted in not more steadily on that account than for the honour of its *infallibility*. Yet they must indeed have "their understandings darkened" who can be deceived by such gross contrivances. In the sober judgment of an enlightened mind—a mind imbued with spiritual knowledge derived from its only true source—the miracles asserted to be performed by virtue of these idols, stand self-convicted of being false, in the incredible and ridiculous incidents with which they are found to be associated.* But the force of early habits

* Almost every Roman Catholic district has its miraculous image, which speaks, perspires, sheds tears, or does something equally well suited to keep up its own reputation. I could not learn the precise feat performed by our Lady of S. Celso; nor how she came there. It generally happens that an Angel from Heaven deposits such valuable treasures within the sacred walls. This image worship has occasionally been known to "do the State" as well as the Church "some service." When, for example, the Allies took Alicante in 1706, there was an Image of *Notre Dame de Pitié* in a garden-house near Murcia, which *sweated*. The Bishop of Carthagena, Don Louis de Belluga, communicated the fact to the inhabitants of his diocese, and so animated them by the recital of this pretended miracle; that they flew to arms and drove the Allies out of their province.—See the Pastoral Letter of the above mentioned Bishop, quoted in the Mem. de Trevoux, 1707. Febr. p. 278, and suiv.

and prepossessions, especially when kept free from counteracting influences, is very great even with the educated, and becomes all-powerful over the ignorant. The fault is in the system of, what is called, religious instruction, under which people are taught, nay commanded, to invoke a human being in language and with action due to the Supreme alone.

"Under thy *protection* (says the Romish Litany) we take *refuge*, Holy Mother of God, despise not our supplications in our necessities, but *always deliver us from all dangers*, Glorious and Blessed Virgin." What more can be asked at the hand of the Almighty Himself? Yet prayers like these do pious petitioners here repeat "not knowing the Scriptures." But if that fountain of living waters were rendered accessible to their research—if they were once freely permitted to "taste, and see how good the Lord is," thousands and tens of thousands I am persuaded would soon cease "burning candles" and offering up vain oblations before the image of an imaginary protectress. On the contrary, when next invited to join in such idle practices, they most probably would answer like Protestants and say—we acknowledge that the Virgin was "blessed among women;" but not that she is exalted above all men and all women. We reverence the memory of that holy personage, as a human instrument rendered miraculously subservient to the great purpose of the Messiah's advent: but believing as we do on the clearest warranty of Scripture, that Jesus Christ alone expiated by his death the sins of the world, that *He* is "the way, the truth, and the life, and that no one comes to the Father but by *Him*," we refuse to pay to the Virgin Mary, or any other Saint, honours that clash with and derogate from those which we

owe to God, and to our *only* Mediator and Intercessor. We hold the Virgin's name in respect, as the mother of our Redeemer; but we see in the phrase of "*Dei* Genetrix" nothing but a perverse and reprehensible union of words, tending to confuse ideas which cannot be kept too distinct from each other, in the minds of those who are sincerely attached to the sound doctrine of Christ's Divinity. In the words of the angelic salutation, we acknowledge "Mary, full of Grace;" but we do not believe that any power, pre-eminence, or authority was given to her over the rest of the faithful. And in holding these opinions, we consider ourselves justified by the express declaration of the Saviour himself, who, when a woman in his hearing exclaimed, that the womb which bare and the breast which nourished HIM were blessed, replied "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it."

In the afternoon, renewing our visit to the Cathedral, we found (it being Sunday) the aisles on each side next the walls, partitioned off with hangings of dark cloth from the body of the church. Those to the south were occupied by a numerous assemblage of males; whilst those to the north were filled by an equally numerous concourse of females. The men and boys were divided into several different classes, to each of which a young missionary was delivering a sort of divinity lecture. It was only by a momentary peep behind the close-drawn curtain, that we could perceive on the opposite side, the *Sœurs de la charité* instructing the women and girls. But to the others we had free admission. And it is justice to the suitable and orderly proceedings of these elementary schools of Romish Theology, to say that the

persuasive earnestness of the teachers' manner and discourse was equalled by the mute eagerness of devoted attention shewn by their respective auditories. Among the subjects treated of, we could catch here and there a word or two on the benefits of masses as well for the dead as for the living; on the efficaciousness of the Rosary; and on the holy life and saintly glorification of Charles Borromeo. There was certainly nothing in this to justify the notion that Popery on the continent is left to sink or swim as chance and fashion may order. So far as we have yet seen, it stands in no need either of ready tongues to recite, or of open ears to imbibe, its glozing tales of error and superstition.

At a later period of the evening we made another visit to the Duomo, where a large and well-dressed congregation was assembled outside the choir, to hear the Litany to the Virgin, the Ambrosian chant accompanied by the organ, and an extempore sermon delivered from one of the bronze pulpits by a young Jesuit, of the name of Marvelli. The stile of preaching is so totally different from any thing we are accustomed to in England, that I know not what to compare it to. The inflections of tone amount nearly to *recitativo;* and there is a peculiar catch or snatch at the beginning of each sentence, which is always taken at the top of the voice. A great deal of action is used. Long pauses from time to time ensue in the discourse; and the general air is declamatory even to a theatrical pitch. Here, as at St. Eustorgio, the generality of the individuals composing the religious assembly were looking unconcernedly about them on all sides. And so little did the *concierge* himself, who was conducting us past the crowded benches, care about disturbing devo-

tion, that he would, if we had been content to participate in the flagrant indecorum, have performed his office of *cicerone* in the face of the congregation; and have shewn off the sculptures near the tabernacle, whilst the sanctuary behind it was resounding with the vesper-hymn of the Churchmen.

In the course of our wanderings, we passed through the court of the Seminario, or College of Theology, a spacious building having like the Brera its quadrangle formed of two lofty ranges of pillars one above the other. We likewise traversed the spacious arcades of the Great Hospital, an institution for the sick, of great extent, richly endowed, and said to be extremely well conducted. In the open space before the Borso, or Exchange, the Austrians have stationed a couple of field-pieces, with their requisite complement of caissons and artillery men! Not very appropriate ornaments to a place where, it might from the name be inferred that, "merchants most do congregate." It is however the *parvis* of the Cathedral that appears to be the favourite focus of daily assembly for the commercial folks.

The public pavement is uniformly good; and in some respects superior to any I have seen. The sides are formed of large flag-stone with granite curbs, laid with singular exactness. In the carriage-way, double lines of the same flat stone are also placed as even as a room-floor: the wheels roll upon these, whilst the horses proceed along on small and smooth pebbles between them. The motion of vehicles through the streets of this city is thereby rendered extraordinarily easy; and instead of the usual rattling noise, a gentle rumbling sound alone is heard. This is enumerated among the conveniences intro-

duced here by Buonaparte. It is strange that he should not have done the same thing for Paris. But Italy, more than France, seems with him to have been the field for improvement.

Milan is a populous,* lively, handsome capital; and during the three days we passed in it, our visits to the Corso, the Theatre, and other places of public resort, impressed us with the conviction that it must be an extremely pleasant city to reside in. The equipages are more numerous, as well as more splendid, in comparison with the size of the place, than at Paris; and the nobility and gentry apparently more wealthy. Our occasional inspection of the shops, and cursory notice of the manufactures,† induced us to form an equally favourable opinion of the industry and ingenuity of the working classes.

"La beauté (says M. Reichard) n'est pas *généralement* le partage des femmes de ce pays." On this critical authority, and with *English* subjects of reminiscence and comparison in my mind's eye, I may venture to add my own opinion that the natural charms of the sex, as distinguishable in form, feature, or complexion, are very sparingly distributed among the *Milanaises*. In truth, the women of the middling and lower orders are for the most part exceedingly plain. As to the ladies of quality, so much has always been said and sung of *their* captivations, that in nothing perhaps will our precipitation or our ill

* "Milan is after Rome and Naples, one of the largest cities in Italy, and its walls now enclose a population of 130,000 souls, in a circuit of about ten miles."—*Reichard.*—In 1646, according to Evelyn, this place contained near 100 churches, 71 monasteries, and only 40,000 inhabitants.

† They make articles of silk, glass, porcelain, goats'-hair, rock chrystal, &c. &c.

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luck be more exposed than in the acknowledgment of our having failed to witness any very captivating specimens of feminine loveliness (fine black EYES excepted) in that elegant and elevated class.

The humidity that prevails at the commencement of winter, and the excess of cold when the weather sets in to be severe, are alleged as objections to this place for a residence, however pleasant it appears to be in other respects. It is the vicinity of the Alps, that occasions the general rigour of the winters here. A biting Tramontane blowing over their glaciers brings with it, even as early as November, some of the coldest weather: this is occasionally followed by a long succession of rain and fogs: then frost ensues; and heavy falls of snow cover the whole face of the country. At these times, (I am told) you will see the peasants loaded with ice of two and three inches in thickness, coming into town from the meadows, to provide the citizens with the means of resisting the intense heat of the summer. Without the assistance of ice-houses the butchers could not preserve their meat through the day.

It appears that there are few families of a certain class, which have not one villa or more, on the banks of the lakes at the foot of the Alps, whither they depart in autumn to spend the *villeggiatura*, and to superintend the vintage and gathering of the other fruits. Thence they return for the enjoyment of the *converzatione* and the theatre. From what we could learn, the nobility and gentry of Milan have to seek all their amusements within themselves: the vice-regal court adding but little to the splendour of the place and still less to the gratification of its inhabitants. If I were to go on, and assert, that the sight

of a German, from the Imperial Master, downwards to the meanest soldier in the ranks of the garrison, is an object of dislike to the people of the Milanese, I should not be far off the truth. And yet there is, historically speaking, nothing new in the circumstance of this fine country being under the dominion of foreigners. In the 17th century, at the period of Evelyn's visit, we find it domineered over by a Spanish Governor. Nor is it the first time that Austria has reckoned this Duchy among her territories. In our days, Revolutionary France gave it nominal independence under the title of "the Cisalpine Republic;" and the Conqueror of Europe soon afterwards took from it even the shadow of freedom, when he formed his "Kingdom of Italy."

Buonaparte saw in ecclesiastical tyranny a mortal foe to those efforts of human energy which he looked to for success; and, being no conscience-made coward, nor yet endowed with true courage, he "scotched the snake, not killed it." In state despotism, on the other hand, he recognised a spirit more congenial with his own disposition, an agent better adapted to the furtherance of his designs; and he cherished it with a fondness that grew with the growth, and ceased only at the extinction, of his power. When therefore we are reminded of what the Emperor of the French did for Northern Italy, in amending her laws, encouraging her arts, embellishing her towns, facilitating her communications, and giving a stimulus to the activity of her people, let us do justice to those wise, vigorous, and salutary acts of his reign. But let us at the same time recollect, that by his open hostility to constitutional freedom, by his systematic persecution of all such, within his reach, as dared to assert a

claim even to literary independence, this vaunted friend of toleration in religion proved himself a genuine bigot in politics. When we are told of the privileges which he extended to the Protestants of Piedmont, let us acknowledge that the boon was not less valuable than the objects on which it was bestowed were meritorious—nay more, that it was a gift whose redeeming worth deserves the more highly to be prized, inasmuch as nothing but the memory of the blessing now remains to be contrasted with the ungrateful conduct of the restored Monarch, in adopting the odious measure of its revocation. But erroneous indeed would be our conclusions respecting the motives of Napoleon in this particular instance, were we to forget those violations of good faith, that disregard of humanity, that contempt of generous, manly principle, by which he shewed himself an enemy to peace, to liberty, and to the progress of the human mind.*

The most enthusiastic friend to the cause of *Liberalism* (I use not the term here in ridicule or reproach, but rather in sympathy and respect) will hardly dispute the fact that Napoleon made but a brilliant cat's-paw of his Italian army. His triumphant chariot, smoothly gliding along the pavement of Milan, beamed with a brightness before the eyes of its inhabitants that rendered them blind to the consequences of its extended career. The wheedling language of the Corsican was equally well calculated to render

* It were hardly requisite to do more than peruse Madame De Stael's Preface to her work on Germany, and "the Dispatches and Letters to Napoleon intercepted by the Allies," (both published by Murray in 1813 and 1814), in order to be convinced that the Censorship and Espionage practised by the *Ex*-Imperial Ministry of Police were not less hostile to the interests of Literature, and the cause of Civil Liberty, than the prohibitions of the Papal "Index," or the proceedings of the Inquisition.

them forgetful of the treachery that had deprived them of promised liberty, by seducing them into day-dreams of future national greatness. But when at length the far-flowing tide of victory rolled back in overwhelming billows of disaster and ruin upon the vast unstable work of insatiate ambition—the people of these plains learned more correctly to understand the nature of French connection; and they lamented as deeply, if not as loudly, as the rest of "the Empire," the impoverishment of their internal resources, and the horrors of the conscription.

It was then, whilst the lesson of dearly purchased experience yet remained strongly impressed on men's minds, that the most favourable opportunity appears to have offered itself to Francis the Second for converting the rights of conquest, or more properly speaking the cessions of diplomacy, into bonds of mutual confidence and pledges of reciprocal attachment between himself and his Italian States. But, to judge from outward and visible signs, the Austrian rules too much on the unconciliating plan of military occupation, a country eminently distinguished for the refinements of civilization, the high-bred courtesies of social life, the manifestations of genius, the results of science, and the productions of art.

It certainly redounds not to the credit of the Emperor's government that, after ten years' undisturbed possession, it should evince less confidence than that of Napoleon did in the fidelity of the people; that this Lombardo-Venetian kingdom should continue to be treated much after the fashion of a conquered province; that Germans should engross its chief offices, both secular and ecclesiastical; and that no steps should be taken towards the creation of a native army. Such a system it must be owned

is at variance with the spirit of an improving age: it is moreover calculated to gall the feelings of a numerous class, whose mental character was largely developed amidst the changeful series of revolutionary events; and whose military pride was highly flattered under the personal direction of their late warlike ruler.

If this part however of the Emperor's proceedings be founded, as I cannot but regard it, on a dark and doubtful policy, there is still a favourable point of view in which his administration may be contemplated. I allude to the promotion of plans for public benefit and advantage, as exemplified not only in the construction and reparation of useful works, but also in encouragement given to the introduction of new manufacturing establishments, and in facilities generally afforded to the increase of commercial enterprise and the employment of an industrious population. The superiority of the Milanese in these respects over Piedmont is very visible; it displays itself both in town and country, as well in the neater and more comfortable look of the dwellings, as in better clothed, and apparently better fed inhabitants. We are told by the Buonapartists that these are the fruits of the French *règime*. Be it so. But the territory of which Turin is the capital was no less under the immediate controul of France than was the Duchy of Milan. And at least it may be imputed for a merit, to the Austrian Sovereign, that (instead of requiring them to fight his battles as Napoleon did) he leaves his Italian subjects under a pacific system, to follow up advantages which have sprung from the regulations of his highly-talented but restless predecessor.

Politicians of a certain bias are fond of contending that

such districts as those of Genoa, Venice, and Milan should be moulded again into the form of independent commonwealths; and England herself has been censured "in good set terms," as an abettor of the *servile* system, for having allowed them to be severally appended to larger monarchies. The "cantoning out (as Addison expresses it) of mighty empires into petty states and principalities," would doubtless be very desirable for the great mass of the population, provided any effectual means could be devised to secure their independence from being undermined by the secret intrigues, or destroyed by the open violence, of their more powerful neighbours. But after what has been witnessed, especially within the last thirty years, of the proceedings of corrupt factions in small republics; of their narrow-minded jealousy and distrust of each other; some selling their birth-rights for a mess of pottage, others pertinaciously discussing domestic grievances while the enemy was at their gates—I own it does not make me less satisfied with the part which my country has taken, to know that her ministers, most anxious for the establishment and perpetuation of universal peace, declined supporting the revival of claims which had long ago been abandoned without a struggle; and that they preferred strengthening the hands of her allies to placing too ready instruments within reach of her foes.

There are those also who blame the Emperor for not having given a constitution to the Lombards and Venetians. In my mind this circumstance produces neither surprise nor regret. I should indeed have been astonished if Francis had done that for his Italian territories which he seems so far from contemplating in favour of his hereditary dominions. And, after all, it is the creed of

Italy that must undergo a change for the better before its political condition can be ameliorated. The scheme of *constitutionalizing* a popish country, is like untying a man's hands and bidding him freely use them, whilst a bandage remains tightly kept over his eyes. In England, the reform of the national church (comprising not only its emancipation from alien controul, but its purification from gross errors in belief and from flagrant abuses in discipline) preceded that revolution in the state, which so happily resulted in securing to the monarch his prerogatives, and to the people their rights. When spiritual darkness is once dispelled, and true Religion has established her mild and wholesome sway over hearts which Superstition had enslaved; then are the penetrating rays of intellectual light gradually cast on every object of importance to the instruction and welfare of mankind; and the privileges of free citizens become the choicest of worldly blessings to men, who have already acquired the capacity to exercise and enjoy them.

At seven o'clock in the evening, after settling accounts with Signor Baccala, of the *Albergo Reale*, whose Hotel and entertainment extremely well satisfied us, we bade adieu to Milan; whence we proceeded on our destined route, "in thunder, lightning, and in rain." It was nearly eleven o'clock before we reached the walls of Como, whose high antique towers of entrance frowned upon us gloomily, in the shades of a tempestuous night.

But why do you so quickly turn your backs on "the sweet south?" Have you crossed the Alps forgetful of their opening to you the high road to Florence and to ROME? O no. It is foremost among our regrets, that we should already be preparing to repass the mountain-

barriers of Italy, without visiting scenes replete with historical interest and dear to classical feeling. But, as Mr. Gilly well observes of travelling, "if those who have a few months only [still more, those who have but a few weeks] at their disposal, are resolved to make the most of their time, they must regulate their movements less by choice than necessity." Besides, I am not ashamed to confess my doubts, whether that brief allotted space, spent among the majestic ruins of human art and magnificence, would afford me more pleasure and advantage, than the same period devoted to the contemplation of the grandest works of Nature, which, compared with the fleeting nothingness of man's achievements, may be said to be "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

CHAPTER VII.

Lake of Como—Aquatic Excursion—Villa Pliniana—Villa d'Este—City of Como—Picturesque Environs—Varese—Domestic and Ecclesiasical Architecture—Laveno—Lago Maggiore—Borromean Isles—Isola Madre—Isola Bella—Lake Scenery—Baveno—Domo d'Ossola.

July 25.

OUR inn stands on the quay, and its windows overlook the *port* of Como. We had perspective on a large scale, and commerce on a small one. A busy scene presented itself in the rendez-vous of the *Barcajuoli* plying for employment on *their* element the lake, whose clear blue waters, at this its southernmost extremity, fill the delicious sweep of a bay, not so much as half a mile in breadth. The little vessel which we engaged to make the trip in, was, like the rest, very wide in the middle, and of a shallow construction; equally sharp pointed at stem and stern: nearly in the centre was a tilt of four or five hoops over which an awning of canvass was occasionally stretched, and beneath it a table was placed. Four men form the crew—a smaller number never undertakes the voyage: they row standing; carrying with them a small mast and sail, but are timidly cautious and sparing in the use of it, alleging the danger to which their navigation is exposed by sudden puffs of wind from the mountains.

At ten o'clock in the morning we embarked: the day was fine, but the wind strong and contrary. We soon found ourselves on sea-like waves; and from the pitching motion of our boat, something akin to qualminess was produced. But the scenery engaged our eager attention, and we took medicine for lake sickness "through the eyes." Pavilions and casinos of light and pretty construction displayed themselves on the borders: their fronts and terraces of white stone and stucco glittering in the rays of a brilliant sun, were contrasted with the deeply tinted foliage in which they were embosomed. Driven by the force of the breeze, upon the eastern border of the lake, we passed under plantations that overhang a deeply indented line of rocks, whose craggy masses occasionally develop themselves in the most picturesque variety of forms and hues, through the rich covering of vegetation with which prodigal Nature has clothed them. Here we caught a first but distant view of the Villa d' Este, situated on the opposite shore near the village of Cernobio, where a small river (the Brezzia) falls into the lake, at the mouth of which very large trout and perch are caught. At this point the lake itself expands to the width of about two English miles, forming a kind of basin surrounded and shut in by mountainous ridges, at the northern extremity of which, apparently blocking up our further passage, stands Moltrasio. Our course was still unavoidably close to the eastern bank, and we could almost dip our hands in the lowest fall of a small but beautiful cascade, the course of which from a great height above us had hitherto been hidden by the thickly growing shrubs.

At eleven, we passed immediately under the village of

Blevio. The appearance of the pleasure-houses and grounds on this side is delightful. On the very rocks, which, at the water's edge, serve as natural terraces to those sweet places of retirement, we saw the fig growing vigorously and in great numbers. There, in the villa-gardens the orange plant thrives, its roots not confined in tubs, but fearlessly entrusted to the genial soil, and its produce to a ripening sun. The lemon too rises from the native earth and spreads itself into the most graceful of the lesser trees. Vines in trellisses, myrtles in bowers, laurels in groves, luxuriate in the vicinity of the elegant and productive olive, the spreading chesnut, the tall and mournful cypress; and these again are associated with

> "The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
> "The yellow beech, the sable yew,
> "The slender fir, that taper grows,
> "The sturdy oak, with broad spread boughs."

Numerous hamlets *(paese)* with their lofty steeples, break the monotony of verdure, and adorn the rising grounds to a considerable elevation. Looking to the north-east we see the first grades of the Swiss Alps in the canton of Tessino. At a short distance further on, is the villa Belvidera, occupied (as we were informed) by one of the Goldschmidts of London. It is charmingly situated near the margin of the lake, having a back ground of pretty offices and cottages seated one above another up to the mountain's top. Two or three other families from England inhabit residences in this neighbourhood; where the lower range of grounds becomes a continued parterre. And the architecture of these villas, as well as that of their accessories, appears designed to enhance our

pleasurable surprise: but they too often in their amplifications betray a fantastical taste, hardly removed from the vulgar incongruities of (what in England we should call) the *Cockney* stile. The Villa Tanzi,* though on a magnificent scale, is one of this description.

After passing the romantic village of Torno, situated on a superb locality between Blevio and Perlasca, we traversed towards the opposite shore, and in doing so viewed to the greatest possible advantage the delicious borders we had just quitted, and the villages scattered about on all points and at all heights above them. Reaching Turio on the western side, we saw the vines prettily trained *en treillage* in front of the houses, and bearing grapes in abundance. The hills on all sides increase in altitude and steepness; but the habitations, though both insulated and in clusters sufficiently numerous, have but little effect in mitigating the predominant wildness, or in imparting a social aspect to the face of nature.

The gale blew briskly and made quite a sea, as we passed the hamlet of Carotti; but our navigators steered us so close along shore that we were enabled to see the *Comasques* of each sex both young and old employed in its silk-spinning-houses, and to read the words "*Templum Apost. Jacobi*, 1679," on the pediment of its well constructed church. From this point we made very slow progress; but the air was so pure and refreshing, and the scenery continued so greatly to interest us, that we hardly

* "The rocks of the Villa Tanzi, naturally picturesque and wildly rural, are covered with red brick arcades, forts and citadels, with cannons, cells for hermits, grottoes for monsters, monuments to mistresses who perhaps never lived, and cenotaphs to friends who are in no haste to fill them."—*Lady Morgan's Italy*, v. 1, p. 183.

regretted the delay occasioned to our aquatic progress by a stiff breeze *dead* against us. On this, the western side of the lake, as on the opposite one, the mountains are planted in terraces, to a certain height with the vine, the olive, the almond, the walnut, and the Spanish chesnut; the rest up to the top is too steep, rocky, and bare for cultivation; but beyond the edge of the precipices there are many platforms where corn is produced.

The village of Laglio, particularly distinguished by the elegant tower of its church, is a striking object at the foot of an immensely high rock. The turns and windings of the lake had hitherto circumscribed our prospects: the views were still land-locked, and we seemed to be pursuing our difficult course out of one great basin only to enter another.—At one o'clock we reached Turilio, where our hard-working crew took a few moments rest; and, dipping their bread in a chrystal stream close at hand, made a hasty meal. We then proceeded to re-cross the lake, which hereabouts diminishes again in width, but is said to be the deepest. Indeed the abruptness and perpendicularity with which the hills in this part rise on all sides out of the water, gives a strong support to the assertion. There are places in which (as the boat-men seriously and repeatedly assured us) the depth is some thousand feet.—Our passage to the opposite point of Careno was rough and laborious in the extreme; and it was nearly two o'clock before we arrived at Nesso.—At this little town there is a water fall, one of the finest we have yet seen in our tour: it descends about two hundred feet, within a deep fissure of the mountain,

"O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green."

Lofty however as is the pitch of this beautiful cascade, many houses peeping through thick screens of foliage, crown the summit of the cliff whence it flows, and the limpid torrent finds its rocky channel between them. And now the landscape at every stage of continued advance rivets more and more the eager and captivated attention. In contemplating with wonder and delight, the nameless varieties of savage beauty exhibited on the grandest scale, a belief impresses itself upon the mind with increased force, that we in fact see around us only the breasts and tops of very high mountains, the lower regions being buried in the profound bosom of a vast inundation.

At three o'clock, about a mile beyond Lezzeno, proceeding in a northward direction, the boatmen entered a sort of port to refresh themselves; and on this second hint of their's that mortal man cannot live on air or gazing, we readily profited of the interval to recruit our own strength by lessening our stock of provisions. It is in ascending this broad reach of the lake that the beauties and grandeurs of its scenery fast augment upon the traveller's sight. We had arrived within a short distance of the promontory of Bellogii, between the Como and the Lecco branch. The coasts on both sides were sparkling with towns and pleasure-houses, were teeming with the loveliest combinations of nature and art. The hills that bounded our prospects to the east and west, varying in their height from 900, 1500, and 2000 feet, were magnificent in their appearance of proximity to us, and, richly decked in their woody coverings, were studded with buildings and churches to the extremest point of elevation. Before us lay the handsome

little town of Cadenobia, the object of our efforts to reach. Beyond and seeming to commence their actual rise immediately behind it, were the High Alps of the Grisons and the Valteline. These displayed their granite peaks and glacier summits seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the waters which we were then floating upon, and which their melted snows increase through the channels of the Adda, the Maira, and their numerous tributary streams. Such was the sublime and enchanting picture that opened upon us at that period of a summer afternoon, when on every grand and every beautiful object the sun sheds double lustre. It was one of those in which

> " Rock, water, forest, mountain, all abound,
> " And bluest skies that harmonise the whole."

Our progress, however, for the last hour had been much retarded by a boisterous wind blowing against the larbord bow of our flat-bottomed bark, which it became a matter of no small difficulty to keep from driving upon the precipitous shore along which we were tossed up and down on the large and angry billows. It was necessary only to be thus on its surface whilst in such a state of agitation in order to feel convinced, that there is somewhat more than mere poetical merit in the Virgilian description of Larius, *assurgens fluctibus et fremitu marino*. Two boat parties from Como had already given up the task of proceeding further; and passed us on their return, with ladies on board by no means in such good health and spirits as when they set out. And we ourselves after persevering sometime longer in our endeavour to make Cadenobia, consented to put the skiff about. Then quickly hoisting sail, and scudding almost before the

wind, we crossed over towards Brieno, a little town at the foot of a verdant tho' almost perpendicular mountain, and forming a pretty object as seen from the lake; but a wretched prison of a place to reside in. It is literally without streets, being situated on a narrow platform so hemmed in by walls of rock that no passage is left but the mere division that separates one house from another. And yet there are two good sized churches in it.

Our fresh-water sailors released by the entire change of course, at once from their apprehensions and their labours, began to be joyous and talkative. As we repassed Nesso they recited *con spirito*, some satirical stanzas on the married men who emigrate from this place, and they explained to us *con amore* the particular incidents of village scandal to which their lake poetry alluded. Far be it from me to repeat grievances between husbands and wives, which even the Curé himself could not settle to their *mutual* satisfaction. It seems, however, that the P. P. of "Nesso, O bel Nesso" is clergyman, banker, physician, and police-officer; and that no spiritual director remains a welcome resident in it after he has attained the age of forty years.—To a spot not far from Brieno southwards, a Signor Zitti, having made his fortune as a barometer-maker in London, has it seems retired, and there erected several pretty cottages on acclivities bordering on the lake.*

On our voyage back, the effect of light and shade on hill, forest, and water, was picturesque beyond all expression.

* "The districts bordering on the Lake of Como, supply for the most part, those Italian emigrants who wander through Europe, vending barometers and thermometers, of whom numbers annually resort to England for that purpose."—*Coxe*, *v.* 3, *p.* 4.

The mountains on our right hand were in shade: those on the left, with the intervening expanse of curling waves, were glowing and gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. Every tree was distinguishable, every building brought out: and when at the different bendings of the shores on each side these two bold contrasts met in one *coup d'œil*, it might almost be said that "the force of nature could no further go" in presenting the constituents of a truly magnificent landscape. Yet how the people can build as they do is unaccountable. There are no roads—mere sheep walks—all regular communication must be had by means of boats: yet notwithstanding these peculiarities so unfavourable to social comfort and convenience, many of the structures are of good size, and the churches in particular on a large scale. On one narrow-sided hill we counted three distinct villages; each of which has a *curé*, to whom belongs a lot of ground, which the inhabitants are obliged to cultivate for him gratuitously. The stipends of the priests in these districts, we were told, have been much increased since Napoleon's time, by the Emperor of Austria. —There are said to be two hundred villages* on this lake, besides innumerable houses and cottages scattered about in all directions and at all altitudes, on each side of the Lecco and Como branches, and of its more northern arm. The distant view of thickly sprinkled habitations induces one to calculate upon their being the

* "It is a singular fact (says Lady Morgan) that a vast number of the villages which rise above the lake, are only inhabited by females; and the appearance of a few women and children carrying baskets of earth on their shoulders, to form a terrace and plant a vine or an olive tree, are the sole mark of its shores being the haunt of humanity. The want of land to cultivate, or of a market for commodities has from time to time immemorial occasioned an emigration of the male inhabitants."—*Italy*, *vol.* I, *p.* 183.

abodes of a dense population. But on approaching some of these rock-environed and water-bound spots, we find them exhibiting an almost desolate solitude, where

> "Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
> "A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

There is a sequestered nook a little below Vosio, where a pretty cascade shoots from the brow of a luxuriantly wooded eminence, and forms a stream of sufficient volume to turn some tolerably large mill wheels. From that point we crossed over to the celebrated Villa Pliniana. The Marchioness of Canarisi, an elderly lady, is its owner. Objects at once impressive on the sight, and interesting to associative thought, render this place the most popular resort on the lake. Our approach to it was made at a time of day that gave an appearance of increased massiveness to its architecture, and heightened the gloom of its strikingly romantic situation. The Villa, whose foundations of masonry are washed by the Larian wave, looks indeed more like a fortress than a palace. The form is a parallelogram: it presents towards the water four tiers of windows including those of the basement gallery. Attached to one extremity, nearly on a level with the principal suite of apartments, runs a long and lofty terrace, faced on each side of the lake with solid stone work, and having watch-towers at each end. Between the other side of the house and a high perpendicular crag a pellucid torrent flings itself from a height of one hundred feet, and forms a lower fall of thirty feet: another hill-stream at a short distance from the first and from an equal elevation mingles its pure waters with it in a pool formed for their reception; and they issue

together into the lake through the arch of a bridge. Immediately behind the villa, the ground, steep and naturally difficult of access, is ascended by staircases and traversed by terrace upon terrace of laborious construction. Here the eye is attracted by the sylvan embellishments of this extraordinary domain. Orchards of mulberries and other fruit trees, groves of laurels, with chesnuts, pines, and poplars interspersed, cover the lower portion of the mountain upon whose very side the villa seems to rest: from thence to the top it is clothed with pasturages and forest trees, except where the projecting crags of the chalky rock are too steep for vegetation to adhere to them. Beyond this lofty ridge, we see another of greatly superior elevation, and more cheerful appearance: it is thickly populated, well cultured at the bottom, and richly wooded to its summits, one of which is crowned by the village of Brunate whose church forms a most pleasing finish to the verdant pyramid. Still further to our right, the south-western coast displayed its bright succession of pleasure-houses, whilst its majestic eminences were enriched with the mellowest tints of evening. Such was the appearance of Pliniana, as we drew near to it on the yet agitated waters, whose colour the lengthening shadows of its mountain environs had deepened to the darkest tinge of blue.

At five o'clock we landed at the Villa: Locus celeberrimi fontis, which neither of the Plinys possessed, but of which the elder has taken notice as a naturalist, and the younger has given an epistolary description.—This fountain,* so famous for its periodical increase and

* "The spring ebbs and flows three times a day: this increase and decrease is regular, excepting in bad weather. In a remarkably fair season

diminution, rises within the northern portico of the edifice. Near it, on a large tablet of black marble is inscribed the letter of Pliny the Consul to Licinius Sura, beginning "Attuli tibi ex patriâ, &c."* On another marble tablet is an Italian translation of the epistle, which has described this phenomenon as it appeared eighteen centuries ago, and as it now continues to be, an intermittent spring and an unsolved problem:

"Causa latet, vis est notissima."—OVID.
"The cause is secret, but th' effect is known."—ADDISON.†

The only remains of Roman workmanship are perhaps the stone-work in which the fountain rises, and the subterranean passages, over which the present fabric has been erected, and through the deepest and darkest of which

its changes were more visible than usual. From being almost dry, it gradually rises, until it forms a considerable stream; and then as gradually subsides, till the period of its swell returns.—*Coxe, v. 3; p. 5.*

* "I have brought you (says Pliny), as a present out of the country, a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive knowledge. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and, running among the rocks, is received into a little banquetting room, from whence after the force of its current is a little restrained, it falls into the Lake (Larius). The nature of this spring is extremely surprising; it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. The increase and decrease are plainly visible, and very amusing to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and, whilst you are taking a repast and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or anything else, at the bottom, when it is dry, the stream reaches it by degress, till it is entirely covered, and then gently retires; and if you wait, you may see it thus alternately advance and recede three successive times." He then submits, in the form of queries, several ideas that had suggested themselves to him in contemplating this object of curiosity, and calls on his friend to examine the reasons of it.—*Pliny's letters, (Melmoth's translation) Book 4, Epist. 30.*

† Mr. Addison's ingenious observations on the probable reason of periodical fountains may be applicable to those of Switzerland, but appear

this remarkable spring was, at the time we viewed it, pouring its superabundant flood, with frightful precipitancy, stunning our ears with the violence of its noise and chilling our frames with the coldness of its spray. It was thus, with unrestrained and prodigious force of current, that we beheld it falling into the lake, through an aperture in the foundation of the Villa. Above stairs, the view from the arcades in the centre is very fine. The Bisbino, a high mountain of conical form, presents itself immediately opposite, with the village of Moltrasio at the foot of it, close to the water's edge: objects for a picture. "*Parvis componere Magna,*" we stood seemingly on the shelving side of an immense amphitheatre, the arena of which had been filled with water for some grand *Naumachia*; and the openings in the mountains to the north and south looked like the flood-gates destined to fill and empty this immense basin, which wanted nothing to complete the impression but the presence of a gay flotilla. The Noble Lady of Milan, to whom the Villa Pliniana belongs, comes to it often (as we were informed) during the summer months. It is not surprising that neither she nor any of her family should domiciliate there; for there is something about its site too exposed, and about the surrounding locality too appalling, to render it comfortable or prepossessing as a residence even at the finest season. One is more at a loss to conjecture what could have induced the ancestors of the Marchioness of Canarisi, at an unavoidably enormous cost, to build a *great*

to furnish no clue whatever to the mystery of Pliny's celebrated spring, which is not in the neighbourhood, and consequently cannot be influenced by either the melting or the freezing state of any permanent "reservoirs of snow."—*See his Remarks on the Alps.*

house where the elegant Pliny was content to take his repast ,in "a *small* banquetting room," and watch the inexplicable "ebbs and flows" of his favourite fountain. Yet with all this expensive parade of attachment to ground illustrated by a classic pen, not even a bust of Trajan's pro-consul offered itself to our regards. Two or three wretched attempts at cutting marble into a semblance of the human form, stand on the garden walks, in place of statues. But the whole design of the villa is oppressively heavy, and its present condition, that of neglect: a neglect as repelling to the fair-weather visitant, as the rock on which it has been constructed must be dangerous to the storm-o'ertaken bark driven against its adamantine base by the force of "the dreaded *Burasco*."*

At six o'clock we re-embarked, and stood across towards the western borders of the lake, which we coasted for some time, feasting our eyes on the ever-varying scene, graced with elegant seats, superb terraces, beautiful gardens, and a back-ground of vivid green-wood mountains: we then landed at the stately portico of Il Garuo,† better known after it was christened by the name of the Villa d'Este. This building, whatever it might have been whilst it was the residence of an Illustrious Personage, is now in a very forlorn state. It was purchased of its late unfortunate and ill-advised proprietress by Tolornia, the Roman banker—Duke of Braciano. He leaves it in charge of a few domestics, who

* The name given by the boatmen to the violent thunder storms, which frequently and suddenly take place on the lake, sometimes with fatal effect. They are attributed to the co-operation of the winds, the Tivano and Breva, the first blowing from the north from night fall to sun rise; the latter blowing from mid-day till evening.—*Lady Morgan.*

† Built by Cardinal Gallio.

seem to take no care of it at all. They shewed us through the lower suite of apartments, which have an air of comfortless pomp about them; their furniture and decorations by no means corresponding with any thing Royal in England. We noticed the room with groups of figures painted on the ceiling, walls, and glass of the windows. They tell the story of Cupid and Psyche much in the same style of *moral* voluptuousness in which Raphael originally took delight to pourtray its mystical incidents. We saw as much as the obscurity produced by nearly closed shutters would permit, of the Theatre, where the *Automaton* of an Italian Pantomime was ingloriously performed by one who (if virtue—if decency—delicacy—or even discretion had had a share in the *management*) might have been "every inch" a Queen on the British Stage of exalted society. The silk damask with which the drawing-room walls are hung, still bears, within medallions, the initials C. P. G. We passed through the ante-chamber, in which the statues of Adam and Eve, well executed in marble, (each decorated with the leaf of a fig, suspended to an encircling bough of wire) still remain for the closest inspection of amateurs.

The gardens and grounds which are very extensive command some uncommonly fine views in the direction of the lake, and also contrariwise, looking towards the stupendous heights at the back of the place. We walked up to the summer-house or *grotto* which has nothing in itself to recommend it. A plaster image of Ariosto on a clumsy pedestal of wood stands in the centre. There is a pretty water-fall in the immediate vicinity. The horticultural plan, and embellishment of statues and fountains, are in the heaviest and most disagreeably formal stile of a

hundred years back. Yet neither for this, nor for the more modern folly which has modelled the uppermost points of closely impending rocks into a group of mock turrets, churches, and embattled walls (like the pasteboard painted fortifications of a mimic scene) is any but Italian taste to be impeached. On the other hand an excellent road, which the Lady caused to be made from this residence to Cernobio, is a work, whose spirited design and rare utility need not be spoken of in terms of higher commendation than by observing, that it is the only carriage way existing on the banks of this "ocean of fresh water." The façade of the palace has a magnificent appearance as you approach it from the lake. The rest seems little better than mere pretension; though a large quarto, with plates, has recently been published by an architect of Milan, to praise its conspicuous merits and reveal its hidden advantages. Nevertheless, the *historical* association is so strong, and the transactions personally and locally connected with it are so recent, that few English travellers omit to visit the Villa d'Este.

At eight o'clock we proceeded on our homeward voyage. The wind for the three preceding hours had dropped. The lake was pure; the air serene. To a fine day a sweet and tranquil evening had succeeded. And as the sun sank in radiant majesty behind the distant Swiss Alps, the moon appeared above the eastern hills, casting in unclouded brightness her silvery beams on the waters over which we were gently gliding. It was at the

" ——————— Fairy hour,
" When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
" And vale and mountain, lake and bower,
" In solitary grandeur sleep,

that we skirted the shores of Larius, from the town of Cernobio; and, passing one magnificent villa after another, along the beautiful Borgo di Vico, our nocturnal entry into the little bay of Como was as safe and agreeable as had been our morning departure.*

The excursion was a most delightful one; performed under advantageous circumstances as to the weather; and though the wind proved boisterous and unfavourable, we may confidently affirm that we saw the southern arm of the lake in its best and most brilliant state.† The objects which it displays are replete with interest: but their predominating character is of an awful description. The astonished eye dwells on pictures of extraordinary boldness and grandeur, from whose overpowering impression it is relieved indeed by occasional traits of loveliness: yet we feel from time to time in looking around us, that hurricanes and tempests would be accidents more congenial to such scenery than a perfect calmness on the waters, or a pleasing serenity in the heavens. If, however, this part of our route were to be planned anew, the corrected judgment which local knowledge and experience alone can give, would unquestionably suggest the propriety of ascending from Lecco; and after taking a closer survey of the peculiarly

* The fare is four francs a head, going and coming back, whether the same or the next day. Our boatmen were well-behaved and steady fellows; who performed their task cheerfully, and were quite satisfied with a couple of francs extra among them *(pour boire)* as drink money.

† The surface of the lake of Como is 654 feet above the level of the sea. —*Reichard.*—"It is about thirty-six miles in length, in general from two to three miles broad, and four at the widest part, where it is divided into two branches; the greater of which leads to Como, the smaller to Lecco." —*Coxe.*

striking scenes that offer themselves at and beyond Cadenobia, we should descend by the Como branch; thus making a two day's voyage, richly worth the additional time.

July 26th.—"How stands Comum, that favourite scene "of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant "villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree walk, the "crystal canal, so agreeably winding along its flowery "banks, together with the charming lake below?"*— These questions put by Pliny to his friend Caninius Rufus, at a period somewhat anterior to the hundred and sixteenth year of Christ, touching a place in which the former was born, might now be answered almost in the same favourable and satisfactory terms as his friend may be supposed to have done (if he was a *good* correspondent) just after receiving his letter. "Comum" not only "*still subsists* upon the lake Larius or Lago di Como," as a note of Mr. Melmoth's rather oddly expresses it; but subsists as a tolerably large and populous town, and as the see of a Bishop: its immediate vicinity at this time is in no less a degree the resort of the Italian Nobility than it was of the Consular Dignitaries and Patricians of ancient Rome; and can equally boast of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady elm tree walk, the crystal canal, the flowery bank, and the charming lake below.

At an early hour, we left "the City of the Lake," but not before our curiosity had been excited, rather than gratified, by a rapid perambulation through some of its streets, well paved *à la mode de Milan.* Como contains

* See Pliny's Letters, book I. epist. 3.

several churches. The Duomo is entitled to notice: its lofty cupola is a fine piece of architecture. The fabric is of white and black marble, on a grand scale, but irregular in its design; abounding in ornamental details which exhibit much incongruity and discordance. The great western entrance, formed through a wall of vast thickness, is lined on each side by a row of columns with foliaged capitals, from which rises a circular arch: this portal, flanked by narrow pointed lights, has over it a row of imagery under canopies, surmounted by a rose window, to the right and left of which are statues of ecclesiastical personages; and above these, filling up the pedimental termination of the front, are other sculptures. On each side is a smaller door, beneath a circular arch, over which is a long lancet window. The façade, and the arcades adjoining it present an assemblage of round and pointed architecture, in which one recognises neither the Grecian, Gothic, nor Saracenic, but the strangest possible mixture of all the three different stiles of building to which those appellations have respectively been applied. The most costly portion of its elaborate but ill-assorted embellishments was executed at the expense of Pope Innocent XI (Odescalchi) who as well as Clement XIII (Rezzonico) were natives of Como: and (if I mistake not) the two effigies finely sculptured in alabaster, seated in niches on each side of the grand entrance to this Cathedral are portraitures of those pontifical characters. In the multitude of *Saintly* statues that decorate the outside of the church, is one representing the younger Pliny,* by

* Mr. Coxe says that the Latin inscription to this statue (of a man, whose dislike of Christians stands recorded in his own writings), has the date of 1495, an epocha when Como bore its share of testimony to the tender mercies of the Dominicans; and its mountains were illumined with the fires of the Inquisition.

which it would appear that the memory of a *heathen* native is canonically honoured in a city where the bones of a *heretic* were formerly liable to be calcined.

So much space is occupied by the Cathedral and its precincts that the market-place and other central parts exhibit little more than huddled-up houses and gloomy piazzas. Nearer the walls however, there are large mansions of white stone, with somewhat more roominess in the streets. The new theatre has a handsome exterior. But the inside of the town is for the most part incommodious and cheerless. High massive towers, strengthening and overlooking the yet formidable line of its surrounding bulwarks, attest the consequence of Como in feudal times, of which the Milan gate is perhaps the most conspicuous relic. The city is commanded by a conical hill, covered with verdure, on the uppermost region of which are spread the ruins of ancient fortifications, a lofty turret still crowning the top. These are the remains of the Castle of Baradello.* Mount Lampino (Mons Olympius) and the equally bold and beautiful hill of St. Fermo are seen among the more distant features of the environs, which on all sides are superlatively fine.—The inhabitants rise betimes. At half-past four we found them stirring, and about their business: many, chiefly females, were flocking to matins. The long shining bodkins and the still more showy circlet of gilt balls worn

* Respecting this prominent, and interesting as prominent, object in the landscape, Lady Morgan's work furnishes the following historical note:—"From the walls of this mountain fortress, was suspended a cage, in which, in 1277, exposed to all the inclemency of the stormy region, was imprisoned and perished, the famous feudal chief Torriani, once lord of the domains of Como and of the Milanese, the victim of the vengeance of his rival and conqueror, Sforza."—*Italy, p.* 172.

by them, in common with the rest of the Milanese country-lasses, are no unbecoming finish to a fine head of hair and a good countenance: but prettiness is certainly not an attribute of the "woman-kind" here: the faces even of mere girls are marked with the wrinkles of age: a yellow swarthiness is the general tint of complexion; and *goitres* most unhappily deform the necks of not a few of the *paysannes*.

As we proceeded from Como, and ascended one of the heights by which it is enclosed, the view on our left hand, looking over Montorfano into the plain of Erba, and towards the mountainous groups whose varied combinations mark the favoured district of Brianza, was replete with the most lovely and romantic beauties of the picturesque.

Ombrose valli, amene vigne, e piante
Di frutti onuste; e mille oggetti e mille
Allegri e vaghi scopre l' occhio errante.

Sparse quá e lá deliziose ville
Eccelse torri, e bei palagi alteri
Rallegran le mie stupide pupille.*

Our appointed road was in an opposite direction, but through a no less fertile, cultivated, populous, and smiling land. We see the mulberry and the olive planted every where and bearing fruit in abundance. The vines are trained on posts and twigs, and supported high above the ground. About mid-way between Como and Varese, a spectacle suddenly burst upon the sight, well worth the pains of the longest day's journey, and a truly gracious treat at the commencement of our own. Crossing a rising

* Extracted from a Poetical Description of that Eden of the Milanese, the vicinity of the Monte di Brianza, by the celebrated *Abbate Passeroni*.

ground, we beheld below us a rich, well wooded, and extensive plain, bounded on either hand by hills, which running nearly parallel with each other, ultimately join the ridges that encompass the borders of the lake we had just quitted. A noble line of green mountains formed the second distance, behind which rose a loftier and more craggy chain; whilst to complete a back ground of inconceivable magnificence, the snowy summits of the Helvetic Alps, soaring above all, shone resplendently in the morning sun!

Varese (where we breakfasted) contains some good streets, two or three fine churches, handsome fountains in the public square and gardens: the environs are adorned by the stately residences of nobility: its palace on an eminence commands a view of the lake, and the verdant shelvy sides of that fine sheet of water, adorned with habitations. There is in the architectural character, as well as in the local position and arrangement of these towns, a striking adaptation to the purposes of pictorial study and selection. The general loftiness and amplitude of the houses; the white stone or plaster of their walls; the lively red colour of the large semi-cylindrical tiles forming deep ridges on their flattened and broadly overhanging roofs; the galleries and balconies constructed on the outside for the free enjoyment of a charming climate; the porticos below and arcades above sheltering the internal and frequently unglazed windows from the sun; the intermingled foliage of fruit-bearing and odoriferous plants cast with a seemingly careless profusion over their gaily painted fronts; the general luxuriance of vegetation with which they are surrounded—are all so many forms, shapes, and situations, into which the painter would

wish to see them thrown; in whatever degree they may be compatible with or may militate against interior comfort and domestic convenience. Some of the Villas have an air of Palladian grandeur and elegance, presenting façades of considerable extent, superb design, costly materials, and finished execution: varying from two to four stories in height, they are generally seated on the plateau of a more or less numerous succession of terraces, whose horticultural economy, regulated in a stile of insipid formality and of misplaced nicety, their walks being confined to straight alleys, and their yew-trees clipped into indescribable patterns, exhibit an apparently studied contrast to the bold inequalites and wild exuberance of Nature, so peculiar to Italy:

> "Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
> "Woods over woods in gay theatric pride.

The structure of the churches is in keeping with the rest of the rural picture; each village temple, plain and simple in its external appearance, though in general tawdry and overloaded within, has its high quadrangular tower of stone, or of brick covered with white stucco, surmounted sometimes with a small cupola, still more rarely with a spire, most commonly with a tiled roof: in the top-most story, at each of the four sides of the steeple a window is pierced, and a bell hung outwards between the frame-work. The ecclesiastical buildings seem with scarcely an exception to be comparatively of modern date. The stile called Gothic has here been neither preserved nor imitated.

Travelling had now become delightful—on fine roads, free from dust, beneath solar rays of brightest lustre

attempered in their influence by the most salubrious zephyrs. The glorious mountains too were before us: the foremost ranges, darkening with woods; the furthest, glittering with eternal frosts!

"It is a goodly sight to see
"What Heaven hath done for this delicious land."

Here the vines covered the *coteaux* above our heads; below us, they hung in festoons from one willow branch to another or shaded with their leaves the dwelling of the cottager. It occurred to us, *en passant*, that the mode of grape culture here can hardly be favourable to the production of good wine; since by training the tendrils horizontally, and cropping the soil underneath with vegetables, light and heat are too much excluded from the root and stems of the vine. We saw scarcely any other species of corn than the Indian, which grows to a great height and with very large pods. In the neighbourhood of Milan the farmers were complaining of too rank a crop: in this district we found the abundance excessive; and they had evidently had "rain given them in due season."

From Comerio we pursued our way through a country thickly planted with walnuts, chesnuts, mulberries, figs, and pears—not forgetting plenty of Madonna Shrines. The Lake of Varese and the much smaller one of Rivara near it continued to be brilliant spots in the gorgeous prospect as viewed in a descending course towards Gavirate. Thence we passed along a rich valley; the road being lined on each side by hedges, over which we see either a continued orchard, or inclosures for produce resembling that of a kitchen garden. Little wag-

gons drawn by oxen remind us of our proximity to the narrow passes of mountains. The peasantry look but so-so. The women seem to have the hardest share of labour imposed on them, and they work in the fields without shoes or stockings.

After winding along for some miles at the base of a lofty ridge of rocks, which terminates with the towering acclivity of Monte Beusser, we arrived about noon at Laveno, on the eastern shore of the Lago Maggiore. We found the inhabitants of the place and neighbourhood equally busied with the religious pomp and circumstance of a fête, and with the secular amusements of a fair. The innkeepers and the boatmen, however, attentively keeping an eye on the main chance, were not such devotees to either, as to neglect the passing stranger who (they thought) could *pay*. Accordingly we were soon provided with a vessel of proper size for the conveyance of our carriage, which we sent forward, in charge of the servant to Baveno; and shortly after embarked in a smaller sailing boat for the Borromean Isles.* The wind was in our favour; and sailing in a north-west direction we were in a little time presented with a fine view of the town of Intra on the opposite coast of this great inland sea; "its blooming mountains and its sunny shores."

The Lago Maggiore is indeed superb; and our voyage upon it taught us to respect the power of its waves in their

* "The common charge for a four oared boat is 18 francs (French). It is needful in the first place to make choice of the largest and stoutest vessel, because the navigation of the lake is often stormy, and to engage for four rowers. In the second place to retain the boat in your service for the whole day."—Upon these terms and directions of *M. Reichard* we acted, and had no trouble with the boatmen.

state of agitation from a fresh blowing gale. But this lake being considerably broader than that of Como, its navigation is consequently less liable to dangerous gusts from the mountains. The boats used on it, however, are for the most part ill suited to combat with its frequent propensity to assume a degree of commotion which even the mariner would not despise. This fact was rendered obvious to us by the extreme caution observed on the part of our crew, (four stout fellows) in the management of their square sail; the sheets of which they never once fastened, but kept holding on with their hands at the bottom of the canvass, ready to slacken and let it fly loose again, as might in a moment be required.

Three-quarters of an hour's sail brought us to the western gulf; and we landed on Isola Madre, so called from its being the largest of the three islands which belong to the Borromean family and bear its name. We climbed a broken staircase hewn in the rock, on which stands a tower that might figure in some descriptive passage of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, as the decayed outwork of an ancient baronial strong-hold. Here the gardener civilly received us; and with him as a guide, quitting a spot where our eyes were already fixing themselves, with insatiate gaze, now on the green billows of the lake below, then on the brilliant scenery enriching its extremest distance, we entered a thick covert, in which pheasants and hares are right seignorially preserved. Emerging from these shades, we proceeded through a grove of fine old laurel trees, down to the lowest garden, where the aloe, the orange, and the citron grow each in their natural state as standards or as espaliers. Vases and pots, containing the most fragrant as well as the most delicate flowers, were arranged along

the parapet of this terrace, whose aspect is due south. Thence we mounted six others in succession before we arrived at the house, situated on the topmost platform.—The walks in our ascent, alternately exposed to and sheltered from the sun, presented at each step the sweetest of odours, and the most captivating of hues.—Isola Madré is about a mile in circumference; and on its stony foundation, human art, labour, and perseverance have accomplished the formation of a soil which can well boast in perfection the triple gifts of Pan, Flora, and Pomona.

"Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
"To nobler tastes and more exalted scents,
"Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
"And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume."

Among other fine timber trees we observed the Evergreen or Live Oak (Quercus Ilex), an Egyptian Cypress, ninety feet high, and some specimens of the Scotch Fir (Pinus Sylvestris), one of them eight feet in circumference.—In the shrubberies were some beautiful lilac-tinted and blue Hortensias; and a splendid shew of the Rose Laurel (Nerium Oleander), exhibiting many different colours and qualities, such as the white, the yellow, the red, the double, the simple, &c.—They shewed us the Aviary, in expectation of surprising us with what is in truth but a meagre collection: pheasants and guinea fowl are the chief curiosities! The Botanic Garden is better worth seeing. As to the Chateau, it is ill built and worse furnished. Pictures there are; but not worthy of mention; not even the Italian battles of *General* Borromeo, who fought them, it seems, in 1734. The chapel is on the same scale of

mediocrity, and in a like state of neglect and decay. To an admirer of picturesque magnificence, however, the mansion on Isola Madre affords more than a compensation, by its command of prospects in which the lovely, the interesting, the extensive, the sublime,

"Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

The sea-like expanse of waters, bounded on every side at a greater or less distance by hills of diversified form and altitude, which yet recede with an easy and gradual rise from the shores—Isola Bella, "the first gem" of the lake, a true "emerald isle," lying on the south-western border; beyond it the town of Streza, backed by wooded eminences, the church and houses on the Isle of Piscatori appearing with charming effect in the line of Baveno; to the east the promontory of Monte Beusser, with Laveno at its foot, where a white line of habitations breaks the dark masses of that bolder coast; to the north a full and distinct view of the town of Pallanza, situated on the water's edge, and at the base of a lofty mountain, remarkable for the rich verdure of its gently sloping sides; the villages, churches, convents, and chapels, the country seats, gardens, and vineyards, that overspread almost every part of the enchanting ridges of Castagnuola.—These are among the delicious objects, widely spread around the insulated position from which we beheld them; yet these may be termed *home* views, compared with that in which, looking up the gulph where the Toccia enters the Lago Maggiore, we saw alpine solitudes ascend in the far distant horizon, and noted the direction of our future course, by the sparkling tops of the Simplon!

After making a dinner on the provisions we had brought from Laveno, with the addition of some peaches, figs, and plums, the produce of these gardens, our banqueting room being a shady alcove in the upper terrace, we left the Mother Isle, at half-past two, and in half an hour reached Isola Bella. This place offers an epitome of whatever is calculated to surprise and please—

> " Of all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
> " The smiles of nature and the charms of art."

The unfinished state of a part of the exterior of the palace facing the lake had excited an unfavourable impression as we approached it in a south-easterly direction; but we soon found ourselves within the walls of a princely habitation, and with increasing interest followed the guide assigned to us through the numerous and spacious apartments. The great dining-room contains some capital pictures; among others Jesus and Mary Magdalen, by Annibal Caracci; and Venus and Mars, by Correggio's master, Francesco Bianchi.—In the Gallery of Paintings, we more particularly remarked Joseph interpreting the Baker's dream, by Lorenzetti Genovesi; Christ and the two Pilgrims at Emaus, by M. A. Caravaggio. An *Ecce Homo*, by D. Crespi; Dido killing herself, by Salaino; the Martyrdom of Saint Agnese, by C. Procaccini; a Saint Sebastian,* by Guercino da Cento, size of life, very fine. Venus recumbent on a couch; near her a Cupid, whose head is adorned with chaplets of flowers, by Titian. Assumption of the Virgin, by E. Sirani;

* There is a small copy from this picture in Norwich, which was always a favourite of mine, and of which I am led to think still more highly, since this accidental and unexpected sight of the original.

the Annunciation (or as the Italians call it La concezione di Maria Vergine) by Calandrucci; charming design, fine colouring, and delicate finish. Charity, by Schidone; an Ecce Homo, by Giacomo Palma; Herodias with the head of St. John Baptist, by J. C. Procaccini.—In a cabinet, are some clever cattle pieces, &c. by Londornio Milanese, and several battles by Bourgonogne. Above stairs, are several fine landscapes, by P. Tempesta, Cavalière and *assassin*. It redounds but little to the credit of their feelings, that the men of *Taste*, who patronised and protected the artist in question, should have given him such a paradise as this island for his place of exile—*only of exile*, after he had, under circumstances of equal perfidy and cruelty, murdered his wife! In a small chamber we saw a finely executed Bridge of the Rialto, by Canaletti; and a landscape by J. Brueghel. The sleeping room appropriated to distinguished strangers is large and handsome. In it (they tell us) Napoleon slept when he visited the island: it is decorated with some beautiful landscapes painted in distemper, by Zuccarelli.—In the lower gallery of pictures are some grand pieces by Luca Giordano; his Judgment of Paris and Rape of Europa are particularly worthy of note. Vulcan's smithy, by Bassano; and the Raising of Lazarus by Crespi, are also noble efforts of art.

Descending to the basement story of the palace, we were led through a labyrinth of apartments, whose walls resemble the rough hewn vaults of a subterraneous excavation, ornamented with shell-work. This is heavy, and worse than unmeaning; for it forms much too gloomy a repository for some superior modern sculpture. Among these are a Head of Achilles, by Monti of Ravenna,

a Venus, in the recumbent posture, and after the model of a celebrated Antique in the Louvre Gallery; and a beautiful figure of Hebe, by the same excellent artist. There are also several fine copies in marble from Grecian works. In the chapel of the palace is a well executed marble bust of Saint Charles, by Franchi, of Milan. On its pedestal is the word "Humanitas;" and the traits of physiognomy agree with the records of biography in confirming the characteristic appropriateness of the inscription. Humanity—benevolent, intrepid, sacred humanity was the conspicuous and thoroughly tried virtue of Charles Borromeo; and it will plead "trumpet-tongued" in his behalf before the Dread Tribunal to which *they* also must account, by whom the honour of canonization was decreed to his name, and the power of working miracles, assigned to his bones. The sincere and consistent, however mistaken, piety of the good and amiable Prelate, who voluntarily "stood between the living and the dead," in fervent supplication that "the plague might be stayed;" and who yielded up fortune and health to relieve the distresses and to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, will, through the Christian's never failing Advocate, obtain for him acceptance and repose in "the bosom of his Father and his God:" when the system of a paganized Christianity, with its presumptuous mockery of semi-deification and its gainful fraud of pretended signs and false wonders, like "the hope of the hypocrites," shall have "perished."

The gardens and works are a realization of Fairy Land: a perfect scene of enchantment, "delightful to the ravish'd sense." By ten marble staircases we ascend a succession

of as many terraces, constructed on arches, one on the top of the other, to the height of 120 feet above the level of the lake.* On the uppermost tier the winged horse of Apollo is placed. And the effect thus given to the eastern side of the island (as we perceived in rowing round on our departure) is that of a pyramid. It is, I confess, too artificial for my taste; which was more gratified in looking *from* than *at* this work of man's hands. The view which the highest terrace affords is, with certain local variations of no great importance as to panoramic scope, the same astonishing union of beauty, extent, and grandeur, as the one we had just before been contemplating from the *chateau* in Isola Madre.

Every step that we took among the groves, galleries, and grottoes of this island of Calypso, brought us in contact with most extraordinary proofs of the vegetative strength which resides in it. A Weymouth pine, which had been planted as a mere stick, about eight years ago, is now become a thick timber, with widely branching arms; many of the laurel and bay trees are of great size. The gardener shewed us one which he quaintly called "the father of all laurels;" its trunk measures ten feet in circumference, and the tree is 95 feet in height. There are others near it almost as enormous. The founder of the palace, a great nephew of Saint Charles, in the middle of the 17th century, mentions this very plant in

* "In the immediate vicinity of Isola-Bella the depth of the lake is 600 feet: but mid-way between the islands it is not more than 18 feet. The Lago Maggiore nourishes a great many different kinds of fish: among others that called *Agone* (Cyprinus Agone) which resembles the sprat, and is held in much esteem. It also produces trout of unusual size; and eels weighing 30 lbs."—*Reichard—Guide, vol.* 3, *p.* 170.

one of his letters, preserved in the family archives. Our informant, in acquainting us with the laurel's age, bade us remark the word *Battaglia* deeply graven on its bark. "The Emperor Napoleon (he said) cut it with his pen-knife, a few days previous to the battle of Marengo." "Your countrymen," added the gardener, "take pleasure in enabling themselves to boast that on the same day they have breakfasted amidst the snows of the Simplon and dined beneath the shade of the laurels in Isola Bella."

This island contains not merely an orangery, but an orange *grove*. So many noble trees, bearing flowers and fruit, at the same time and in all the various stages of blossoming and ripening, proved a sight of no ordinary interest. Two of them, which are absolutely timber-like, and said to be 160 years old, have attained to their present size and age, in only eighteen inches depth of mould. Together with the oranges are planted citrons, the fruit of some of which are of uncommon dimensions. They form a double alley on one of the southern terraces where they thrive in a perfectly exposed state through the greater part of the year. In the middle of winter they are covered over with a building of planks, which is regularly removed at the first approach of spring. Near this odoriferous avenue, we read on a mural tablet the following inscription:—"Vitalianus. C. Borromeus. Ex. Cons. Secr. M. Cath. R. Tormentorum. Præf. Gen. et Procurator. Gen. Cæsaris in Italiâ: Informibus scopulis, substruens et extruens, Dignitatem otiis; Majestatem deliciis, comparabat. AN. MDCLXXI." Of which the meaning in plain English is that Vitalian Count of Borromeo in 1671, by thus turning rough unpolished rocks to shape and utility, imparted dignity to leisure and grandeur to recreation.

In the gardens and parterres we every where found the rose, the jasmine, and the myrtle, uniting their fragrance; the grape, the olive, the peach, the pomegranate, the fig, combining their tributary stores. We were shewn an Agave filamentosa; this curious plant flowers only once in 50 years: it blossomed last year, producing a stem of 22 feet in height in 25 days. The Hortensia Motabilis flourishes here in a wonderful manner, forming by the fulness of its growth, the fresh green of its leaves, and the delicacy of its colours, a complete plantation of mingled brilliancy and elegance. From the long gallery perforated in the rock, having a range of arcades that overlooks the lake and its magnificent borders, we descended into an abode of florid beauty, verdure, and perfume:

——— "A wilderness of flowers;
"It seem'd as though from all the bowers
"And fairest fields of all the year,
"The mingled spoil were scattered there."

The Ranunculus of Isola Bella is in high estimation among the Continental Florists. From the stock grown there the Emperor of Austria and other crowned heads have their gardens supplied with roots of this plant, of which there are at least fifty varieties. Under the shade of lofty cypresses and pines, the beautiful Hydrangea hortensis displays that plenitude of vigour which it would assuredly lose if its charms were completely unveiled to the sun. In short, what Goldsmith says of "Nature's bounty" as the blessing of Italy in general, may without exaggeration be applied descriptively to this favoured and peculiarly cherished spot, which contains indigenous and exotic plants of all sorts, and offers a kindred soil to the fruits, the blooms, and the sweets of different climes.

The present Count and Countess Borromeo chiefly reside at their palace in Milan; but they frequently visit these islands in the summer time, when Isola Bella is of course the principal place of assembly for their guests, and of retirement for themselves. To judge of them by their portraits in the state-chamber, this nobleman and his lady, now advanced in years, were, when young, a pair of goodly personages; and the report of their domestics speaks as fair of their deportment in private life. They have four children; the eldest of whom, a son, has also the same number; and they form an united establishment. Such was the account given us by the gardener at Isola Madre, between whose statement and that of his brother horticulturist at Isola Bella there were some strongly conflicting points as to the wealth of the Borromeos: the former adducing their limited income as the reason why the Mother-Isle House is in so indifferent a state of repair: the latter assuring us that the Count has for the last eight years expended upwards of 1000*l.* sterling per annum on the gardens alone of Isola Bella. One thing appears certain, that the cost of keeping up these various works is a heavy tax which family comfort pays to family pride in an illustrious name, and to family attachment for an ancient patrimony. An instance related to us on the spot is at once honourable and conclusive respecting the high and uniform tone of this feeling. Buonaparte, it seems, was a very great admirer of these islands, and wished to become their proprietor. After he had placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head, in addition to the diadem of Imperial France, he made a proposition to purchase Isola Madre and Isola Bella at the Count of Borromeo's own price.

The prompt and decisive reply of the Milanese Nobleman was, that the Emperor might consider himself welcome to occupy them as soon and as long as he pleased; but that no pecuniary or other consideration in the world could induce the descendant and representative of their founder to alienate these small but venerated possessions.

Between five and six o'clock we re-embarked on the Lake. The magic island we had just quitted, and those of the Madre, the Piscatori, San Giovanni, and San Micheli, were now arrayed in the warmest of pictorial tints. The towns of Pallanza and Laveno, and the little village of Sorina, at a distance of between three and four Italian miles, revealed themselves through the pure ether with astonishing clearness; whilst the mountains behind those habitations of little Man, receding from the dark green expanse, and rising grade behind grade, were clothed with a glowing mantle of light.

Landing at Baveno, on the south-western shore, we found the carriage waiting for us at the gate of the inn; and immediately proceeded on our journey by the road of the Simplon, magnificently wide, and smooth as a bowling-green. In a cliff to our left hand a mine was sprung as we passed it. Enormous fragments thus blasted by the force of gunpowder from the sides of the rock, came thundering down from a tremendous height: some of the pieces were hurled to a great distance. The stone is exactly of the same kind as that which, in our own country, goes under the name of Scotch granite.—On entering the contracted pass between Baveno and Fariolo, our postillion pointed out a corner whence he said white marble was taken. He was right: the rich quarries of Candoglia, situated near the Lago Maggiore, together

with others on the banks of the Toccia, have furnished the material of which the Cathedral of Milan is constructed.* Amidst these vast and frowning rocks, which had by six o'clock completely hid the sun from us, the road proceeds between plantations on one side and meadows on the other, still pleasant to the eye, though the air that ventilates them comes fraught with the coldness of the mountains.

The post-town of Ornavasco is overhung with perpendicular crags of a fearful height; yet on these we see large houses built, seemingly suspended in mid-air. The granite chain on our right hand has its tops formed into countless pinnacles; some of them in form resembling gothic spires. A little way beyond Magiondonc, we pass the wide and rapid current of the Toccia, over a well-built bridge of wood. A turn in the road soon afterwards opened to our view Mont-Rose, around whose snow-clad breast and clustered summits the darkening clouds of eve were gathered; but their skirts, still fringed with golden lustre, bore a glorious testimony to the mountain's surpassing elevation.† What mingled contrasts thus adventitiously contribute to enforce yet more strongly the impression produced by these grandest of objects!

The crops of maize and hemp in these parts are abundant and fine. At Masone we again cross the Toccia.—

* The blocks that are supplied from these quarries are conveyed in barges down the Toccia and the Tessino, and thus brought by water carriage all the way to Milan, where they are wrought and polished.

Reichard, vol. 3, p. 130.

† Mont-Rose, situated on the confines of the Valais and Piedmont, is 14,580 feet high, which is only 252 feet less than Mont Blanc.—*Ebel.*

Our road from that point to Domo d'Ossola lay through a region that requires no aid from the mysteriousness of obscurity* to fill the mind with awe. And the last two stages in particular convinced us that of all the scenes of Nature calculated to impart ideas of the true sublime, there are none to surpass, perhaps to equal, those that offer themselves to the traveller journeying by moonlight through the *gorges* of the Alps.

* See "Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful," part 2, section 3.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON—*Bridge of Crevola—Val di Vedro—Mountain Wonders—Village of Vedro—Defile of the Yèselles—Superb ascent of the Road—Cascade of Frissinone—Gallery of Gondo—Torrent of the Liverio—Algaby—Sempeln—Sudden change of Language—The Old and New Hospices—Glaciers—The Descent—View of the High Alps—Optical Illusions—Tremendous Travelling—Napoleon Buonaparte—Brieg—Valley of the Rhone—Visp—Mount Moro—Cascade of Turtmann—Leuck—Valaisan Honesty.*

JULY 27th.

DOMO d'Ossola is a small town; but what it wants in extent seems attempted to be made up in the height of its houses. The Albergo della Posta, where we had taken up our quarters, exhibits the plan of an architect emulous of the aspiring example of the hills or at least of the churches around him: but staircases and balconies to the fourth and fifth story are no very pleasant things for way-worn pilgrims to encounter. We had arrived at ten o'clock the preceding night; and were this morning in our carriage again at a quarter before four. The sky was without a cloud. Our landlord congratulated us on the prospect of a fine passage of the Simplon: and aerial tints empurpling the mountains served as signals to warrant his favourable prognostication.

The Val d' Oscella, well wooded and fertile, here expands to a fine breadth; and beyond its northern extremity, which we had now nearly reached, the alpine summits rise with unutterable majesty. At four o'clock our ascent commenced; and in a short time we crossed an impetuous stream, by a noble structure of stone and wood, thrown over its steep and rocky bed. This is the Bridge of Crevola,* and the river that flows through its bold and masterly achieved span, is called the Veniola. On our left we see houses on the brink of lofty precipices, with still loftier precipices immediately above them—situations the most frightful—habitations truly miserable! Beneath us to our right, a spacious track extends, which, watered by the Toccia, presents pasturages thickly planted with trees, and bordered with vines: nor is it much less plentifully sprinkled with villages, churches, and isolated dwellings of the peasantry. The road suddenly turns almost at right angles; and taking a westerly direction, we lose sight of the green valley of Antigorio.

Proceeding down an easy declivity we enter a gallery,† which allows a passage through it with unslackened pace; and so excellent is the road that were it not for the immense masses before us, and the occasional openings to our left, revealing the scenery below, we might, as far as regards personal convenience, imagine ourselves travelling in an ordinary country. But the horrible chasms, that ever and anon discover themselves, as we look over the edge from which our wheels are separated by a protecting line of posts and rails, serve as counsellors that visually per-

* A *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, its length is sixty paces.—*Reichard.*

† This is the first gallery of the route from Domo d'Ossola, and measures 80 paces in length.—*Reichard.*

suade us *where* we are. Even now while the peeping sun-beams paint with gold each peak and snow ridge, we are descending a ravine that opens into the Val-di-Vedro, and serves as the channel of the Veniola. The scene defies description. Language would be powerless: the pencil ineffective: it must be witnessed to be conceived, in its overpowering features of immensity; in its appalling character of desolation; in its yet redeeming accident of solar glory crowning terrestrial sublimity!

Another ascent commenced: it was so gradual that our postillion set off at a trot. But where shall we find a way to get out? was the involuntary question, in surveying the rocks that environed us, and the abysses that appeared ready to intercept our path. This was sometimes solved by an unexpected change of direction in the road, which, instead of carrying us up, led us down-hill. Arrived at the bottom of a deep and narrow defile, along whose towering sides, impracticable and barren as we should judge them, the hardy peasant has built his cabin, and tilled his strip above strip of land, we instantly prepare again to ascend. The Veniola, rushing down close to our left hand, in a direction opposite to the course we are pursuing, roars tremendously as its foaming waters seek their passage sometimes over, sometimes under and between, the vast fragments of granite, that have fallen into its sinuous but broken channel:

"And while the torrent thunders loud,
"And as the echoing cliffs reply,
"The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
"Perch'd like an eagle's nest on high.

We now pass through a tunnel of about forty yards in length, bored through the solid rock. A stone bridge, of a light form, is thrown across the brook that flows past its entrance. A fine fresh air blew on us: and, as we in good earnest continued to climb, the terrific wildness of objects on all sides so unspeakably grand, so formidably stamped with the impress of devastation, kept our minds in a state of awful excitement. Some of the defiles are so straightened, and the road lies so directly under the double wall of perpendicular crags that we looked up with a shudder, lest the loose masses on the top should give way and roll destruction upon us. But the apprehension of danger soon subsided; and no longer hemmed in between impending cliffs, we found ourselves in a valley, cultivated and inhabited; whilst Mont de la Chene, one of the summits of the Simplon, dazzlingly bright in the sun's rays, formed the magnificent termination of an almost matchless vista. The village of Davedro, situated to the right of our road, contrasts in a very striking manner the verdant hue of its meadows, its vine-clothed dwellings and its chesnut foliage, with the savage aspect of surrounding rocks. Upon the edge of precipices we again see villages and churches. Trasqueras, also to our right, is the name of one of these airy hamlets. Another, now before us, is scarcely a hundred feet lower than the loftiest point of the mountain-ridge where it is placed: in other words it stands on ground at least 2000 feet above the level of the valley. The scenery of the pass becomes more and more astonishing at every stage of our progress. When we recognize the objects that successively present themselves, we can hardly believe our eyes: such is the combination of dreadful wonders in the

defile of the Yèselles; a region which, terrible as at the best it is, was in the year 1800 made the seat of war!*

Our first change of horses was at the comfortable post-house of gloomy Isella. About a mile further on, our postillion, pointing to the promontory of a chain to his right, exclaimed, "*Voila la frontiére, nous sommes en Suisse.*" The people hereabouts are in the habit of applying the term Switzerland generally to the Alps beyond their own cantons. In reality we were arrived on the confines of the Vallais;† and frightfully enough does this part of the ancient Helvetia begin. Our course proceeds at the foot of a range of rocks, varying from 1000 to 1500 feet in perfectly vertical elevation.—We observed that the land at their base is covered with enormous blocks of stone; and the sensation was by no means pleasurable, when, throwing back our heads for

* *Ebel* relates the following anecdote on the subject:—"In May, 1800, General Bethencourt was sent at the head of a column of 1000 men, French and Swiss, with orders to pass the Simplon, and defend the pass of the Yèselles against the Austrians. Falls of snow and rocks had carried away a bridge, and the road was interrupted by an abyss sixty feet wide. An intrepid volunteer offered to attempt an enterprise of the most hazardous nature. He stepped in the holes of the lateral wall, which before served to receive the timbers of the bridge, and passing thus from one hole to another, he happily arrived at the opposite brink: a cord which he had carried was fixed, breast high (from the holes) between the two edges of the chasm. General Bethencourt passed second, suspending himself by the cord stretched over the abyss, and endeavouring to place his feet in the holes of the wall. The thousand soldiers followed him loaded with their arms and baggage. To commemorate this bold action, the names of the officers have been cut in the rock."

† The Vallais constituted no part of the Swiss Confederation till 1815, when it was formed into a Canton by virtue of a decree of the Congress of Vienna.

an upward view, the idea occurréd, that one of the smallest of these fragments falling upon us would, as the event of a moment, first crush and then impel our bodies to the bottom of a gorge, as precipitously deep as the cliffs were perpendicularly high. We asked the driver if accidents of that kind did not sometimes happen. He replied, that such falls of stone occurred very rarely; and never with the least injury to any one that he remembered.*

We proceeded by inclined planes of road cut in the rock, similar to the zig-zag work on the Piedmontese side of Mont Cenis; at every turn, indulged with a picture of Nature's finest horrors; yet amidst them are facilities and even conveniences offered by this great work of art, such as without seeing I could not have imagined, and having once witnessed, shall never forget.—To enable us more fully to appreciate the advantages of the *new* road over the Simplon, our attention was directed across the tremendous gulph down which the truly grand cascade of Frissinone pours with deafening clamour, to the path on the opposite side, which

* M. Reichard's observation and advice, however, have too much of probability and good sense in them to be invalidated on a postillion's authority, or to be neglected by a prudent traveller. Speaking of this defile, he says, "when I traversed it, I beheld seven crosses, mournful monuments of the tragical end of so many travellers. Whenever a storm succeeds several rainy days, it is advisable to stop at *Domo d'Ossola*, to avoid the danger of being crushed to death by the stones that fall from the tops of the mountains. The valley is very narrow: most of the rocks are split, and the blocks on the summits, being rendered slippery by the rain, and loosened by the wind, fall along the flanks of the rocks as thick as a shower of hail. Both in spring and winter this road is extremely dangerous for whole weeks in consequence of the *lavanges* that frequently fall in those seasons."—*Guide, vol.* 3, *p.* 129.

was formerly the only route, and is still traversed by mules.*

Arrived near the village of Gondo, we enter the finest gallery of the whole route, which has been perforated through the solid granite, to the length of 250 French feet. It is lighted at intervals by apertures cut in the southern side; and which, from the insufficiency of their size, produce little more effect on the pervading darkness than that of making it visible. On the wall opposite one of these lateral openings is the following brief inscription, allusive to the work and to the individual who caused it to be done.† It is rudely engraved, and some of its characters are with difficulty to be traced:—

ÆRE. ITALO. MDCCCV. NAP. IMP.

Proceeding through this gallery, we are assailed by the sound of mighty waters, that responds from without to the echoing tramp of our horses and the rumble of our wheels within. On arriving at the western extremity, we perceive the Liverio‡ rushing to its chaotic bed, prepared below amongst huge and multitudinous pieces of granite, in a direct fall of more than a hundred feet. The coldness of the air, and the distinctness with which the icy tops of the Simplon now presented

* "Before the establishment of the new road, merchandize of every description was transported on the backs of mules. At that period, whenever the weather came on to be stormy, travellers used to seek shelter at the inn of Gondo, where hundreds of beasts of burthen were sometimes necessitated to remain many days in succession."—*Reichard—Guide, vol. 3, p.* 128.

† "The Gallery (says *Mallet*) is the result of eighteen months labour, uninterrupted either by day or night."

‡ By this name at Gondo the same torrent is called, which has already been noticed by the title of the Veniola: it is also termed the Vedro.

themselves to our view, served to inform us that we had already attained a great elevation. The river still close to our left was increasing in turbulence as it diminished in breadth, thus indicating our approach to its snow-covered source. Yet the ascent continued to be so gradual, that we were led to form no adequate idea of the height attained; until, looking back towards the route through which we had passed, and along whose dreadful precipices and boiling torrents our devious way had just been pursued, we suddenly caught glimpses of ruined Nature below us—glimpses only rendered less hideous than were her forms and features nearer to us, by the attenuating effect of extreme distance. The interest of such a spectacle is always heightened under circumstances, in which the size of different objects can be compared with each other; and in our frequent retrospects, we were more than amused by observing a carriage full of travellers, answering in apparent diminutiveness to the description of Queen Mab's coach and its appointments, which, having issued from the tunnel that we had left far behind, was following our track round the sides of the mountain.

At Algaby, a sunless and dreary station, we pass through a fourth gallery excavated in the rock, 80 yards long. From thence we proceed to the equally sombre village of Gsteig: a little beyond which the road, after passing to the right bank of the glacier-stream above-mentioned, takes a turn that brings the white head of the Fletsch-horn in imposing grandeur before us. From this point, we walked nearly the whole intervening space to the village of Simpeln, crossing two boldly constructed bridges, and glad of the opportunity of

warming ourselves by pedestrian exercise on so good and safe a road.*

Now that we have just stepped across a conventional boundary, and are in the canton of the Vallais, we find the people all speaking German. At Domo d' Ossola, and even up to Gondo, we have heard little besides the language of Italy. It is impossible to be otherwise than forcibly struck with so sudden a transition from one vernacular tongue to another so entirely different.

We reached the inn of Simpeln at nine o'clock, and breakfasted in the same room with half a dozen young French artists returning from an Italian tour. Afterwards we strolled through the village, in which, situated at the height of 4500 feet above the sea, we did not expect to find much comfort, and certainly experienced no disappointment. It stands on a most wild and barren spot, and its inhabitants, particularly the aged and the children, betray in their countenances the effects of the privations to which they are subjected during their eight months of winter. We entered one of their cabins, a dark unwholesome place, such as we should in England revolt at the idea of appropriating to the use of any human beings: yet it was a fair sample of the rest: an atmosphere of stinking smoke within, and the effluvia of a dunghill at each door. After this we looked at the church; which forms the usual contrast with the wretched poverty of neighbouring hovels. Pictures and images of the Virgin meet the eye on every side. A little crucifix is all the visible help that it

* It appears, from an official statement, that the road (which is not less than 25 feet wide the whole way) required on the Italian side alone, beginning from Milan, 302 aqueducts and 50 bridges of free-stone to be constructed, and four galleries to be excavated in the rock.

offers, amidst plenty of gew-gaw decoration, to recall to memory the Saviour's office and ministry. What are these poor ignorant people naturally to learn from this? Why, that the Mother of Jesus Christ is the more important personage of the two, to propitiate in heaven, as her altars and portraitures are made of far greater apparent consequence here on earth!

At eleven o'clock, having been on the further ascent for the preceding hour, we reached a point of the road opposite the Hospice. This monastic residence, instituted and occupied for the same hospitable and charitable purposes as the greater convent of St. Bernard, on which it is dependent, is a lofty, square, turret-formed building of several stories, situated in a sort of crater, or hollow basin, of the mountain. It appears, however, too much out of the line of the main road to be of that convenience to travellers in winter which is the obvious intention of such asylums. The three *Religieux* who inhabit it were gone out to superintend the construction of a new house, on a much larger scale, still higher up and closer to the road. We passed by it, having previously met one of the monks, a hale person of about forty, returning towards the old establishment. By noon-time we were arrived *apparently* within a quarter of an hour's walk of the nearest glacier, (about five thousand feet above the level of the sea.) I say apparently, because on inquiry we learnt how much the eye is deceived as to distances. The man and his wife at the barrier joined in assuring us that it would take an hour at least to reach the first mass of snow which lay before us, and three hours to gain the top. Indeed the peaks of the Simplon rear themselves so stupendously around, that after eight hours incessant climbing, we

still seemed to be grovelling at the foot of these prodigious heights. Having however attained the most elevated point of the passage, we stopped awhile to survey the dreary waste to which it had brought us; and to contemplate the desolate sublimity of a trackless region,

> " Stiff with eternal ice and hid in snow
> " That fell a thousand centuries ago."

Yet it was under no inclement skies that we saw the glacier* of Kaltwasser, and those also that hang from the Muderhorn and the Eritzhorn. But on the contrary they successively offered themselves to our view, at a moment when the solar rays beaming with excessive fierceness had already

> " Unfix'd their frosts, and taught them how to run."

With the advantage of a good glass, added to that of local proximity, we attentively noticed the effect of the sun's heat on the vast pyramids and fields of snow, portions of which, melting at mid-day, produce copious torrents:† these descending along the inclined planes of ice, which they furrow deeply with many a channel, arrive at edges over which they leap in cascades; the waters of some of these tremendous falls rushing onwards mingle with others of similar origin: thus reaching at length the level of a profound valley, and increasing

*The Glaciers are permanent masses of ice, lodged in sloping hollows of the Alps, and formed more generally in the vallies than on the summits.

†Sometimes they flow from the tops of the Alps in such a deluge as to lay the whole country before them under water. When in this terrific state of excess, they are called *Lavanges.*

by new unions their breadth and volume, they form streams like the Liverio, then rivulets like the Saltine, and lastly rivers like the Rhone. As the sun declines, the cold atmosphere resumes its power of congelation, and fresh additions of snow supply all waste in the enormous accumulation of frozen masses, such as we saw impending over the verge of, or filling up the interstices between, inaccessible cliffs.

Leaving this focus of momentary heat, destined in a few weeks to be again the more permanent court of boisterous storms and rattling tempests, we found ourselves on the reverse district of the mountain. The road, though in every other respect excellent, is in this part not *too* well protected on the side of the frightful precipices, close to whose very brink our vehicle was rapidly descending. A few inches separate the traveller from a fall of a thousand feet; yet our postillion proceeded at a fast trot. Our *sabot* broke in the middle of one of the slopes; on which occasion we experienced the security which light carriages on low wheels afford in traversing such countries as these. We were going at a rate that would have impelled the usual sort of post-chaise upon the horses with a violence which the rider could not have prevented from forcing them out of their path either against the rock on one side or over it on the other!

The High Alps now displayed themselves in all directions. Backed by the azure of the brightest sky, their robes of unblemished white were not however to be even glanced at with impunity by organs of sight so constantly tried as ours of late had been. And here again we were exposed to the optical illusions experienced by every

Alpine traveller. One of the frequent changes in our route had brought before our eyes the grand chain which separates the Valais from the canton of Berne. We seemed to have closely approached it; and yet the valley of the Rhone and the Loetsch Thal, a breadth of twenty or thirty miles, was interposed between these magnificent boundaries and the position from which we beheld them. It is an universe of mountains! Forests of huge and lofty pines cover the sides of those through which we had to pursue an eccentric and fearful way: great numbers of those *sombre* trees, some rotten with age, others broken and uprooted by avalanches,* were strewed above and below our path in most admired confusion. After passing through a fifth and last tunnel, fifty paces long, the road consists of a succession of declivities whose numerous turnings recurred, from the rapidity of our descent, with such unexpected quickness, that we felt at times as though we were incontinently going the way of total destruction.

At 20 minutes before one o'clock, we changed horses at the *Maison de Refuge*, No. 3, situated with some few other buildings, on a spot named Persal; where we supplied the loss of our iron sabot with one made of a log of fir-wood, the usual machine on these roads for blocking the wheels: the descent just wears it out.—From Persal we proceed by regular windings some times on a gently inclined plane,† and at others in nearly a horizontal direction.

* "*Avalanches* are immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him."—*Montgomery.*

† Ebel says "the slope of this road is not above 1½ inch per toise (six feet) so that on whichever side of the Simplon waggons or other vehicles descend,

On the second landing below the station above-mentioned we cross, over a bridge* of wood supported by massive stone buttresses, a torrent called the Ganter, which we could plainly perceive taking its source from the snows of a neighbouring peak. Here the road has been wrought near the brink of profundities that absolutely scare one to look at them in the continuance of a downward career. And whether our regards be directed below or cast aloft a heartfelt acknowledgement forces itself to the lips, that the scenery of the Alps is beyond conception. Disengaged from the more or less strict blockade of enclosing summits, the prospects enlarge upon us as we reach the middle of the descent. Thence looking back on the distance already past from regions of perpetual winter, we mark the Simplon's

——————"Proud ascending rocks invade
"Heaven's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade."

Viewed also from the same point, the tallest and stoutest pines, on the skirts of the deep mountain-girded level beneath, look no bigger than the smallest shrubs; the roofs of cottages resemble so many black pebbles; and villages occupy as insignificant a space in the natural picture as their miniature plans would do on a large map. It was from such a stupendous elevation that we first saw the town of Brieg: the roofs of its houses and the cupolas

the wheels need not be locked." Without calling in question this intelligent writer's accuracy respecting the number of inches inclination to every *toise* of road, or the practice of waggon drivers, it may nevertheless be affirmed, that the precaution of locking the wheels is almost invariably resorted to and with abundantly good reason by those who travel down it *extra poste*.

* Eighty feet high.—*Ebel.*

of its churches, shining with remarkable lustre.* The current of the Saltine formed to the eye a silvery cord extending to the Rhone; whilst that river itself appeared a scarcely more commanding object as it flowed through the midst of the almost interminable valley. But our postillion, allowing no time for minute observations, whirled us round from one slope to another, over bridges and past aqueducts, with a rapidity that soon brought us within a short distance of the bottom. At two o'clock, being on the point of crossing the Saltine, and in sight of the little town of Glys, where the road actually ends, we turned off abruptly on the right to Brieg; thus finally quitting that superb work of genius and labour, the Route of the Simplon,† in which grandeur of design and boldness of execution have so happily been united to utility of purpose.

If Buonaparte had conducted his Government on the same solid principles of wisdom and durability—with the same attention to human welfare and to human wants, as he displayed in the formation of these Alpine roads, a tribute of grateful respect would have been justly due to

* "The houses are roofed with a kind of slate of silvery white, and several churches are decorated with what the inhabitants call *giltstein*."—*Ebel.*

† It was "in the year 1801 that Buonaparte directed it to be begun; and it was completed in 1805. It was executed at the expense of the French Government and of the kingdom of Italy. The works on the side of the Valais were directed by French engineers, and those on the southern part by Italians, who had much greater difficulties to conquer, being obliged continually to work on the hardest rocks." *Ebel.*—"Monsieur Ceard was the man who suggested the project, and to whose talents we are indebted for its execution." *Mallet.*—"The side towards the Valais is very much composed of schist and slate in some parts in a state of decomposition. The old road, which, like other passages of the Alps is not passable for carriages is the shorter of the two. The new is reckoned 14 leagues in length,"—*Waring's Papers on Switzerland.*

his memory, as to that of a public benefactor. But, vain as well as ambitious, accessible to fulsome and profane flattery though deaf to the voice of truth and conscience, it was his aim to figure in Courts as well as in Camps; to shine in the circle of Princes no less than at the head of Armies. In the fierce pride of a victorious soldier, with the over-weening insolence of a successful usurper, he copied the pompous etiquette, in allying himself to the lofty stock, of hereditary greatness; whilst on the people, from whose ranks he had sprung, he scrupled not to inflict the cruel visitations of fiscal rapine, and the iron yoke of military oppression. Though half the civilized world had become subject to his sway and obedient to his commands; yet, without religion, without honour, without pity or remorse, he continued to squander treasures after treasures, and sacrifice unnumbered lives, to win the name of—universal conqueror; reckless if, in reference to a career so preposterously unsuited to the age in which he lived, the pen of History should couple it with the more effectively earned appellation of—universal scourge.—For however the imagination may be excited, or the feelings conciliated, by some of the monuments and acts of Napoleon; nevertheless before the tribunal of sober reflection and untainted judgment, the real benefits of which he was the instrument, shrink into worthless insignificance when compared with those which, possessing amply the power, he wanted either the will to obtain, or the prudence to secure, for mankind. They were indeed mere specks of good scattered over a mass of evil deeds: deeds whose criminality and injurious consequences are the more sensibly felt, as the little that was meritorious and valuable in his proceedings has already been almost wholly destroyed by the

storm of re-action, which his insatiate tyranny and presumption raised to consummate his "mortal overthrow." Well and truly has the POET in his "Pilgrimage to WATERLOO," said of the despot, whose cause and the world's were weighed, in that field of British glory and of retributive justice:

> "Not led away by circumstance he erred,
> "But from the wicked heart his error came:
> "By fortune to the highest place preferred,
> "He sought thro' evil means an evil aim,
> "And all his ruthless measures were design'd
> "T' enslave, degrade, and brutalize mankind."

At the foot of hills, that welcomely yet too feebly oppose the verdure of their foliaged sides to the frosts of encompassing mountains, immeasurably vast and "insufferably bright"—in such a spot, amidst meadows and woods, stands the little town of Brieg.* We dined there, at the inn of *La Croix*, and soon afterwards began our journey through the Valais, on a very indifferent road, but along a fertile country to Visp, or Viege. This place is built under immensely high cliffs, whence a torrent has its source which rushes through the village to the Rhone.

* It is worth while to compare the present passage of the Simplon from Domo d' Ossola to Brieg, with the nature of the journey in 1646, when Mr. Evelyn crossed this part of the Alps, on his way from Italy to Geneva:—"At Duomo (says he) we hired a guide and mules, and were brought at night through very steep, craggy, and dangerous passages, to a village called Vedra, where we had a very infamous wretched lodging. The next morning we mounted again through strange, horrid, and fearful craggs and tracts, abounding in pine trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats; nor could we see any where above a pistol shot before us, the horizon being terminated with rocks and mountains, some of which were but one entire stone. Through their clefts now and then precipitated great cataracts of melted snow and other waters; and these waters in some

Beyond Visp a great valley opens to our left hand, at the furthest extremity of which we see the vast chain, of which the summits of Mount Moro, Mount Fee, and Mount Rose form parts, and half round which our course had brought us, from south-east to north-west. We proceed along the left bank of the Rhone, which though here so near its source (the foot of the Furca) is already a considerable river. The meadows on each side, would, with only common attention to draining and banking, become very valuable; but the cultivator leaves them to the mercy of a rude stream, that ruins his lands by the immense quantity of stones, gravel, and rubbish which it brings in its inundations.

Reaching Turtman (Turtig) at six o'clock, we walked about half a mile to the left of the high road, on which the village stands, to see a cascade; and we found it well worth the visit. It is in a very retired situation, to which the approach proves sufficiently intricate to make the

places breaking in the fall wet us, as if we had passed through a mist, so that we could neither see nor hear one another; but trusting to our honest mules we jogged on our way. The narrow bridges, in some places made only by felling huge fir trees and laying them athwart from mountain to mountain over cataracts of stupendous depth, are very dangerous; and so are the passages and edges made by cutting away the main rock; others in steps; and in some places we pass between mountains that have been broken and fallen on one another which is very terrible. This night, we came in prospect of Mons Sempronius, now Mount Sampion, which has on its summit a few huts and a chapel. Our journey the next morning was through a way always covered with snow. We pass several tall masts set up to guide travellers, and standing for many miles in ken of one another like our beacons. Our descent towards night brought us into a larger way, through vast woods of pines which clothe the middle parts of these rocks. Passing several cascades of dissolved snow, we got late at night to a town called Briga (Brieg) at the foot of the Alps in the Valtoline (Valais.)"—*See Evelyn's Diary pp.* 218 *to* 222.

little guides of the hamlet serviceable in bringing us by the nearest path to this natural curiosity. The water, descending from a lofty mountain in a slender stream, appears to fill a hollow cavern half way down, and issuing thence falls, in a diffusive torrent and with corresponding loudness of sound, between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet before it touches the rocks at the bottom: then spreading itself, it rolls down a gentle declivity of stony soil covered with underwood, in its way to the Rhone, which it enters a little below the village.—In our continued course we had a view, on the right hand, over inferior ridges, of the Gemmi's snows. It was indeed with increasing astonishment that we surveyed the surrounding wonders of Alpine scenery. On each side a chain of mountains of every form and height, bounding the wide and elongated valley of the Rhone, continually presents objects, that strike no less forcibly by their melancholy wildness, than by their transcendant sublimity.

On arriving at Leuck, we learnt that we should have to wait an hour for fresh horses (the first deficiency in relays that had occurred to us since we left Paris). And as it was then eight o'clock in the evening, and our intended place of repose, Sion, was two posts and a quarter further on, we deemed it best to accept what entertainment the *Soleil* could afford. The people of the inn were well-behaved, attentive, and moderate in their charges; and the accommodation for the night was much better than what we had found at some larger and more expensive places.

In relating the incidents of our progress through Savoy, occasion has been taken to notice an instance of prompt restitution on the part of an inn-keeper, in the valley of

Maurienne. At the foot of the Simplon a circumstance equally creditable to the Valaisan character also occurred to us. I inadvertently left a diamond-pin in my chamber at Brieg, and, discovering my loss not long after our hurried departure from that place, wrote from Leuck to the *Aubergiste* of *La Croix* stating the circumstance, and requesting that the article might be forwarded to a named address at Geneva. It was not long before the lost jewel was safely restored to my possession. As a fact of no intrinsic importance and exclusively of a personal nature I should not think of mentioning it; but that, like the occurrence which preceded it, such a result is satisfactory in a moral point of view: it evinces respect for the rights of property and for the just claims of strangers, on the part of a class of people, among whom if we find the prevalence of an honest principle, we may safely infer it to be a national virtue.

CHAPTER IX.

The Valais—Sierre—Sion—St. Pierre—Riddes—The Rhone—Peasantry of the Lower Valais—Martigny—Papal Indulgences—Mountain of the Forclas—Valley of Trient—Passage of the Tête Noire—*French and* English *Inscriptions on the "Dunroc"—The Valorsine—Argentière—Glacier des Bois—Source of the Arveiron—Chamouny.*

AT a quarter past four o'clock (A. M. July 28th), we pursued our course through the Lower Valais. The town of Leuck, whose walls are on one side washed by the yet turbid wave of "the arrowy Rhone," and on the other pressed by the overshadowing bases of the Gemmi, still wore a cheerless countenance as we crossed the bridge by which it communicates with the high road. Intercepted by the eastern mountain-tops, the genial ray of morning had not at so early an hour begun to gild the grey turrets of its ancient castle.

In this district German and French are both spoken by the inhabitants;* who display no little singularity in their dress and personal appearance; but they are a good natured and obliging set of people. And "beshrew the sombre *pen*," that fails to note the influence of peaceful

* "In the greater part of the Upper Valais, they speak German. In the plains and vallies of the Lower Valais, they speak French; and German on the top of the mountains. With respect to the rest, in consequence of that communication which the Valaisans keep up with the people who surround them, they plume themselves on their knowledge of German, French, Italian, and Latin.—*Robert—Voyage en Suisse, v. 2, p. 269.*

habits and civil manners as especially congenial to a traveller's feelings, if not necessary to his comfort, while he journeys in a foreign land!

There is something remarkable in the appearance of the numerous hillocks of sand, that are scattered over the valley at a short distance from the village of Sierre. At that place we again cross the Rhone: its rapid current rolls in strong eddies among the green islets formed in its bed by lodgments of trees, which have been carried down by the stream. Keeping pretty close to the right bank of this impetuous river, our course continues between two ranges of mountains, whose summits are never stripped of their wintry vesture. Of the right hand chain, which divides this territory from the canton of Berne, our road approaches to within two or three miles: that on the left, exhibiting the loftiest peaks, is considerably more distant; and forms the wall of separation between the Valais and Piedmont.* It was through the transverse valley of the Einfisch-thal opposite Sierre, that we beheld the sharply tapering point of Mont Cervin,† lighted up "by the sacred radiance of the sun."

With the exception of those ever interesting objects, the landscape offers but little to attract till we come to Sion. This small city, the capital of the Valais, reminds one forcibly of such delineations of towns and buildings as we find in the prints that accompany Froissart's Chronicles. Almost every architectural object partakes more or less of the character of those which had their origin in feudal

* To the east the Valais terminates at the mountain of the Furca, which separates it from the canton of Uri. Its length is 34 leagues and its width ten.

† The Matterhorn or Mont Cervin is 13,850 feet above the level of the sea.—*Ebel.*

times. The place stands between three lofty and insulated eminences: on each of them is a large castellated structure; two of which are in ruins. That called Tourbillon is situated on the highest hill, and has evidently been a seat of great strength and extent. A fire which accidentally happened near it during a storm of wind, about forty years ago, destroyed the whole interior of this ancient castle, and did great damage to the town itself. The consequence, however, of this conflagration was advantageous to Sion. It can now boast of one tolerably good street: in all the rest the houses are for the most part emblems of decay, and scenes of uncleanliness. The second rock is called Majoria (La Majorie), on which stands the present Episcopal residence. We ascended the third rock, called Valeria, or La Valère on which are the remains of a fortress, formerly inhabited by the Bishops of Sion. From the topmost platform, we had a complete view of the town and its environs, which, with the Rhone flowing near it, form a very striking picture. To the southward Sion is commanded by the finest and best cultivated ridge that we have yet seen since quitting the Italian side of the Simplon.—This verdant range, on which the vine thrives under terrace husbandry, is covered with corn, grass, and trees, and studded with white churches and cottages, as well as with country seats, to which the richer inhabitants of Sion flee at the present season, to avoid the debilitating heat that annoys them in the low-lands.

Within the inclosure of mouldering walls on Valeria stands the very ancient church of St. Catharine, said to be built on the site of a Roman temple. The capitals of the columns are sculptured with leaves and grotesque figures greatly resem-

bling those in the crypt of St. Denis, near Paris. The choir is embellished with wood carvings, which represent, in not less than twenty different compartments, the ministry, passion, crucifixion, and ascension of our Saviour, executed in a stile of more than ordinary merit. The Jesuits are regaining considerable influence here: their church and possessions have been restored to them: we saw the students of their college, to the number of about forty, attending morning mass. These young men, who with few exceptions, have the look of mere peasants, wear long black cloaks as an academical distinction.

A very good breakfast was set before us at La Croix Blanche, situate in the great street: to the usual things some excellent honey was added: this is a staple commodity along the valley of the Rhone. At eight o'clock we left Sion.* The country is walled on each side by a lofty chain; that on our left hand is a continuation of the same green hills at which we had looked with so much pleasure from the episcopal castle. The right hand boundary forms the most dreary contrast that can possibly be conceived: for in that quarter the shattered sides of the Diablerets,† and the scarcely less horrid

* This city, the ancient *Sedunum*, whose German name is Sitten, preserves some Roman inscriptions. The Bishop, to whom the Valaisans, being of the Roman Catholic religion, resort in all spiritual cases, bears the title of "Prince of the Holy Empire," which can hardly sound agreeably in republican ears. The power of this prelacy was in the olden time unlimited; and exercised as much in extending its territorial sway, as its ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The ordinances of state are still made in the Bishop's name, and his arms are placed on public buildings, boundaries, &c. But the sovereign authority now resides in the Diets of the country.

† The highest peak of the chain of the Diablerets is 9600 feet above the level of the sea.—"On the 23d September, 1714, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, an upper part of these huge mountains suddenly

crags of Mont Cheville, rise above us in masses of slate-rock so dark and deformed as to render the very snows that crown them a relief to the gloomy prospect. The valley hitherto is in general well wooded and fertile: its chief product is grass.

On approaching the village of St. Pierre, our postillion, with a flourish of his whip and no slight manifestation of local pride, pointing at the same time in the direction of Martigny, said to us "*voici le commencement de Mont Blanc.*" At Martigny in fact, the ramifications of that "Giant of the *Eastern* Star" mix themselves with those of Mount St. Bernard. Just before entering Riddes, we cross by a wooden bridge of slight construction, the rapid and *un*-transparent Rhone, whose tide already swelled by the tribute

> "Of a thousand petty rills
> "That tumble down the snowy hills,"

gives omen of its future greatness.—From this point for four long leagues we travel in a perfectly straight line, through a tract of bushy marshes, with ditches on each side of the road, whose numerous population of frogs was vying with the grasshoppers in loud expressions of animal enjoyment amidst that intolerable heat under which, reflected upon us by a double line of mountains, we were almost fainting. In such a scene, and with feelings pained by revolting spectacles of *goitres*, who

tumbled down, covering more than a square league with its ruins. By this dreadful fall, 159 cottages, 100 head of cattle, many goats and sheep, and about eighty persons were crushed to death: several woods were buried, and the course of the river Luzerne and three other lesser torrents changed, occasioning the formation of lakes which did not exist before."—*Robert—Voyage en Suisse, v. 2, p. 303.*

but must commiserate the too common lot of the Valaisan peasantry! who but must be disposed doubly to appreciate the honesty of their character, and the general urbanity of their deportment! We saw one or two deplorable instances of *cretinage*. But the inhabitants treat them as rare cases; and evidently dislike to be questioned about this extraordinary malady, which does not indeed prevail hereabouts in the extreme degree we had been led to expect.

On approaching Martigny, through a closing avenue of stupendous heights we see the remains of the ancient castle of La Battia, on the edge of a precipice that overlooks the town, and whence as from a watch tower the whole level may be descried as far as St. Pierre. Just as we enter the town, the Rhone, whose course we had been so constantly following from Brieg, suddenly leaves us to the right; and, with all its ungovernableness in other respects, still obedient to the restrictive conformation of the valley, turns almost at right angles from a western to nearly a northern direction.

The bishopric now at Sion was formerly at Martigny, which existed during the time of the Romans, under the name of *Octodurum*. Our stay was limited to the time necessary to provide the means of proceeding to Chamouny. Mine Host of the *Aigle*, from a very natural feeling on his part, would have persuaded us that it was imprudent if not impracticable to attempt such a journey, it being then nearly noon. Relying however on the capabilities of a summer's day, we left our vehicle and servant at the inn, and, mounted each on a mule, with a guide accompanying us, set out at twelve o'clock on our further excursion.

Between Martigny and the neighbouring hamlet of

Le-Bourg stood a crucifix, whose size and newness of decoration attracted my regards. I rode up and read the contents of a paper affixed to it. They announced by the permission of "Monseigneur l' Eveque de Sion," and on the authority of certain Reverend Missionaries of the Society of Jesus, that whosoever should devoutly repeat so many *Paters* and so many *Aves*, at the foot of that particular cross, would be allowed an Indulgence of forty days. Easy as may be the terms, on which a share in the spiritual treasures of Roman Catholicism is to be obtained by the peasant of this country, the Pope's Missionaries know full well that he works hard enough for his scanty portion of temporal advantages. And how from his little lot of this world's good things, he contrives to make the offerings and pay the dues exacted from him, is to us a constant matter of wonder, as we go along and see so many handsome churches and so many wretched hovels.*

Crossing the loudly roaring Dranse, we soon arrived at the foot of the Forclas, first and foremost of the various heights which were to be passed. Our ascent commenced through a succession of most productive apple and cherry orchards, amidst noble-sized walnut and chesnut trees,

* Kotzebue, speaking of the partiality of the Tyrolese for image-worship, observes, "It is only to be hoped that priestcraft may not debase this generous people. Attempts have not been wanting. Near Windel, I noticed a large cross, beneath which was an inscription purporting that by an ordinance of the Pope, whoever said three *Our Fathers* and three *Hail Marys* before this cross, would obtain absolution for seven years and seven quadragms (forty days), and would be able to transfer the same to the poor souls in purgatory. Cannot these harpies (he adds) at least spare a people much too poor to satiate their thirst of gold?"—*Travels in the Tyrol.*

and by the side of rich and extensive slopes of grass which the inhabitants, male and female, were busily employed in converting into hay. Streams of the clearest water were running on each side our path down these declivities: some rushing with the velocity of torrents; others so gently trickling, and in such slender channels, that a long line of narrow troughs, placed one at the end of another, from the fountain-head, was sufficient to prevent their rendering the land swampy, and to convey them to the tank of a *chalet*, or the overshot wheel of a mill. The scenery was deliciously pastoral; and we only wanted a milder hour thoroughly to have enjoyed it. But "'twas raging noon" and on our throbbing temples the almost vertical sun beamed with all-conquering potency.

> "In vain the sight, dejected to the ground
> "Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
> "And keen reflection pain."

Further onwards to the summit of the mountain, we pursued a more steep and rugged way through a forest of stately firs. From the top of the Forclas,* looking northward, the eye takes in a prospect of immense extent and astonishing sublimity. We see the Rhone, flowing through the valley of Martigny, at whose furthest extremity appear the towering snows of the Gemmi and the Furca, and whose sides are bounded on the left by the chain of the Diablerets; whilst on the right a view opens into the green Val-de-Bagnest to which the pyramid of

* This mountain is 4668 feet above the level of the sea.—*Wall's Swiss Guide.*

† "A melancholy catastrophe occurred in this district in 1819. An avalanche fell in the spring, and crossing the stream of the Dranse, obstructed

the Pierre-à-voie forms a scarcely less stupendous termination. Of such dimensions are the constituents of this grand perspective, and so vast the distance of objects from us, that none but the greater features are clearly to be discerned. A valley of twenty leagues in length becomes foreshortened into a space that you think may be covered with the palm of your hand: a river of considerable breadth, dividing it from one extremity to the other, looks no bigger than a silver wire sparkling in the sun. Woods distinguish themselves only by their dark shades. Towns appear like specks—every thing is diminished, *except* the mountains; and upon *these* (there being nothing wherewith to compare them) distance seems to produce no other effect than that of causing their immeasurable assemblages and prodigious altitudes to fill more completely the field of vision, and to impress the mind with more and yet more overpowering sensations.

We pass into the valley of Trient by so abrupt a descent as to render dismounting for a while expedient. The manner, however, in which the mules went down this almost perpendicular path—their instinctively happy choice of the *proper* place to set their steps upon, and their almost miraculous sureness of foot—afforded us so positive an evidence that they were to be TRUSTED, that

its course, forming a lake in the Val-de-Bagnes. Precautions were taken to let off the water, but in vain: on the 16th of June, a terrific noise announced that the barrier of ice had given way. The waters burst with fury down the vallies, sweeping away fine pastures, and more than forty houses; overthrowing forests, and a great number of *chalets*, and carrying along masses of rock. At Martigny, eighty buildings were ruined by the torrent. Numbers of people lost their lives, and the survivors were left in misery from the ruin of so many buildings, and the destruction of almost all the crops."—*Waring's Papers on Switzerland.*

in this and succeeding day's journies, fraught as they were with scenes of terror as well as of interest, we afterwards quitted not the animals allotted to us, so long as our guide continued to set an example of confidence by remaining on the back of his own. At a hamlet to which the torrent called Trient gives its name, we entered a *chalêt*, serving for an inn, where a respectable hostess furnished us with welcome and comfortable refreshment:

> " Cheese from mountain dairies prest,
> " Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
> " Honey from the wild bees' nest,
> " Cheering wines and ripen'd fruits."

To these were added new-laid eggs and excellent bread and butter; a meal relished by us infinitely above the price paid for it, after exposure for two hours to a scorching sun.

Proceeding by a bridge of very rude carpentry, over the rushing waters of the Trient, we ascended the *Tête Noire*, through its gloomy forests of enormous larches. The road, if road it may be called, is composed of great stones and trunks of trees, that serve rather to intercept than to form a passage. Yet our mules carried us safely through this frightful way, where broken timbers flung down by avalanches mingle themselves with huge fragments of rock, and impending over-head seem ready to drive us down a continued declivity, at times so steep as to hide from us the bottom of the abyss, at others exhibiting its horrible depth, just perhaps as the animals we are riding, take their *sharp* turn at the extremest verge. For some miles we trod the unguarded edge of a *via mala*, looking into a ravine at least two thousand feet below us! We traversed this indescribable region in one of the finest

afternoons I ever beheld. The beautiful associated with the terrific; desolation and loveliness, sterility and luxuriance, offered themselves by turns, and even within the same glance, to our enraptured sight. As the evening approached, one line of hills extended its shade across the valley and half way up another range of enormous mountains, which thus partly clad in mournful gloom and partly arrayed in celestial light, whose warmest glow of splendour pierced the inmost recesses of their forests, presented a succession of wondrous forms

"More wildly great than ever pencil drew."

At a point of considerable elevation, in this formidable passage, yet still beneath a towering cliff, called the *Barbe roux*, our path led us close to an isolated rock of a reddish brown colour, and almost a cube in form, which appeared to have detached itself years ago from the summit of the steep, making there a midway lodgement. Round it a strong fence of posts and rails has been erected. Our guide assured us that it is actually the property of an English Nobleman, who had bought it of the owner of the mountain. Certain it is that one side of this richly foliaged block bears a deeply graven and very legible inscription in the French language, stating that Lord Porchester, Lady Georgina North, and their party, returning from Italy, had purchased this rock and placed a tablet thereon to commemorate the 10th of May, 1821, when on this spot they enjoyed, in the contemplation of Nature's magnificence, moments bright and transient as the rays of the evening sun, which then gilded the surrounding foliage.*

* Such is the purport of the French Inscription: and, under the influence of a congenial frame of mind, amidst scenes so eminently calcu-

In this route, previous to our reaching the highest part of the Tête Noire, we crossed the frontier of the Valais, and once more entered Savoy. Passing through a part of the Valorsine, we saw a superb waterfall, formed by the Eau Noire, descending from between Mont Buet and the Col de Berard. Seated on the edge of the same imposing line of high cliff, over which the waters of the river above mentioned 'thundering shoot,' the first parish in Savoy, bearing the appellation of the valley, is recognizable at a great distance by its neat white church. A remote view afterwards of the cascade of Barbaliné inspired us with an ardent wish to approach it more closely; so copious is its flood, so impetuous its torrent, and so savagely romantic

lated to inspire enthusiasm, I perused it with feelings that strongly sympathised with those experienced and recorded by the above distinguished persons. It was, however, as the reader may well suppose, with *other* sentiments and in a *different* disposition, that looking at an adjoining angle of the same ponderous mass, I read the following matchless attempt at an *English* version! And surely it were a pity that the Noble Lord and Lady in question should remain unacquainted, as they at present must be, with the halo of glory thrown around their names by such an accomplished master of our mother-tongue as the writer, whoever he may be, of Inscription *number two*, of which, in spite of almost convulsive risibility, I was *fortunately* enabled to make a *verbatim et literatim* copy, viz.:—

"DUNROC
Wheerever, wehatever fo see
Our hearts unterveiled feundly turn to thee
Lady Georgina North, Lord Geutester
un their returne from Italy, obteste May 10, 1821
These magnificent Reik end crested Chestever
Tablette commemorenti momenta pand' here,
bright, but soteling as the rap of the everes
Sun, which gilded the branches of the surrounding trees.
And sure through mani a varied scene
Un Kingne never came between
May 10, 1821.
Farewell—A Long Farewell."

the scenery of which it forms so brilliant and attractive a feature. But such a deviation from the prescribed course could not have been made without too long retarding us on a journey wherein there is no half-way house to stop at.—Besides, we should have lost that, which amply recompensed for a multitude of minor omissions, the incomparable spectacle exhibited to us in our descent from the Valorsine to Pont-sous-Argentiere; when the torrents, glaciers, needles, and summits of the Mont Blanc chain, rising in a perfect climax of sublimity, reflected back the blushing lustre of the western beam, from their sparkling waters and their icy seas; from their yellow shafts of primitive granite, and their vast platforms and domes of snow,

"Imperishably pure beyond all things below."

Near the village of Argentière the custom-house officers of his Sardinian Majesty conferred upon us the honour of a *visite;* a ceremony ridiculous enough in all conscience, when performed on the baggage of *muleteering* strangers: but it answers the purpose of enabling these gentry, or perhaps the Martigny guides in *their* names, to exact from us a small fee for the privilege of spending our money, and even of risking our necks, in an excursion to the valley of Chamouny. By the time we had reached La Chapelle-des-Tines, though apprised that the place of our destination was within an hour and a half's further ride, fatigue and thirst had obtained such ascendancy over us, that we were fain to knock at the door of a cottage and ask for a draught of milk. The boon was promptly and cheerfully granted by the inmates of the little dwelling; and notwithstanding the quality of

the bread and cheese, which were added, did not equal in goodness that of the simple beverage; yet we 'loathed the vegetable meal' no more than if it had been our lot to be born of Savoyards and brought up in the mountains.

Nearly opposite the chapel of Les Tines is the source of the Arveiron, at the foot of the Glacier des Bois. Hitherto (as in the passage of the Simplon) we had seen these peculiar objects, only in the highest vallies of the mountains, the original seat of their formation from accumulated falls of snow. We now, in that of Les-Bois, traced one of the most remarkable of them, through the vast space which it occupies, commencing in the perpetual domain of 'hoary winter unadorn'd and bare,' proceeding to the verge of incipient vegetation, and thence to the lowland seat of warmth and fertility.—We saw this frozen stratum filling up with its multiform particles a hollow slope, extending with a gentle curvature from one of the loftiest of Alpine summits to within a short distance of the level of that great valley to which it presents, transversely, the formidable course of its encroaching mass. This long extended channel, whose broad and roughly-surfaced covering of dazzling white is broken with irregular streaks of dark blue indicating deep clefts, and with spots of pale green denoting angular elevations, terminates in the shape of a wall of ice more than a hundred feet in height.

It was interesting to mark the rapidity with which the turbid torrent of melted snow issued from the interior of a deep azure cavern at the foot of the glacier, and pursued over pieces of rock and piles of stones, the brief but noisy tenour of its way to the deeper and far-stretching current of the Arve. It was yet more interesting to see

crops of corn finely grown and fast ripening, within a few paces of the ice. The hamlet of Les-Bois has been seriously invaded by the glacier's progress into the valley, and several of the cottages stand unsatisfactorily close to it.

About eight o'clock we arrived at the *Prieuré* of Chamouny; and entered the first inn that presents itself in the direction we came from: commodious premises by the river side, where we found the master, mistress, and servants talking French, and the guests conversing with each other in English. The house was indeed filled with company, forming part of a British *summer-colony* at the foot of the Pennine Alps!

CHAPTER X.

Valley of Chamouny—Excursion to Montanvert—Mer de Glace—The Lodge—Troops of Visitors—Descent to the hamlet of Les Près—Chamouny—Table d'Hote—The English on the Continent—Evening walk—The Church—Books of Devotion—Passage of the Col de Balme—View of Mont Blanc and the High Alps—Return to Martigny—Cascade of the Pisse-Vache—Saint Maurice—Canton of Vaud—Bex.

AT half-past five o'clock (July 29th), we set out to visit that wonder of the world, the Mer-de-Glace. A more propitious morning could not have been selected for such an excursion. Mont Blanc, *de fond en comble*, was unveiled to our sight. The "King of Mountains," whose height above the level of Chamouny is 11,532 feet, does not, however, as viewed thence, appear of an elevation corresponding with the closeness of our proximity to its enormous base. We discern with a gratifying perspicuity the respective conformations of the Dromedary's Hump and the Dome that characterise its summit: but immense as is the space which it occupies in the landscape, this grandest object imparts no very forcible idea of its being so much more lofty than the opposite and neighbouring chain. It is easy to account for this circumstance. In the first place, "the point of sight," speaking with reference to the rules of perspective, is here taken "too near the canvass." In the second, the upper parts of Mont Blanc on this side are chiefly of a rounded

shape, and, except a few comparatively trifling spots, covered with snow.

We were attended by a guide named Jean Marie de Coudeté, a steady, active, attentive man, above the middle age; furnished with a mule for the purpose of lessening the fatigue to each in turn; and provided with walking poles, made of light wood, about six feet in length, and shod with sharp pointed ferrules of iron. After crossing the Arve, and proceeding for half a mile along the swampy borders of that river, through pasturages and oat-fields, we began the ascent of the Montanvert, which is a part of Mont Blanc, within the line of vegetation.—The multitude of persons of both sexes who have encountered this task, well know that it is one of no inconsiderable fatigue to undertake on foot; and a somewhat irksome affair even for riders, in consequence of the intricate windings and almost invariable steepness of the path, among rugged rocks and through thick woods of fir. For ourselves, it may truly be affirmed, that we were animated to exertion, not to say shamed out of inertness, by the sight of four young Scotish ladies, who, each seated on a mule, with a guide holding the rein, and accompanied by their brothers, followed briskly after and soon overtook us. Some few parts of the ascent are less difficult than the rest; and from one of the rude terraces that serve to mitigate the labour of continued climbing, we took a bird's eye view of Chamouny, and marked the confluence of the Arveiron with the Arve. The open corn fields of the valley bore witness to its fertility and productive cultivation; but its general aspect is that of a cold and cheerless expanse.

About half way up we halted at La-Fontaine whence

a small rill called the Caillet takes its source; and there we gladly sheltered ourselves awhile beneath the shade of pines and larches from the sun's rock-reflected heat, which had already become oppressive. On that spot we found not only a treat for water-drinkers, but "choice fruit," milk, brandy, and *kirschwasser*, which were most importunately proffered to us by a bevy of lads and lasses, true children of the mountain, to whom this travelling season affords no despicable harvest. We pursued thence an upward course, sometimes through pleasant borderings of alpine shrubs and flowers; at others along the precipitous side of a fearful ridge bestrewn with the havoc of winter storms; a scene of devastation—trees broken, uprooted, dead, at random cast from the steep, where and whence had form'd and fallen

"The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow."

At half-past nine o'clock we reached the top of Montanvert, nineteen hundred yards above the level of the sea. The astonishing and unparalleled scene of the Mer-de-Glace was now lying beneath us, far extending downwards to our left and upwards to the right-hand. The effect of the scene is indescribable; but the objects of which it is formed may admit of some explanation. They consist of a valley between two lateral ridges, part of the widely spread base and side of Mont Blanc; and this is filled with a solid and connected mass of ice to the depth in some parts of many hundred feet. Every year adds to its contents. The snows falling on the higher points of the mountain, become encrusted with a coat of ice, mighty fragments of which, dislodged by thaws, tumble continually into the great ravine: one enormous body presses

upon that which has preceded it, and by its own weight the whole is gradually moved downward to the bottom of the valley. This celebrated glacier it appears has been extending itself lower and lower for years, and threatens to destroy the little village at its foot.* To compare this marvellous appendage of Mont Blanc, as some have done, to a stormy sea, suddenly deprived of motion by the power of congelation, is only calculated to convey an erroneous notion of it. The simple fact of its being an inclined plane at once destroys the illusion created by any resemblance to waves which the Mer-de-Glace may exhibit. At a very remote distance, the surface offers somewhat the appearance of billows, white and "tempest tost." But, when descending from Montanvert, we approach, and especially when we walk upon it, we see the thing in its true and natural light, as a vast sloping tract of ice and frozen snow, accumulated in great hillocks, broken into huge blocks, or piled up into pyramids and pinnacles: in the variety of irregular forms which these lumps assume, the angular and the conical predominate; the wavy figure is rarely to be found among them. We proceeded some distance on the glacier to inspect more closely the melted snow formed into little bluish ponds, the water of which the guide informed us was in a good state for drinking. The crevices on every

* "The glaciers will sometimes decrease for several years successively; that is to say, the lower extremity of the glacier, situated in the fertile part of the valley, loses a quantity of ice on account of the thaw. At other times the glaciers will increase and descend into the valley, and cover meadows and cultivated hills. It is generally in spring that the glaciers increase; and when during the course of the year they have advanced further than usual into the interior of a valley, they are generally seen to diminish for several years together."—*Ebel.*

hand are frightful to look into: we threw large pieces of ice into some of them, and from out of "a great depth," measured by the length of the interval, a hollow splashing sound issuing, told us that there was liquid at the bottom.

The Aiguilles, or natural spires of stone, indented on their edges and tops with sharp points of different sizes, curved as well as straight in form, here rise to an inconceivable height around us. Some appeared quite bare; others slightly streaked with ice. From the crags of several, glaciers suspended themselves. Many of these awful rocks were only half covered with snow, which on others lay so thick as to hide all but the acute shapes of the needles, that seemed to have pierced their hoary cloaks as if disdaining to be concealed. Near the superior range we see the Mer-de-Glace* dividing itself into two channels: one, to our left looking upwards, winds past the Aiguille-verte and extends to the Col-de-Ferret: the second making a broader sweep touches the base of that peak, which amidst gigantic forms, is still appropriately distinguished *par excellence* by the title of the Giant.

The surface on which we trod was so slippery, and the chasms to whose dark blue margins our course unavoidably brought us, were so alarmingly numerous, that not being provided with cramponst to our shoes, we should but for the firm foot and staying hand of our guide, have

* A Gentleman of Geneva assured me that the Mer de Glace extends twenty leagues in various directions. He had himself walked upon it seven leagues.

† Iron frames fitted to the heels, and each furnished underneath with three or four iron pegs.

probably suffered for our curiosity. Reversing the Roman poet's description of the "descensus Averni," we might say that to climb these ridges of frozen snow is a tolerably easy task; "sed revocare gradum," ah! that is a work of horror! At the edge of the ice, our conductor brought us to the large block of granite, called "La Pierre des Anglois," which Mr. Coxe mentions as having served him and his companion for a dinner table. As we re-ascended Montanvert, convinced by recent experience that in surveying scenes of this kind the eye is constantly deceived both as to distance and height, I looked through my telescope towards the opposite side, in the direction of the Aiguille-du-Dru, a majestic steeple of granite, whose summit, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," is estimated to be nearly two thousand yards above the Mer-de-Glace. It was by examining with a magnifying power the details of this extraordinary picture; by comparing it as a whole with the relative proportions of human beings here and there walking over fields of snow; and of a few cattle feeding at the skirts of pine forests, or on the edge of precipices and cascades, that we were enabled to form juster notions of its extent and magnitude. The width of the Sea of Ice at this point is more than two miles: to the naked eye it scarcely seemed a third of that space. Our situation was replete with singularities and contrasts: the sun scorched whilst the wind nipped us: frost and vegetation were such near neighbours to each other, that a few ascending steps along the steep edge of the glacier brought us among flowers, but not very blooming ones; and the Rhododendron which thrives on the other side of Montanvert, looks on this like a plant exposed near our Norfolk coast to the effects of a north-easter.

Arrived again on the top of Montanvert, we had to pass through a platoon of a dozen boys and girls, who with their baskets of strawberries and jugs of milk were drawn up in a semi-circle at the door of "the Lodge,"* before we could enter that convenient place of refreshment and shelter, by this time literally crowded with ladies and gentlemen—chiefly natives of the British Isles. The concentration of lively bustle *within* appeared in whimsical opposition to the solitary grandeur and tranquil sublimity that reigned *without*. Constant departures and fresh arrivals: breakfasting and bargaining. "O that it should ever fall to my lot," to see the humours of a road-house and the display of a naturalist's cabinet, nearly a thousand yards up the side of Mont Blanc. Shades of Pocock and Windham† (names now in our guides' mouths "familiar as household words" or as the distinctive appellations of the *aiguilles)* what a change hath taken place since the memorable epoch of your visit to this spot.‡ *Then* was there some chance of a traveller's seeing a Chamois, an Ibex, or a Boucquetin, or peradventure even a Bear, on some part or other of the Alps that overlook Cha-

* "An octagonal building, built by M. Desportes, a French resident at Geneva, some years after it had been projected, and a sum of money advanced by M. Sémonville, French Ambassador to the Court of Naples, who had been surprised here by a storm, in company with the Duke of Bassano and others."—*Waring's Traveller's Fire-side.*

† The Father of the late Right Hon. William Windham, of Felbrig, in Norfolk.

‡ "Incredible (says Ebel) as it may appear, the valley of Chamouny, so singularly interesting, in which is seen the highest mountain in the world, was entirely unknown till the year 1741. It was then that the celebrated traveller Pocock, and another English gentleman of the name of Windham, visited it, and gave to Europe and to the whole world the first ideas of a spot only eighteen leagues distance from Geneva."

mouny. *Now*, those quadruped nurselings of the storm make themselves scarce to all but the hunter; and in their stead each summer brings increasing throngs of human-kind from far and near.—The grave and the gay, tottering Age and active Boyhood, Beauty in her bloom and Manhood in his pride, are yearly beheld, forming a mingled and a motley troop of pilgrims to the desert shrine of your enterprising discovery!

After partaking the wholesome fare set before us, with appetites keen as the breath of mountain-air, we commenced our descent by a different route and considerably steeper than that by which we had come up. Keeping nearly the whole way by the side of the glacier, we had a good opportunity of observing its prodigious height and depth, and the extraordinary shapes into which its icy heaps are thrown. The sun shining with intense brilliancy on these stupendous fantasies of Nature produced an excess of light that rendered it insupportable to look on them long together: although occasionally the thundering sound of avalanches, both near and at a distance, induced us involuntarily to turn many an eager glance at the rolling fragments, "which scattered the hoar frost like ashes" as they passed downwards with incredible swiftness.—Scenes so awfully wondrous, objects so surpassingly grand, who could behold without having his thoughts elevated to the pitch of congenial solemnity? Who could be a spectator of these works of an Almighty hand, without feeling that deepest sense of mortal insignificance and unworthiness, which prompted the Psalmist to exclaim "Lord what is Man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Their powerful influence on a religious disposition was

never perhaps more fully nor more finely developed than in the following lines from the pen of a living poet of our own country:—

"Ye ice-falls! that from the mountain's brow
"Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
"Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven?
"———————Who bade the sun
"Clothe you with rainbows? who, with living flowers
"Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
"God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
"Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
"God! sing ye meadow streams with gladsom voice
"Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
"And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
"And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
"Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
"Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
"Ye eagles; playmates of the mountain storm!
"Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
"Ye signs and wonders of the element
"Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise."*

The operation of descending occupied us about an hour and a half. And to those unaccustomed to such continued exercise of the muscles of the legs and knees, it is painful and fatiguing in the extreme. No means perhaps so practically suitable can be adopted to teach a person that Montanvert, though but the first landing in the great staircase to the summit of Mont Blanc, is a lofty and a rugged one. I confess myself to have been physically as well as morally impressed with this conviction by the time we reached the Hameau-des-Près, in the valley, where

* From "A Hymn before sun rise in the Valley of Chamouny," by Mr. Coleridge.

our mules and guide were waiting to take us the same day to Martigny. Had our destined course, towards Geneva, lain in the direction of St. Martin and Sallenche, we should have proceeded on our journey, because the road to those two places is comparatively good and the distance shorter. But our vehicle was at Martigny, to reach which town none but a difficult mountain-passage offers, to be effected half walking—half riding, without a decent sleeping-place between, to be had for love or money. And under these circumstances we were not long in deciding to remain another night in the chilly vale of Chamouny.

At the table d'hôte of our inn, we had among other things for dinner, a dish of *Chamois*, which for the first time I tasted and relished much: the flavour approaches closely to that of Hare.

Our party consisted of about a dozen persons of both sexes, and was, with only one exception, ENGLISH; moreover it proved very pleasant and conversational! It may appear like too severe a reflection on the good sense and kindly feelings of my countrymen and women, that I should venture to class such an incident among the memorabilia of a foreign tour. But so it is. With sentiments of compatriot regard for every son and daughter of Britannia, I am free to own that of too many of them on the continent, the general *manner* is in my eyes (what must it be in those of the inhabitants?) strangely prohibitory to an interchange of useful information, as well as unfriendly to "the small sweet courtesies of life:" nay more, I confess that, condemned to starve on incorrigible taciturnity, amidst what might have proved a feast of reason, and a flow of knowledge, I have often wished

myself far away from such travelling kill-joys of society.

In the afternoon, we visited Messrs. Paccard and Carrier's Cabinet of Natural History and of Mineralogy; which contains some well-preserved specimens of birds and beasts, also of Chamois-horn in its natural and polished state, besides a collection of the vegetable productions, and numerous minerals, fossils, marbles, agates, crystals, &c. deserving of particular attention, if all be (as they state) the produce of the mountains around. We afterwards walked along the street of the *Prieuré*,* as it is called, thronged at that time with visitors, their guides, muleteers, and drivers of char-a-bancs.—There are two other respectable inns besides the one where we were comfortably lodged; and all of them appeared to overflow with company. Extending our stroll through fields of flax and wheat, towards the foot of Mont Breven, we gained a very comprehensive view of Mont Blanc, its snowy sides and summits "now in gold arrayed."

Returning, we entered the Church, re-built, as the date on its portal shews, in 1640, a goodly edifice, with marble columns, and much ornamental work upon its altar-pieces. I looked into some of the prayer-books† which the villagers had left on the seats. Pure Evangelical and Apostolic Faith in the Divine Jesus, how art thou there ex-

* "The village of Chamouny owes its origin to a convent of Benedictines, founded in 1099 by a Count of Geneva."—*Ebel.*

† In these forms of worship, the human object of their devotion is addressed not only as *L' etoile du matin—La Rose mystique—La Mere de Dieu—La porte du Ciel—La Vierge Incomparable*, &c.—but also under the divine attributes of being *Le salut des foibles—Le Refuge des pécheurs—La Reine des Anges—La Reine du Ciel!*

changed for a vain seductive formulary, which "teaches for doctrines the commandments of men!" Christ's solemn injunction to "worship God in spirit and in truth," finds no support in these Romish compilations; whose object on the contrary it is in every page, to inculcate the *necessity* of placing on the efficaciousness of prayers recited and devotions paid to the departed spirits of weak and fallible beings, that reliance which Scripture instructs us unreservedly and exclusively to fix upon the mercies of our Creator, through the merits, mediation, and all-sufficient atonement of a Crucified Redeemer!

July 30.—We were on the backs of our mules betimes, returning from Chamouny. Proceeding just beyond the village of Argentière, which, with its church and circle of dwellings, its intermingled domains of corn fields and pastures flanked by the borders of fir forests, composes a pleasing group of rural architecture and cultivation beneath the frozen ridges of the Alps, we crossed to the left bank of the Arve; and at the hamlet of Tour began to ascend the Col-de-Balme.

It was "a nipping and an eager air," that embraced us at our setting out; but the task of climbing had not long been pursued before the sun-beams became most incommodingly hot. Our route was open, bare and undefined; sometimes passing over steep rocky ground, at others across short grassy turf, affording scanty feed even for the cattle of the mountains. But where and on what will not those hardy and active animals browse? The tinkling of bells made us frequently look around to ascertain whence issued the sole interruption to Nature's silence, in these her wildest and most awful scenes. The strange spectacle on such occasions presented

itself, of herds of cows treading, not only on the verge, but also on the almost perpendicular sides, of dreadful precipices, formed in the chalky chain that divides the Valorsine from the valley of Chamouny. Conveyed by our sure-footed but slow-paced steeds, we jogged on in a meandering course, without a single habitation to bless the weary sight, except the *chalets* of Charamillan; and thus we left ridge after ridge behind us, hoping each as it appeared was the top-most;

> "But still by new ascents the mountain grew
> "And a fresh toil presented to our view."

At length reaching the summit, we were repaid by what, if ever the term was properly applied to things terrestrial, is indeed a magnificent prospect. The height which we had attained is estimated to be about thirteen hundred yards above the vale of Chamouny, through nearly the whole length of which we trace the Arve after issuing from its source beneath our feet.

On the highest point of the passage is a boundary stone, shewing the respective limits of Savoy and the Valais, on which are carved the Arms of the Duchy—seven mullets; and under it those of the Episcopal See of Sion—a sword and crosier, placed saltier-ways, surmounted by a Bishop's mitre. Between these two territorial cognizances is the date 1778.

From the Col-de-Balme we behold a perfect panorama of the High Alps. The aspects of the principal summits, according to a pocket-compass, were as follow:—Due south, the Aiguille-Verte;* a point or two to the

* 4185 yards above the level of the sea.

south-west, the Aiguille-du-Dru,[1] the Aiguille-du-Géant,[2] the Aiguille-de-Midi;[3] beyond which, looking nearly in the same direction, appeared, without spot or blemish, the white-mantled summit itself of "the mountain monarch."[4] The tops of the Lacha, the Vandagne, and other mountains to the south of Mont Blanc, bounding the valley of Chamouny, presented a singular appearance. Although the atmosphere was extremely clear, yet these objects in the remoter distance, looked like so many rocky islands emerging out of a sea of glass.—To the south-west rises Mont Breven;[5] further on, Mont Jolie;[6] and due west the Mortino or Buet,[7] with its broad top and splendid glacier. Looking to the north and north-east we have, over the Valais, a sight of the Dent-de-Morcles,[8] Mont Cheville,[9] and the Diablerets: beyond these, the chain of the Gemmi, the peaks of some of Bernese Alps, and in the extremest distance those of the Furca—exhibit an upreared wilderness of everlasting snows. To the east and south-east the prospect is as sublimely finished by the range of the Great St. Bernard, of which Mont Velan and the pyramid of the Dronaz form the two highest points.

From this advantageous position, looking at Mont Blanc through our telescopes, we plainly recognised the Grand Mulet, or second *plateau*, where M. de Saussure slept the first night of his celebrated expedition in 1787; and, we also brought to sight all its glaciers and needles, with a distinctness the most sensibly demonstrative of their vast extent and pro-

[1] 3992 yards. [2] 5348 yards. [3] 4018 yards. [4] Mont Blanc is 4900 yards high. [5] 2612 yards. [6] 2736 yards. [7] 3156 yards. [8] 2300 yards. [9] Both nearly 3000 yards above the level of the sea.

digious elevation.—Mr. Coxe, describing Mont Blanc as viewed by him from the Col-de-Balme, observes "Although its summit was elevated more than seven thousand feet above where I stood, yet it did not impress me with that astonishment which might be expected from its superior height and magnitude above the circumjacent mountains."—Every traveller has probably experienced the same disappointment. It was certainly what I felt myself at the first general glance of the naked eye. But the best way to counteract the *deceptio visus*, for such it is, I found to be the ascent *à la Dollond*; in other words, to direct one's perspective glass, as if actually going up, step by step; moving the optical instrument from the bottom of the valley to the top of the mountain, and minutely inspecting therewith the whole contour of its giant form. The effect of this operation was decisive: disappointment speedily gave way to growing surprise; and the inadequate impression, produced by the feeble powers of unassisted vision, was succeeded by the fullest sentiment of appreciative admiration.*

The highest part, as seen from this point, presents a semi-globe of snow (a mountain of itself). At the moment we were contemplating it, a small portion of its over-hanging edge detached itself, and rolled down some way towards the platform beneath. With such an occurrence before our

*"The highest point of Mont Blanc (says the accurate writer above quoted) is in the shape of a compressed hemisphere, and is called from its form *La Bosse du Dromedaire*; from that point it gradually sinks, presenting a concave surface of snow: it then rises into a second hemisphere, called *Le Dome du Milieu* or the *middle* dome, thence it descends into another concave surface, terminating in a point called the Dome-de-Gouté: from that dome it ends abruptly, and loses itself amidst the mountains that bound the vale of Chamouny."—*Letters on Switzerland v.* 1, *p.* 411.

eyes, we required no argument to convince us of the imminent deadly perils that await adventurers in their near approach to the object, which extreme curiosity, or daring ambition, prompts their attempt to reach.

At ten o'clock, we left the summit of the Col-de-Balme, and began to descend into the Valais; passing some deep hollows filled with snow, which we afterwards observed lying in patches close to our path. In half an hour we reached the Chalets* of the Herbagères, two or three insulated cabins; one of which we entered, and there regaled ourselves on some of the richest and most delicious milk I ever tasted: nor should I have objected to add to this excellent beverage a slice of the mountaineers' bread, but that it was too black, heavy, and sour for me. The inhabitants of the chalet, four athletic herdsmen, of rather ferocious appearance, but by no means repulsive in behaviour, were occupied in making cheese. A large iron boiler over a fir-wood fire contained the produce of the preceding night's milking, which two of them were watching and stirring; whilst the others appeared equally busy with their press, viz. three or four large flat stones laid on the top of the cheese. They make a great deal of this article here from the middle of June to the end of September, when they generally remove with their cattle into the neighbouring vallies.

After a painful march through a continued forest of larches, driving our mules before us all the way (for the path is so dangerously steep as to render even the tiresomeness of walking preferable to such riding), we found ourselves once more in the village of Trient. The

* "A sort of wooden houses, where cheese and butter are made in the mountains."—*Rousseau.*

descent had occupied somewhat more than an hour and a half; and before we had reached the torrent that rushes so furiously along this deep and secluded valley, the extreme heat of the weather, added to the fatigue of stepping several thousand paces, from one huge stone to another, down a path which takes every direction but the straight one, had disposed us to put up very quietly with the place of entertainment for man and mule that first offered. Our guide, for reasons best known to himself, stopped at a cottage far less commodious and cleanly than the one at the Tête Noire extremity of the village: in spite of which I made as hearty a meal on the fare set before us, as persons under such circumstances generally do, when

"Good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."

With Mr. H. however, it was otherwise. An invalid, he required rest more than refection. He had moreover been subjected to an annoyance, which as "a merciful man," and consequently "merciful to his beast," went much more nearly to his heart than the fate of being served with an indifferent breakfast. The matter deserves explanation—as a caution to travellers. Mr. H.'s mule, during our journey to Chamouny, had lost two of its shoes; and the fellow who attended us had taken no care whatever to replace them. The gross neglect was not discovered till this morning on our reaching Argentière, at which place search was made in vain for a shoeing smith. Our guide at once made his own case worse, and evaded our proposal to go back, by roundly asserting that there was not such an artificer in all Chamouny. It only remained for us therefore to proceed, as we did, in con-

stantly excited but unavailing anger against this Martigny sot; to the unavoidable distress of the crippled animal; and with scarcely less of danger to the person of my esteemed companion, than of outrage to his characteristic humanity.

Pursuing our journey over the Forclas, from which, favoured by the transparency of the atmosphere, we enjoyed, if possible, a still more brilliant view of the surrounding Alps than on the former occasion, we reached Martigny at half-past two in the afternoon.

From this point we had contemplated making the usual visit to the celebrated Convent on Mount St. Bernard.—But the exertion requisite in these excursions, had already proved unfavourable to the then indifferent state of my friend's health. And it is not to be termed a sacrifice which I made, but a satisfaction which I experienced, in relinquishing this object of curiosity, though now so completely within my reach, rather than absent myself, at such a moment, from one so richly entitled in every respect to my grateful and attentive consideration.

On our return from Mont Blanc we were accompanied by a young English Gentleman, whom it was fortunately in our power to accommodate with the use of our third mule. We met each other for the first time on the glaciers of Mont Blanc, and parted on the banks of the Rhone—perhaps I might not be warranted in saying, with *mutual* regret; yet unquestionably that feeling was, at our separation, strong in me, to whom his intelligent conversation, evincing a mind "much elder than his looks," his cheerfulness of spirits, his courtesy of manners, and amiableness of

disposition, had rendered his society truly welcome and agreeable.*

We stopped no longer at our resting-place than was necessary for the purposes of personal comfort and refreshment. Whilst at the dinner table of our inn, we were accosted by a middle-aged woman wearing a long gown of coarse dark cloth, and having a medal and small reliquary suspended from her neck, a scallop shell on her hat, and a staff in her hand. Thus dressed in a pilgrim's weeds, she asked alms of us, *pour l' amour de Dieu.* According to her own account, this poor creature had been trudging to the "Holy City," and got thus far on her way back again from Rome to her native Spain.—It was one of the few circumstances that had happened to remind us of its being the Jubilee year of the "mother and *mistress* of all other Churches, out of which (says LEO) there is NO salvation!"

At half-past four we finally left Martigny, passing close to the commanding site of its ancient episcopal castle.—The Dranse, which we pass immediately on quitting the town, washes the foot of the lofty precipice on which this

* "I do not know (says Lord Byron) how other men feel towards those they have met abroad; but to me there seems a kind of *tie* established between all who have met together in a foreign country, as if we had done so in a state of *pre-existence*, and were talking over a life that has ceased." *See original letter in Blackwood's Magazine for September*, 1825.—In the kind and friendly spirit of this observation (which redounds so much the more to the credit of the departed Nobleman, as it emanated from his pen in the unostentatious openness of private correspondence), I would add, that should these pages, falling at any time under Mr. L. P.'s eye, remind him of this day's proceedings, he may peruse them with the assurance that one at least of his fellow-travellers over the Col de Balme, cherishes the hope of renewing in Old England the pleasant acquaintance formed at Chamouny.

decayed fortress stands, and rushes to its confluence with the Rhone, in a wide and roaring torrent. We soon after passed over the stream of our old friend with a new face, the Trient. Its waters here betray the dingy complexion of the soil, whence, through split rocks and gloomy dells, they descend to this lower valley, bearing a copious presentation of dark waves to the same great treasury, the Rhone.

Being, if the expression is allowable, a *cascade-fancier*, always ready to feast my eyes on the delightful varieties exhibited by those peculiar enrichments of mountain scenery, I had promised myself a great treat in seeing the fall of the Salanche, celebrated throughout Europe under the denomination of the Pisse-vache. But either all the pictures and prints of this cascade are rank flatterers, or we were not happy in our season of visiting it. The water issuing from a narrow channel which it has furrowed in the perpendicular rock, falls from a height of between two and three hundred feet. So says the *Guide-aux-etrangers*. Instead however, of that grand aquatic column which the remembrance of graphic illustrations had prepared us to look out for half a league at least before we reached the spot, we perceived a very scanty supply poured forth from a shrub-encompassed cleft; and this was spread by the effect of its deep vertical descent in a thin veil of spray over the rock. It was beautiful, but not so imposing as several others we had already seen. A view of the upper fall offered itself to us in passing the village of Mieville. But the cliffs, above that from which the first torrent is hurled, are so enormously high as to make the lower fall dwindle greatly in a comparison of relative heights.

This part of the valley wears a pitiable aspect of sterility

as to the land, and of wretchedness as to the people. On all sides the distance is closed by frowning summits. Before you to the right is the Dent-de-Morcles, and to your left, the Dent-de-Midi. Behind you in the direction of Martigny, rise immense chains above chains of snow-covered mountains. And now, around the vehicle in which you travel, behold, taking advantage of the momentary stoppage made for the satisfaction of your curiosity, a miserable train of ghastly, goitrous persons, chiefly females, not unmixed with indications of the most deplorable state of cretinism, and can you have the heart to refuse to such unfortunate beings a large handful of *sous* for charity?

At six o'clock, we reached Saint Maurice. Here the two boundaries of the country draw to a point; and when the gates, beyond the fine stone bridge over the Rhone,* are closed, the northern extremity of the Lower Valais is shut out from the Canton-de-Vaud.—The situation of Saint Maurice is most extraordinary—not to say frightful.

> "The wild rocks shap'd as they had turrets been
> "In mockery of man's art,"

literally *over*hang, and seem ready to crush, the poor little town. At a vast height in the line of those to the left, we noticed what they told us was a Hermitage and

* "It is 200 feet long and a single arch; in the middle is a little chapel. The construction of this bridge is ascribed to Julius Cæsar."—*Ebel.*—"The ancient appellation of the town was *Agaunum*: it takes that of St. Maurice from an Abbey, erected in the beginning of the sixth century, by Sigismond, King of Burgundy, in honour of the famous Theban legion recorded to have been massacred near this place by order of the Emperor Maximin, for not renouncing Christianity."—*Coxe.*

Chapel, excavated in the very wall of the towering precipice: as if it were not sufficient that the prospect teems with appalling wonders, new horrors must be created by the misapplication of human labour, to promote the cause of superstition and increase the fame of ascetics. But adieu, for a while, to the predominance of that ecclesiastical system, which encourages such absurdities. We now enter a PROTESTANT Canton.

A change ensues in the appearance of the country almost immediately on our extrication from the tremendous defile of Saint Maurice. We find ourselves still indeed surrounded by "steepy mountains," but the roads improve, the scenery becomes more varied, the landscape more pleasing, and the inhabitants appear more comfortable. We arrived in the village of Bex at seven o'clock in the evening, and passed the night at the Union Inn.

It is thus then that we have finally quitted Savoy and the Valais, to neither of which belong the advantages of a country which one would choose for a permanent residence; but through both which the stranger passes with an intense gaze of interest, astonishment, admiration, and awe. They are indeed regions, where, as in a vast theatre, Nature loves to wear the most dreadful forms of gigantic wildness, and where Man no less delights in venturously seizing upon her scanty gifts and in undauntedly braving her collected terrors. Rousseau himself, treating on this subject, suppresses for once the airy wing of his imagination; and confides in the superior power of simple truth, to describe the incidents of a journey among the Alps.—"Tantôt d'immenses roches (says this elegant writer) pendoient en ruines au dessus de ma tête. Tantôt

de hautes & bruyantes cascades m'inondoient de leur épais brouillard. Tantôt un torrent éternel ouvroit à mes côtés un abîme dont les yeux n'osoient sonder la profondeur. Quelquefois je me perdois dans l'obscurité d'un bois touffu. Quelquefois en sortant d'un gouffre, une agréable prairie rejouissoit tout-à-coup mes regards. Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage & de la nature cultivée, montroit par-tout la main des hommes, où l'on eût cru qu'ils n'avoient jamais pénétré : à côté d'une caverne on trouvoit des maisons; on voyoit des pampres secs où l'on n'eût cherché que des ronces, des vignes dans des terres éboulées, d'excellens fruits sur des rochers, & des champs dans les précipices.—Ce n'étoit pas seulement le travail des hommes qui rendoit ces pays étranges si bizarrement contrastés; la nature sembloit encore prendre plaisir à s'y mettre en opposition avec elle-même, tant on la trouvoit différente en un même lieu sous divers aspects. Au levant les fleurs du printems, au midi les fruits de l'automne, au nord les glaces de l'hiver: elle réunissoit toutes les saisons dans le même instant, tous les climats dans le même lieu, des terrains contraires sur le même sol, & formoit l'accord inconnu par-tout ailleurs des productions des plaines & de celles des Alpes."*—Precisely in *such* a country have *we* been travelling.

* Nouvelle Heloise.—Lettre xxiii.

CHAPTER XI.

Canton of Vaud—Bex—St. Tryphon—Aigle—Villeneuve—Lake of Geneva—Castle of Chillon—Montreux—Clarens—Vevay—Protestant Worship—La-Vaux—Villages—Lausanne—Morges—Rolle—La Côte—The Paragrèles—Nion—Coppet—Ferney—Voltaire—Geneva.

JULY 31st.

A Grey morning dawned promisingly upon us, as we drove from the door of "the Union," where we had experienced all the comforts and enjoyed all the luxuries, (at a moiety of the expense) of an English Inn. This village is much visited by strangers on account of the salt-pits about a mile from it, at a place called Bevieux, which are described as well worthy of inspection. I can speak of Bex simply in reference to its excellent Hotel, its neat Protestant Church, and its exceedingly pleasant situation.

Thence a tract of country presents itself, which, in spite of the marshy banks of the great river that runs through it, is decidedly preferable to either Savoy or the Valais. The road is a fine one; not broad as in France, yet smooth and well made; fenced in by hedges or neat walls of stone. On each side the widening valley of the Rhone appears neatly cultivated, extremely fertile, and richly wooded. Hills of moderate height and covered with verdure form the first lines of enclosure to the

prospect. Beyond these, home-barriers, as we pursue a meandering course, the superior chains of the Chablais and of Switzerland alternately encounter our regards, exhibiting the greatest diversity of conformation that can possibly be conceived: cones, pyramids, needles, platforms, and craggy points, convex and concave shapes, in endless succession and variety.

And now the sun tinctures the sides of the more distant masses on the Savoy side with purple hues, whilst their snowy tops are clothed in a splendid raiment of roseate light. As constant early risers hitherto in our journey, we could with Shakspeare say,

> " Full many a glorious morning have we seen
> " Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
> " Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> " Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy:"

And as truly could we add that none surpassing this had shone, before our eyes, on the inexpressible grandeurs and enchanting beauties so marvellously combined within the compass of a few hours' ride.

In the midst of a spacious plain, producing abundant crops of corn and hemp, is a lofty, insulated, and extensive knowl of rock covered with trees, and crowned with the remains of the castle of St. Tryphon: near it is a village of the same appellation. These objects, seen to our left hand, are highly romantic; and their effect would be still more forcible but for the circumjacent mountains, which, if the expression may be used, still thrust themselves invidiously into the comparison.

Beyond the little town of Aigle, the valley continues to increase in breadth; and the lake of Geneva opens

upon us suddenly, and with a charming face. Approached through meadows of the liveliest green, it appears as a broad silvery line, backed by a village-sprinkled coast of gentle slope, and by loftier high-lands, whose light-blue tints indicate their extreme distance.—As we advance, the bright tranquil bosom of the lake expands. The morning breeze scarcely curls its pure translucent wave, as we touch upon the lovely borders. From a bridge at the entrance of the fishing town of Villeneuve, we see, close by, a little isle with a small house and a clump of poplars on it, and catch a first glimpse of the Castle of Chillon.

It is by a road, whose serpentine direction occasionally reveals itself afar off, through over-arching plantations, that we reach a spot which perhaps owes more of its associative interest to the finely wrought web of sentimental fiction, than to the too briefly recorded facts of the historic page. We pass along the raised causeway—"la digue"—whence the heroine of the Nouvelle Heloise is represented to have sprung after her child, who had fallen into the water, and whose life she saves at the eventual sacrifice of her own. At this point we gain a highly picturesque view of those Gothic towers, whose pyramidal roofs once served to mark "the horrid cages of despair." The white battlemented walls of this little fortress form a bright contrast to the azure waters that profoundly lave its peninsular foundation of rock,* and that distinctly reflect its architectural peculiarities.

* "Autour du quel (says Rousseau) j'ai vu sonder à plus de cent cinquante brasses, qui font près de huit cens pieds, sans trouver le fond."

The castle is situated close to the shore, completely in a recess of the eastern bay, at the foot of hills whose *sombre* tints are in some measure relieved by the vivid contrast of white-walled cottages peeping from their densely foliaged and lofty sides.—We entered the dungeon, formed below the level of the lake. The rough hewn ceiling is supported by a row of equally rude pillars, in some of which the rings still remain, to which the victims of oppression in days of yore were fettered. Near these damp and dismal cells, through which our conductor, as if to increase the *effect*, allowed us to grope our way in utter darkness, we were shewn the place where they tortured the yet unsentenced, and the beam on which they executed the condemned. It was here that the learned, patriotic, intrepid, and enlightened Prior of S. Victor, François Bonnivard, was confined six years and a half by the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop of Geneva, to whom he was an object of jealousy and hatred, on account of his invincible attachment to freedom and to christian charity; but from whose tyranny he was delivered in 1536 by the Bernese Reformers. On one of the columns, pointed out to us as that to which this dignified citizen of Geneva was chained during a portion of his imprisonment, some one has written in pencil the following couplet:—

> " Sans être emu qui pourroit voir CHILLON,
> " Qu' ont illustré ROUSSEAU, le Malheur, & BYRON."

Lord Byron's pleasing Poem of " the Prisoner of Chillon" will, on account of its descriptive traits, be read with a double share of interest by every one who has visited the spot. But the language of his captive might

be put into the mouth of any one detained equally long within its dark and chilly caves. This total absence of historical incident, this entire want of personal identity, (which his Lordship himself, in a note, acknowledges) are the more to be regretted, because Bonnivard, according to the united testimony of his contemporaries, was, as Rousseau emphatically characterises him—"homme d'un merite rare, d'une droiture et d'une fermeté à toute epreuve, ami de la liberté quoique Savoyard, et tolérant quoique Prêtre." His chief associates too—the men whose fate was most closely connected in public proceedings with his own, were in point of courage, merit, and misfortune,* almost as worthy as himself to have been celebrated by the genius of our late distinguished countryman.

On quitting the vaults, we were led through some of the upper apartments of the castle, which is at present used solely as a powder magazine and a depôt of arms.—The roof of the kitchen is sustained by thick wooden pillars, curious in their form, and dark with the smoke of antiquity. Mounting the staircase of one of the western turrets, from its loop-holes we surveyed the wide illumined surface of crystal waters, and marked the entrance of the cloudy Rhone, issuing by three mouths from a wide level of marshy forests, into the purifying bosom of the lake.

From Chillon the road proceeds close beside Leman's lovely borders; and we pass just below the advantageously situated and respectable-looking village of Montreux, at the entrance of a defile that leads to the Dent-de-

* In a subsequent chapter relating to GENEVA, occasion will be taken to shew by reference to an ancient historian, whose writings are not generally known, that this remark is not hazarded without foundation.

Jaman.* It appears to be the very seat of rural industry, and competency; of rich vegetation and florid abundance. Clarens next offers itself. On a neighbouring mound we see the Chateau-du-Chatelar, delineated by the flattering pen of Rousseau, but apparently more fit for a prison than the *delices* of the Heloise. Nor does present reality at all bear out the picture of horticultural beauties so delightfully dwelt upon in his fascinating descriptions. Yet is it still "sweet Clarens," and as a point of view merits especial notice. From its terraces, not far from the road side, the eye embraces nearly two thirds of the length of the lake. Savoy on one side rears its frowning rocks and displays its Alpine snows: on the other, the Pays-de-Vaud smiles with fertility and sparkles with habitations. It was infinitely striking, as we turned from the unattainable heights and impending precipices above Boveret, St. Gingough, and Meillerie, cold, rugged, and barren, to trace the smoothly bending shores of Montreux, Clarens, and Vevay, where the vine-covered uplands gradually rise, and the mountains begin to lower their crests and recede into a remoter horizon.

At eight o'clock we arrived at Vevay; and after breakfasting at Les-Trois-Couronnes, proceeded to enjoy the superlative and unique prospect afforded from the rising grounds behind this agreeable little town. Our guide led us by a winding path up to a point from

* "Vous voyez (says Julia to St. Preux) deja blanchi la pointe de la Dent-de-Jaman." This high mountain of the Pays-de-Vaud was *not* "deja blanchi," at the period we saw it; but presented openly to our view its thickly wooded sides and tops of shattered rock. It is 4572 feet above the level of the sea.

which we beheld its environs clothed in sylvan graces and in cultured loveliness; the lake adorned with all the beautiful reflections of mingled light and shadow, and the mountains arrayed in all the glory of their sublimest combinations. Before us and extending equally on either hand, vine-yards spread themselves out in uninterrupted succession: these are intersected by white stone walls, and studded with chalets. Towns, villages, castles, and country seats, opening to view in every direction and at all distances, enhanced the amphitheatric pride of the scene: some of these diversifying objects rise as it were out of the waters—others appear embosomed in foliage, or shew themselves on the levels of verdant terraces, and amidst hilly pasturages. To the extreme left we see the woody Jaman, over-topped by the Tour-Mayen and the Tour-d'Ai; below them Chillon shines, a spot of brightness on the dark verge of the lake; not far from which, and at the bottom of the same noble ridge, Villeneuve is distinctly visible. In the centre of the splendid landscape, casting our eyes over the town of Vevay, we see on the opposite side of the lake, the mouth of the Rhone, and the valley through which we had been travelling. On the right, Meillerie appears as a speck beneath vast torrent-worn and sterile masses of reddish rock, beyond which rise the indented summits of the D'Oche,* covered with snow; the beautiful cone called Le-pain-du-Sucre, and some of the glaciers of St. Bernard, present themselves as the finish of a vista, which the Savoyard and Valaisan chains contribute each their full share to render the acmè of picturesque magnificence.

* 6800 feet.

Returning from this most gratifying walk, we visited the principal Church called St. Martin's, situated on a *coteau* at a short distance above the town. The view from the terrace yields to that which I have just been alluding to only in being somewhat less extensive. The tower is a lofty and fine one. Although the date of 1498 is placed over the western entrance, yet on the exterior we see none of that flowery embellishment which belongs to the Gothic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the inside the architecture is of a still more simple character, with, at the same time, some singularity of construction. The pillars of the nave are unusually lofty; but the arches, which between these columns open into the side aisles, and look like mere perforations in a wall, have an appearance far from pleasing. There are no pews in this Protestant temple of worship: but rows of benches with backs to them, ranged with uniform reference to the situation of the pulpit. The communion-table is a thick slab of black marble, laid on four supports of the same material, at the east end of the nave. At the west end, on a handsome loft, stands a large organ: its finery of carving and gilding is at variance with the studied plainness of every thing else. A monumental stone (with the long inscription in Latin, transcribed by Addison) still covers the grave of Edmund Ludlow, the famous Parliamentary General; who, as one of the members of the tribunal pretending to be a High Court of Justice, sat in judgment upon, and joined in condemning to death, his unfortunate Sovereign: he was in consequence excepted from the act of indemnity and took refuge at Vevay, where he died in 1693, aged 73 years. In contemplating this tomb, an

Englishman is naturally led to reflect on the crimes and miseries of civil discord. Yet, felicitating himself on being born in an age, that sees his beloved country powerful, prosperous, united, and at peace; equally blest with national independence and with constitutional liberty —he bears in mind the mixed succession of things, which, under Providential dispensation, has "worked together for good" to the land of his birth; not only in the valour of the warrior, the wisdom of the patriot, the resignation of the martyr; but even in the zeal of the religious fanatic, and the vigour of the political delinquent. Nor does he deem it incompatible with his just abhorrence of a regicidal faction, to respect the consistency of an honest republican, and bestow a considerate thought on the sufferings of a persecuted exile.

Whilst we were surveying the church, the people of Vevay and its neighbourhood began to assemble within its sacred walls. The congregation soon became as numerous as it was respectable. The Magistrates have benches rather elevated, placed on the right of the pulpit and in the centre of the church. The men sit on one side and the women on the other (the two sexes being always separated). The service commenced with the Minister's reading the confession of sins, the congregation standing, as they do during all the prayers. As soon as this was done and the people had resumed their seats, the clergyman repeated some verses from the Psalms, applicable to the sermon which he was about to preach. He then read a portion of Scripture. Part of a Psalm was afterwards sung by the congregation accompanied on the organ. Some excellent prayers were next read out of a Liturgy, from which, as I am informed, no variation is

allowed to take place, and which is common to the divine service of the Reformed Cantons. The venerable Pastor then ascended the pulpit, and delivered an extempore discourse, in which, after pointing to his text, on the Love of God and the Example of Christ, the one as the governing principle and the other as the unerring guide of true piety, he enforced the necessity of proving by our lives and conversations that our Religion proceedeth "out of a pure heart and of Faith unfeigned." Like those of the Italian Clergy, but not in the same extreme degree, the cadences of the preacher had an affinity to the style of recitative, accompanied with much energy of gesture. His voice however was mellow-toned, and his manner serious and impressive. The sermon being finished, some further portion of the Psalms, in a metrical version, was sung: and the whole concluded with a form of benediction, with which the minister dismissed his flock, who observed the utmost order and decorum both coming in and going out of church. The Clergymen, when they preach, have on a long robe of black woollen stuff bordered with ribbon of the same colour, plaited round the collar; it is very full and reaches down to the heels; the sleeves are equally large below as above the elbow. They also wear a white cambric tippet *(rabat)* which covers a part of the chest. The congregation take off their hats during prayers; they however are at liberty to put them on, and the generality *do* put them on, during the sermon; "a custom more honour'd in the breach, than in the observance:" it reminded me of Holland, whose Calvinistic discipline tolerates a similar license. Nevertheless, let me do justice to the scene altogether, as one of truly spiritual worship. It was indeed a relief

to our minds, after what we had been doomed exclusively to witness in the peculiar forms and practices of another religion. Even as the prevalence of solar light succeeding the reign of darkness, or as pleasure after pain, so great—so sweet is the change, when thus we turn from the melancholy spectacle of a Church whose errors deform and whose corruptions degrade Christianity, to the more edifying results of a Reformation, whereby the Book of Revealed Truth is opened, and the atonement of a crucified Saviour preached to the people. "In the multitude of human sorrows," it is *these* "comforts" that "refresh the soul."

Persons of condition and property here dress much after the French fashion, especially the ladies. But the peculiarity of local costume is displayed by some of the female peasantry and towns-women. Their hair neatly turned up under hats of straw, tapering in the crown, round and broad in the brims; their bodices of green and black velvet, with neat white neckerchiefs, and petticoats of blue or scarlet, form no unbecoming dress. And many of the *Vaudoises* who wear it can boast those advantages of clear complexion, healthful glow, and pretty shape and features, which we have observed to be so sparingly distributed among the sex in the less-favoured districts of Savoy and the Valais. Still however it is seldom that we see fairness, bloom, and beauty at all the counterpart of those of our own countrywomen.

Having resumed our walk with a visit to the public promenade, the market-place, and the port, which Major Cockburn has, in his interesting and elegant work, pourtrayed with perfect correctness, we reluctantly quitted

this charming spot, and proceeded on our journey. The road skirting the lake, continued to offer on one hand, beyond the blue-green sheet of its then unruffled water, one of the finest general views of the Savoy mountains, and on the other an uninterrupted succession of *vignobles*.

From Vevay to Lausanne we pass through the several villages of St. Saphorin, Cully, Lutry, and Pully, along which on our right the hilly district of La-Vaux rises not far from the borders of the lake, its sides are covered with vineyards, and the ruins of the Tour-du-Goure, with those of some other ancient strong-holds, crown its summits. We noticed the particular fineness of the grapes near the walls of the dilapidated but still inhabited Chateau-de-Terron at St. Saphorin. Here and there, intermingled with the vines, they plant French beans (scarlet-runners), which being trained higher than the grape, and of a more vivid green, serve in some measure to break the sameness of these rather too predominating objects. Indian corn is also grown in patches: we see large pods of it hung up in the sun against the walls of cottages. Not one of the places just mentioned, nor indeed any of those we had previously traversed on our way from Bex can be brought into competition for neatness with the villages of England. The insulated houses which we have hitherto seen, seldom if ever present an appearance calculated to gid us any very high ideas of a country gentleman's domestic establishment: they seem to consider exterior painting and white-washing as operations unnecessary to be often repeated. Compared however with the Valais, every thing that concerns the comfort and welfare of the inhabitants, looks as it should do, in this part of the Pays-de-Vaud.

From Pully the road takes a pleasant winding course: quick-set fences line each side, over which we see an alternation of orchards, vineyards, enclosed pastures, and plantations. The approach to Lausanne is extremely pretty: the suburbs are agreeable, and contain many handsome houses. The town itself, though considerably larger than Vevay, is, I should conceive, of inferior accommodation as a place of residence. Built on three hills, the steepness of its principal throughfares makes them difficult and even dangerous for carriages, and the narrowness of the streets renders them disagreeable to pedestrians. We walked through the town as far as the western façade of the Cathedral, which is a fine building, and still retains its ancient appellation of Notre-Dame.

Returning from that elevated district of the town, we crossed La-place-de-Saint-François, in which stands the church of that name, and whence it was but a few steps to the residence of Gibbon. Close to the Geneva gate, to the right hand going into the town, is the house where this celebrated author put the finishing stroke to the work, which assures to his name a durability co-equal with the monuments of that mighty empire, whose "Decline and Fall" he had chosen for the subject of his learned research, and the theme of his philosophic pen. A man rich indeed in intellectual possessions; but deficient in more than "one thing needful." For what is learning when needlessly displayed at the expence of decency; or what is philosophy when inveterately set up against the faith of a Christian; or what are the most lasting foundations of earthly fame to be compared with the solid basis of that "Hope" which is "full of immortality?" The place is still in a respectable state

of habitation; but has nothing remarkable about it. The apartment, however, which our historian occupied, commands, through avenues of trees, and over terraces and *bosquets*, those magical points of view which the lake continually presents.

Looking towards the water from the superb public walk of Montbenon, (which to add to the variety of the scene is crossed by the high road from Geneva) we observed the sun struggling in vain to penetrate through the clouds that were now gathering over the enormous rocks on the opposite side. But its rays threw a lurid gleam on the summits of the more distant Alps, producing that awful tone of colouring—that mysterious and imposing effect of aerial perspective, peculiar to mountain scenery on so prodigious a scale, when viewed in a state of the atmosphere like that to which allusion has just been made. There are few occasions in which the relative heights of mountains may be better judged of than when collections of vapour assume the form of long narrow wreaths, drawn horizontally across their breasts, whilst their craggy brows and towering peaks rise far above these partial misty veils, and seem to touch the skies. This was the case at the moment of our viewing the Savoy coast from the position above-named, and I never beheld a grander sight, nor a pictorial accident more impressively curious.—The glowing description uniformly given of the environs of this city, I venture to affirm from my own transient view of them to be no more than a just eulogium on one of the most highly favoured and interesting spots in Europe. That its interior contains several other objects claiming the attention of strangers I was sufficiently aware, and left them

unseen for no reason less accordant with rational curiosity than the fullest design of returning thither from Geneva. Circumstances however occurred which prevented the fulfilment of this intention.

After dining at the slovenly ill-mannered *Lion d'Or*, beneath whose paw, it was resolved not to place ourselves again whilst another inn is to be found in the place, we continued our ride. The Pays-de-Vaud about Lausanne,* and extending thence to Morges, bears a strong resemblance to some of the finest parts of England: whilst the scenery on the other side is of such a nature as admits not of being illustrated by similitude to any in our own island—the sea-like expanse of Lake Leman, and the line of coast beyond it,

> " Where the Alpine summits rise,
> " Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
> " Like the pillars of the skies,
> " Like the ramparts of the world."

Our road, excellent as I ever travelled on even in Norfolk, runs between low-clipped hedges or white-stone walls, opening to us on either hand a view of corn fields, vineyards, and clumps of fruit and forest trees. The chain of the Jura, of which we gained our first view at Lutry, now fronts us all the way to Morges, a handsome well-built town, pleasantly situated on the water's edge. The church is large and lofty, and its general design, in the Grecian stile, highly creditable to the ecclesiastical

* Lausanne is the largest town in the Pays-de-Vaud and possesses numerous privileges. It exercises full jurisdiction, and appoints its own magistrates.—In the Hotel de Ville are numerous relics of antiquity, proving the importance of the town in time of the Romans.—Gibbon's library is carefully preserved at M. De Cerjat's in the Rue de Bourg.

architecture of Protestant Switzerland. It has a little harbour; and a *very* little commerce, if we may judge from what we saw, or rather were disappointed of seeing. The port of Morges might perhaps enclose half-a-dozen fishing boats and other small craft; whilst the immense basin of the lake itself displayed scarcely a single sail!

Passing close to the public promenade in the agreeable environs of this place, the road gradually inclines from the lake; and afterwards as gradually approaching it again, brings us to the pretty town of Rolle, which commands the most extensive and delightful prospects. We had noticed a considerable improvement in the aspect both of villages and towns from Lausanne. The houses, though of a heavy construction, and disfigured by the necessary evil of large Venetian blinds on the outside of the windows, have for the most part a very respectable look, and bespeak the existence of easy circumstances amongst a large portion of the inhabitants. The land is a complete picture of successful cultivation; and the farmers, together with their wives and families, as well in dress and personal appearance as in their mode of travelling, forcibly remind me of that substantial class in my own country.

Soon after leaving Rolle we observed slopes of vines descending to within a short distance of the water. They are a continuation of the fine grape-district—called La-Côte—whose wine of that name is justly celebrated for its excellence, and whose extent in the direction of the lake, lies between Morges and Nion.

The degree of attention and skill here manifested in the culture of the vine, is greatly superior to that exercised in the Valais. The recently introduced expedient of the

Paragrèles gives a new feature to these borders. The ruinous effects frequently produced by storms of thunder and hail upon the crops have led to the almost universal erection of these conductors, which consist of a thin mast of fir, twice the height of an ordinary hop-pole, having a sharp point, and an iron wire running straight down from the top to the bottom. They are placed in rows among the vines, about a hundred yards from each other. We saw thousands of them in our progress, and were told that the experiment has been attended in various districts with the desired effect. All the vineyards of La Vaux and of La Côte have, it is said, been preserved from the hail by means of this new invention; but how, we could not very clearly understand. Some say that clouds, whence a fall of congealed drops would otherwise take place, are by these machines attracted, and made to discharge the electric fluid or dissolve in rain. Be this however as physiologists may determine, we were assured as a fact, that the success of the plan has induced the Bernois to form, by way of trial for nine years, an insurance-society, not only for grapes, but also for grain, fruit, and vegetables of every description; in a word, for all their agricultural productions.—Every canton may participate in the benefit of this insurance. The directors of the society are of the first families in Berne. Mr. De Fellenberg d'Hofwyl, an eminent Swiss agriculturist, is of the number.

We now find ourselves proceeding in a direction parallel with the Jura mountains: they have the appearance of an immense wall or ridge, stretching on our right hand far to the south, and still farther behind us to the north. This vast chain for the most part runs in a gently undu-

lating line, with here and there predominating summits. Their aspect in opposition to the Alps is, if it be permitted to make such a comparison, as the conformation of the wolds of Yorkshire to that of the mountains of Wales.

The approach to Nion, on this side, displays the bold site of that very ancient town* to great advantage. The Gothic castle, with its high flanking towers, capped with conical roofs, stands on a commanding eminence, on whose steep sides fine gardens hang in terraces, checquered with vineyards. On the top of a hill between Rolle and Nion, we noticed a large stone, on which is cut in relief the figure of a wheel placed on a drag-chain, over which are engraved these words :—" La loi dèfend de descendre sans garde-roue et de mener des bois en train, 1812."—About a mile from Nion, on the side of Rolle, is the modern Chateau-de-Prangin, well situated, and of considerable dimensions, but as far as respects the state of repair, it seems not at all a favourable specimen of a Swiss Nobleman's residence. It was in this place that Joseph Buonaparte, after *resigning* the post of pre-eminence and disquietude in Spain, given to him by his Imperial brother and master, resided till the events of 1815 compelled him to cross the Atlantic. From Nion our road keeps close to the banks of the lake, both sides of which, as we draw near to Geneva, rise in easier acclivities from the water's edge. At this point the Savoy coast exhibits a striking improvement in the fertility and beauty of its foreground: horrid crags and tremendous chasms no

* " It is thought by antiquaries to be the *Colonia equestris Noviodunum* of the Romans."—*Ebel.*

longer frown upon the shores: the dark and tall mountains recede far into distance, where we see their snow-wrapt peaks intermingled with the clouds.

At Coppet we obtain, *en passant*, a close and good view of the residence of M. Necker, and of his not less celebrated daughter, the late Madame de Staël.* There is nothing particular in its construction, but the park must offer the finest views. Coppet itself seems to be a very moderate town. There are many chateaux and country seats on this road, but we look almost in vain for those neat little boxes planted on embellished grounds which are so numerous in the vicinity of London. Of so great width and extent is the lake as seen from Coppet, that it appears like a marine view, rendered still more gratifying to the eye, as the meanderings of the road exhibit the different grades and groups of the opposite Alps in the most astonishing variety of forms.

Between five and six in the afternoon, we reached Versoy, where a road branches off to Ferney-Voltaire, as it is called on the direction post. And as a visit to the latter place constitutes one of the prudential tasks of those, who wish to avoid being told that, happening not to have seen a given *something*, they have seen *nothing*, we resolved to secure this *important* point by a trifling detour in our way to Geneva; particularly as the postillion gave us to understand that it was *la fête de Ferney*. Accordingly we once more crossed the French frontier, and entering the department of the Jura, drove about three miles into the country. Alighting in the village, we walked through

* The Chateau-de-Coppet was also the residence of Bayle. The remains of M. Necker, those of his wife, and likewise those of Madame de Staël, are interred in the gardens.

its entire extent to the Chateau, the façade of which towards the avenue is in the usual stile of French domestic architecture. But there is an attempt at something uncommon in the portal: it is of Doric columns with entablature, surmounted by Ionic pilasters. Two of the lower rooms were all that we were permitted to see; and these the old porter assured us were *precisely* in the same state as in the life-time of Monsieur de Voltaire. The first apartment, called the dining-room but which looks more like a sort of *Salle d'entrée*, contains some bad copies after Albano's Toilette of Venus, &c. Among other indifferent pictures is a composition as paltry in the execution as it is conceited in the design. In this precious monument of the *fine arts*, Voltaire himself is led to the Temple of Fame by the Genius of France, and his enemies are trampled upon and flagellated by demons. What ridiculous personages were Les Grands Hommes du Panthèon Français!

The second apartment on the ground floor, into which we were shewn, was the Philosopher's sleeping-room. The bed vouched for as that on which the author of La Henriade constantly reposed, is a wretched pallet. In this chamber we observed a clever spirited head of Voltaire in his 40th year: also very unmeritorious portraits of the Marchioness de Chatelet (his chère amie); the Great King Frederick, and the little actor Le Kain. Over a funereal urn we read—"Mes mânes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous."—Under it is the following—"Son esprit est partout; et son cœur est ici."—To the first allegation I answer "Heaven forbid." To the second, "with all my heart;" and there let it rest.

On one side the avenue, near the gates of the Chateau stands the edifice which "DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE," according to the words which *were* formerly to be read on the frieze, and *are* invariably alluded to by most modern tourists as if still in existence. Our English poet says

> "Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
> "Will never mark the marble with his name:"

But, so miserable an apology for a church, the French bard, politician, philosopher, and historian, never could have dreamt of erecting to Fame. And the Revolutionists by effacing as they did his futile dedication of it to the Almighty, shewed *their* conviction of the perfect inconsistency that there was between such an inscription and "le *gènie* de ses écrits *immortels*"—in plainer language, the lessons of irreligion and immorality which *he* had himself taught them.

Ferney is situated about a league from Geneva on the road to Gex; and from being a mean hamlet of scattered houses was brought to its present state of consideration as a regularly built and populous town by the fostering liberality of Voltaire. The locality however, is by no means of that commanding or agreeable kind, which one would have expected to be the choice of such a man. As viewed from the gardens, the dark rampart of the Jura has a more powerful than welcome influence on the prospect; whilst the lake which he called "his own and the finest of all lakes," is barely visible. The estate is now the property of a Gentleman named De Budé, of the same family, from whom this extraordinary individual purchased *it*.—In the street leading to the Chateau, a very large church,

with a magnificent portico and a lofty dome, is in progress towards completion, for the Roman Catholic service; and a little further on they have nearly finished a small unostentatious place of worship for the Protestant inhabitants. When the former building shall be fit for consecration, Voltaire's mass-house is to be pulled down.

Of the Fête-de-Ferney, an annual festival instituted by the great man, I can only observe, that whatever it might have been in the days of his patronage and presidency, there was scarcely anything to distinguish the scene from one of unmixed vulgarity, or to relieve it from the prevalence of uniform dulness. It was held in the wooded recess of a range of meadows about half a mile from the town. The assemblage, though very numerous, was not disorderly; but fruitlessly did we look around the peasant-throng for samples of the pretty, the sprightly, or the engaging. After a shooting-match *(jeu de tirer à l'oiseau)* at which the victor was carried in triumph; dancing commenced; yet under no auspices congenial to "mirth and social ease," such as Goldsmith describes, and as I have myself some years ago seen fully realised in the neighbourhood of Paris. By sports like these, however, added to the preceding objects of our more particular attention, time was imperceptibly beguiled; and evening's "gradual dusky veil" had drawn itself over the face of the landscape before we reached the gates of Geneva.

CHAPTER XII.

GENEVA—*The Museum—Reading Rooms—Public Library—Society of Arts—Hospital—Cathedral—Roman Catholicism—Bones of St. Nemesion—Hotel de Ville—Steam Boats—View from St. Peter's Church—Meridian Line—Village of Chene—Visit to the Grave of a Friend—Evening Walk—The Lake.*

AUGUST 1st.

RAIN descended in torrents: yet so much of the inconvenience of long-continued drought had been seen and felt by us, that we hailed with joy and gratitude the salutary change: nor did we suffer it to confine us within the walls of the Hotel-de-la-Couronne; but the occupations of the day were divided between calls on our respective friends, and visits to public institutions, which, in addition to their varied sources of attraction, offered the no less acceptable shelter of their roofs.

The Museum dates its rise as a distinct and independent establishment at so late a period as the year 1819; but already in its valuable accumulations, mainly contributed by private individuals, it confers that credit and advantage upon the city, which during fifteen years of forced union with grinding and monopolizing France, the Genevese had neither means to acquire nor spirits to enjoy.—There are some curious Egyptian Antiquities, among the rest a female mummy, recently brought from Thebes, and presented by M. Fleurot: it is completely

unwrapped and exposed. I have never seen any in such a state of preservation, except one that was exhibited with poor Belzoni's model of the Tomb of Psammis, a few years ago in London. Part of the cloth, in which the body (said to be that of a Princess) was enfolded, is laid on the glass case that encloses the latter, and is also astonishingly well preserved. I remarked a piece of hieroglyphics, on papyrus, of extraordinary length and elaborateness of writing; presented by M. Boissier, professor of Belles Lettres in the Academy of Geneva, who has likewise given a great many figures of Deities of Egypt.—Among the Roman Antiquities, is a round silver dish, of the weight of 34 ounces, which formed part of a Largitas of Valentinian II, and has been erroneously described as a votive shield, both by Abauzit the Genevan and by Montfaucon the French Antiquary. It is covered with figures in relief, of that inferior executorial merit that meets its counterpart in the medals of the Lower Empire. This relic was found in 1721 in the bed of the Arve; and till the formation of the present museum had been deposited in the public library. In an adjoining cabinet is another piece of silver carving, presented by the Syndic Calendrini. It is labelled "bouclier," and is charged with sculpture of great force and beauty. The stile and design made me regard it, not as Roman, but as a *cinque-cento*. A fine head of Vespasian, in marble, bas relief, found at Tennayhen in the Maurienne, has this year been added to the collection, by M. Boissier. Arranged with other *opima spolia* of Savoyard warfare, is a huge lantern, that was left under the walls of the town at the time of the famous Escalade, when the troops of the Duke of Savoy were defeated in their treacherous attempt on the 12th of

Dec. 1602, to take by surprise, an independent city, which they attacked without declaration of war.—Of the medals the exhibited portion is chiefly modern: those of John Huss, John of Leyden, and Calvin claim observation. There is a finely executed model of the Pantheon at Rome, presented by Monsieur Saladin de Budé.

The Cabinet of Natural History is rich and brilliant in the mineralogy and ornithology of Switzerland. A most beautiful Argus Pheasant, stuffed and displayed with admirable skill, has been given to the museum by M. Saladin de Crantz.—A substance, half mineral half metallic, (Jaret) from the island of Elba, by its splendid colours attracted my particular though unscientific notice.—A very accurate model (in relief) of Mont Blanc, executed in Gen. Pfyffer's manner, representing all the aiguilles and glaciers; and with the route of M. De Saussure traced upon it, deserves to be attentively studied by every one who comes to Geneva, with an intention to visit that mountain.—The skin of an elephant, which was two or three years ago brought to the neighbourhood of this city in a travelling menagerie, shews on the chest the perforation of a cannon-shot, by which the animal was killed, on account of its having been seized with madness; but neither that, nor the Elk, nor the Cameleopard, can be spoken of as good specimens. The collection, it was expected, would soon be enriched with a living Ostrich, and several other animals, given by M. Delessert.

In a part of the premises connected with the Museum, the Societé-de-Lecture holds its daily meetings. To a stranger's admission the introduction of a member is indispensable, and that advantage I had in the company of a resident friend. It forms a suite of very commo-

dious and well-regulated reading rooms, where the French and German papers are taken: except Galignani's Anglo-gallican compilation I saw no English journals; but there is a good supply of our periodical publications. The windows of the principal apartment afford a fine view of the lake.

In a capacious edifice within the precincts of the Academy (or University) is the Public Library, which, according to Mr. Coxe, owes its origin to Bonnivard—the mild, the wise, the suffering Bonnivard, who promoted the reformation, gave to Geneva his valuable manuscripts and books, and bequeathed his fortune towards the establishment and support of the college.—Among the manuscripts is a superb Sallust, written in the 13th century, and illustrated with paintings in body-colours at the head of each chapter of the historian's work, by a Monk, who, clothing his figures in the dresses, and grouping them together with buildings in the stile, of his own age, has made the Roman Senate assembled to debate on Catiline's Conspiracy, look like a consistory of the Pope and his Cardinals; and given to the heroes of the Jugurthine War, the panoply and badge of Christian chivalry.*—To a most curious manuscript, on Egyptian

*Mrs. BRAY (late Mrs. CHARLES STOTHARD) in her ingenious, instructive, and highly entertaining Historical Romance, makes the following accurate observations on the MSS. of the middle ages:—"They were decorated in a magnificent style, and every figure introduced in their illuminations, whatever might be the date of their story, was seen dressed in the costume of the time of the illuminator: so that the heroes of Greece and Rome, a Leonidas or a Cæsar, appeared attired like knights and esquires, adorned with the emblems of the Romish Church. These delineations were faithfully minute, carefully pencilled and decorated with the most brilliant colouring, intermixed with ultra-marine, and richly embossed gold, in lavish profusion."—*See* DE FOIX, *or sketches of the manners and customs of the Fourteenth Century.*

papyrus so early a date is assigned as that of the 6th century: its contents are the Homilies of St. Augustine.—The most magnificent relic in the collection is an illuminated MS. of the 15th century, taken from among the booty of the Burgundian camp, at the battle of Morat, on the 1st of January, 1477, when Charles-le-Tèmèraire was defeated and lost his life by the hands of the confederated Swiss, whose country he had so unjustly invaded and so cruelly ravaged. The subjects of the book are the actions of Alexander the Great, by Quintus Curtius; and it contains a numerous series of paintings allusive to the principal passages in that Prince's life, quite in the stile, and not improbably after the designs, of Van Eyck, Hemling, or some other master of the early German or Flemish school: with a ludicrous degree of incorrectness as to costume, and with the usual dryness in the contours and draperies of the figures, they are most splendid patterns of colouring and high finish.—The soldiers had despoiled the volume of the gold clasps and corners once attached to its cover, which still retains in an almost unsullied state a rich binding of crimson velvet.—The fragment of Philippe-le-Bel's household account book consists of only five or six small narrow tablets of wood covered with a preparation of wax, on which the writing has been done with a stylus, after the manner of the Romans; the first date of these memoranda of royal expenditure is in 1314.—Among the early printed works are those of Cicero, the Mentz edition of 1495, by John Fust, a capital piece of typography, in imitation of manuscript.

This Library, said to contain 50,000 volumes, is particularly rich in collected letters of the Reformers. I

looked over a large volume of Calvin's epistles: the handwriting is small, close, and scarcely legible. There are many also of Beza's and Bullinger's. A letter of our own great and good Sir Isaac Newton's is here preserved; interesting as a memorial of him, though simply one of complimentary acknowledgement: it begins "gratias tibi debeo," &c. and is addressed in the superscription "Celeberrimo Doct. Arlaud." Also a letter of J. J. Rousseau, containing some remarks on music, in the scientific and judicious manner in which he was accustomed to write on that subject; it is dated "Aux Eaux Vives," and penned in an excellent hand.

In the long room of the library is a clock in the form of a temple, on the dome of which stands a figure of the strutting bird, "whose lofty and shrill-sounding throat awakes the God of Day." The mechanism being wound up, chanticleer flaps his wings and crows lustily: whereupon twelve figures, representing the Apostles, dance to the music of chimes, round a peristyle: still lower down the mimic structure is a balcony, in which the Virgin Mary sits enthroned; to her, out of a door on the right, comes a winged figure, representing the Angel of the Annunciation—presently after, from another door on the left hand side, a skeleton, as the image of Death, advances, and falls prostrate at the feet of the Virgin. At that moment, a personage in the centre of the dome, behind "our Ladye," opens a third door, and strikes upon a bell the time of day. On this whimsical piece of horology the date of 1650 is inscribed.

Monsieur Bourrit, the head-librarian, had the politeness to shew me these curiosities: a mark of attention to a self-introduced and nameless stranger, in which, whilst

grateful towards him myself, I recognised the influence of urbanity co-operating with a still higher sense of the conduct that best becomes a public functionary. In the MSS. room the same gentleman shewed me a small piece of marble, on which, by a *lusus naturæ*, a complete little picture has been imprinted; it is not less remarkable for its combinations of light and shade, than for the close resemblance of its objects to those of a fine landscape. Also an exquisite miniature copy, in enamel, of Le Brun's Alexander in the Tent of Darius, by that admirable artist, the elder Petitot, who was born in this city, 1607. In the same room are portraits of Michael Roset, Arlaud, Burlamaqui, Tronchin, Bonnet, and Abauzit, natives of Geneva, and men of high renown in the annals of science and literature.—In the large room are those of Calvin, the Turretins, Daubinee, Sartoris, illustrious Genevese. The portrait of Calvin is fine, and forms part of a series in which Luther, Huss, Zisca, Beza, Bullinger, Zuinglius, and the real author of the Reformation in England, our own Wickliffe, are interestingly combined. Near them I observed those of Coligni, Cardinal de Chattelar, Erasmus, Scaliger, Hugo Grotius, Descartes, Diodati, Spanheim, and a host of other men of letters.

The principal pictures in the rooms of the Societé-des-Arts are, a very fine copy of the Danae of Titian; the original portrait of Saussure, by Saint Ours, whose reputation as a painter of history and conversations also stands very high; and a grand landscape by Delarive, representing Mont Saleve. As containing the productions of native artists, this gallery redounds highly to the honour of Geneva.

The Great Hospital is capable of containing four hundred

patients, in cases of fever and casualties; and offers a refuge for foundlings of both sexes, and an asylum for lunatics. I went into most of the wards, two of which were nearly filled with the victims of a dreadful fire, which about a week before took place at Salins, one of the neighbouring towns on the Savoy side of Geneva; where four hundred houses were burnt to the ground (as it were) in an instant. These unfortunate men were in a most melancholy state of mutilation and suffering: some of the cases were deplorably bad. The rooms are all clean and well ventilated: of the corridors communicating with them, it appeared to me that the same desirable degree of care was not taken. But coming as I did from a kingdom, and in particular from a city, where the management of such institutions is perfect in every respect, my perceptions might perhaps have been somewhat too fastidious. Their refectory and kitchen are well ordered, and the provisions good. Besides being an asylum to the sick, the suffering, the insane, and the helpless, who belong to Geneva, this charitable establishment devotes a portion of its revenues to a weekly distribution of alms to the passing poor, and gives away small sums to families in indigent circumstances. Strangers however are not received into it indiscriminately: a person to obtain admission must prove the fact of having fallen ill in the city. Without this precaution the hospital would be crowded with patients beyond all possibility of accommodating them.—The chapel is appropriated by the directors to the use of the English residents every Sunday morning, when the service of our excellent Church is performed by the Rev. Mr. Burgess and other Clergymen: the expenses being defrayed, and this most desirable

object supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of our countrymen.

In the afternoon my friend H. and I directed our steps to St. Peter's; still called the Cathedral, though the city in which it stands has for the last three hundred years ceased to be an episcopal see. Before the body of a fine Gothic church they have placed a Grecian façade! Its Corinthian columns, entablature, and pediment are on a scale of grandeur, and in a stile of workmanship, not unworthy of the Augustan model from which the *ordonnance* is said to be taken. But even if the builders of the last century could have transplanted the identical front of the Rotunda at Rome, to the very spot where they have erected this appendage, it would still have been a flagrant and displeasing incongruity.—This however, as a mere question of taste and architectural propriety, calls but for a subdued severity of remark. But I do feel inclined to cry "shame" of that irreverent carelessness, which leaves the steps and pavement of the portico in a filthy state, and allows a vender of papers for hanging rooms, to keep shop in a recess of the exterior walls.—The age of this church, to all appearances, as exhibited in the interior and on the outside to the east, (which is round-ended) is considerably more remote than the fourteenth century, to which æra the concierge ascribed it. I should rather conjecture, that to say the tenth if not the eighth century would be nearer the mark, in designating the antiquity of some parts of it. The arches that spring from the lower range of pillars are pointed; but in the upper tier they are circular. The columns of the nave display foliage and figures in all the capitals, various in design, sculptured in high relief and with great sharpness.

The inside of this Temple, like the rest of the Calvinistic places of worship, is very bare: the communion table is placed under the pulpit at the time of celebration. The seats are all marked, as in the parish churches, with labels on which different names are printed, to distinguish the families by whom they are occupied: this gives them a secular and shabby look. There are a few subjects of painted glass in the windows of the east end. The organ at the western extremity is a handsome object. Almost the only monument in the church is that of Henry, Duke of Rohan, chief of the French Huguonot Nobility in the 17th century; and the only *altar* in it is (strange to say) a *Pagan* one. It is as fine a Roman remain of the kind as I have ever seen, being both large and perfect; its form that of a square pedestal—about four feet high—having on the upper side the round hollow place designed to receive the blood of the sacrifice. This antique stone (placed under the organ loft) bears the following inscription:—

DEO. INVICTO.
GENIO. LOCI.
FIRMI DEVS. SE
VERINVS. M. II.
LEG. VIII. AVG. P. F.
COS. II. P. XXVI.
ARA. EX. VOTO.

Three more lines follow, too imperfectly preserved for my decyphering; but doubtless containing the name of the Emperor in whose reign this votive altar of the Eighth Legion was erected. Surely however it would now find a more appropriate repository in the Museum or the Public Library. Had it been dedicated to Apollo instead of the Unconquered Genius of the Place, it might be presumed

to have been taken from the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, on which this Christian Church of St. Peter's at Geneva is, by the learned, supposed to have been built.*

Besides the Cathedral, there are three other places of worship, dedicated to the service of the Protestant Religion, happily the still ascendant and prevailing one in Geneva. A fourth church, however, is assigned to the use of that peculiar persuasion "the *sincere* members of which (as Mr. Blanco White says and proves in his valuable work†) cannot conscientiously be *tolerant*."—And this very day it has been the scene of a grand ceremonial. I was not informed of the circumstance in time to be enabled to witness it; but, from a friend who was himself a spectator, I learnt that the *bones* of a Popish Saint were displayed with pomp and parade enough to make those of a Genevese reformer rattle in his grave: a pomp and parade of relic-honour to which the descendants of old Calvin's and Beza's disciples, in this place of their nativity and theatre of their successful ministry, are as yet but little if at all accustomed.—Some months back, Monsieur Vuarin, the curé of the Roman Catholic Church, accompanied by the Abbé de la Mennai, travelled to the Vatican: on which occasion Leo the Twelfth, for the edification of "the Faithful," more numerous now than ever in this *heretical* republic,‡ presented

* Julius Cæsar alludes to Geneva in his Commentaries, and speaks of it as a town of the Allobroges, at that time a Roman Province. It was to this city that Cæsar went to resist the attempted emigration of the Helvetians.

† Practical and Internal Evidences against Catholicism.

‡ "The addition of several Roman Catholic parishes makes the members of that Church, within the territory of Geneva, amount to about one half the number of the Protestants."—*Waring*.

to the Curé some *ossemens* of a canonized martyr or confessor, named Nemesion. These precious fragments, which had been suffered for centuries to rest in peace at Rome, were lately transported to Geneva: and they were this day deposited in a chapel dedicated to the dead man's honour.—All the Catholic Priests of the canton and its neighbourhood assembled at the church betimes in the morning, to the number of between sixty and seventy; and the Bishop of Bellay, accompanied by his two Grand Vicars, came on purpose to officiate on so important an occasion, and confer due splendour on so imposing a *spectacle!* *

Our perambulation finished with a visit to the Hotel de Ville, erected in 1618, but in whose construction, like that of all the rest of the public edifices in Geneva, embellishment seems disregarded and utility alone studied. The *escalier* of this town-house is formed not of steps but of inclined planes, by which one might with ease mount all the way up on horseback. The water pumped by the hydraulic machine in the Rhone, ascends to the top of this singular staircase, whence it descends again into the different fountains of the city.

In the entrance hall of the Hotel de Ville is an inscription prefaced with the motto, "Tria protegit unus," allusive to the Reformation, which lost Geneva the friendship of Fribourg, but in 1584 obtained for it the greater advantage of a perpetual alliance with the cantons of Berne and Zurich, and was thus the means of confederating this Republic with the Helvetic Body. There is a

* The Gazette de Lausanne of the 5th of August, noticing this affair, says, "Nous esperons que les journaux qui sont si amérement élevés contre *l'intolèrance* des Protestans, voudront, par *erratum*, recueillir cet article."

room which they call La-Chambre-de-la-Reine, because it contains a portrait of our Queen Anne; presented to the city by that Princess. In the same small apartment are whole lengths of Louis XV. and XVI. the King of Prussia (Father of the Great Frederick) and his Queen, and the late King of Sardinia. The chamber of the State Council (Conseil-d'Etat), is as plain and dull a room as twenty-five "potent, grave, and reverend" Magistrates, chosen to make laws for and to watch over the safety of a Republic, perhaps ever sat in. The Grand Council, or Council of Representatives (Conseil Représentatif), holds its sittings in a larger and a better lighted but equally unadorned apartment.*

In the evening by appointment I paid a visit to Monsieur Rousseau, nephew and only surviving descendant of JEAN JACQUES; and who himself unites sound sense, extensive information, and good breeding, to that frankly communicative and obliging disposition, which at once invites and repays the confidence of friendship. Mr. R. apparently between 60 and 70 years of age, is somewhat below the middle stature, of light complexion, and stout. He is a Member of the Representative Council, and bears a character of high respectability among his fellow-citizens of Geneva.—Madame Rousseau, considerably younger than her husband, is a lady of Irish extraction, but by birth a Parisienne: a woman of pleasing and polished manners, she manifests but too clearly in the delicate expression of her small regular features the languor consequent on continued ill health.† The party besides

* For a sketch of the present Constitution of Geneva, see Chapter XIV.

† This worthy couple no longer exist. Mr. Rousseau died in December, 1825: and his widow survived him not more than two months.

my kind host and hostess and myself, consisted of Mademoiselle V. sister to Madame R. and three young Gentlemen from Oxford. The time passed very pleasantly between music and conversation; in which the national airs of England, France, and Switzerland were vocally reciprocated by mutual solicitation; and the merits of the three respective countries supported with fairness, yet with fondness, by the natives of each.

Mr. Rousseau's residence, being in the street called Derrière-le-Rhone, commands a noble prospect, looking in a N. N. E. direction. The clear dark blue water of the lake washes the lower wall of the house, and eight or nine miles of its extent were immediately before us, the rest being hid by a projecting point of land on the right or Savoy side; where we see the village of Coligni, and among numerous other country seats, the house once occupied by Lord Byron:* behind these an alpine range appears. On the left the Jura gradually approaches, or seems to approach the borders, which make a verdant and profuse display of woods and cultured uplands, studded with habitations.

As I was looking with unsated feelings of enjoyment at the scenery of this interesting spot, one of the *bateaux-à-vapeur* arrived full of passengers; and in gallant trim,

* "His principal amusement during his residence in this romantic spot, consisted in sailing on the lake of Geneva, and he sometimes extended his aquatic excursions (always from child-hood a favourite recreation) to other parts of Switzerland. His imagination was so full of the stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded, that he seemed wholly absorbed in the contemplation of them, and to wish for no other company than his own reflections. Switzerland abounded in rich materials for his genius to work upon, and he did not fail to store his mind with conceptions of the grand and magnificent for future occasions."—*Life, writings, opinions, and times of Lord Byron. Vol.* 1, *p.* 301.

with colours flying, entering the *Redoute des Barques*, anchored close under the windows of our apartment.—The vessel had completed its voyage, *out* by the Pays-de-Vaud side of the lake and *home* by the Savoy coast, in about fourteen hours, starting from Geneva at six o'clock in the morning. The introduction of a steam boat on this water took place about two years and a half ago.—It was the speculation of an Englishman, and was soon found to answer so well, that the good people of Geneva, albeit unused to the enterprising mood, have not only built a second vessel themselves, but also bought the former of our countryman. And thus a voyage round the lake, which Addison states to have taken him nearly five days to make, with a pretty fair wind, is now with ease and certainty performed in one. These two steam vessels were, as far as my observation went, the only things worthy of being termed nautical in the port of this place!

August 2d.—This morning early, we went to the top of the Cathedral. The bold unterminating line of the Jura, broken only in that part where the Rhone takes its course into France—the beautiful expanse of the lake, and the delicious prospect of its fertile shores—the confluence of the Arve with the Rhone—the grandeur and variety of the Savoy mountains both far and near, combine to render this one of the most superb of panoramas.

On the wall of St. Peter's church is a meridian line, which is drawn in such a way, that during one half of the year, when the shadow falls thereupon it is noon: there is another line for the other half-year. These serve respectively to regulate the clock of the cathedral, in the

towers of which two men are stationed every night; and to give the proof of their watching, they are obliged every quarter of an hour to pull a cord communicating with a clock, and then the hour strikes for the second time. If they perceive a fire they give the alarm through a speaking trumpet.

In the course of the day I made an excursion of about four miles to the south of Geneva, to visit the grave of a young friend. The cemetery of the Protestant Church of Chene contains but two monuments. One is to the Historical Painter J. P. Saint Ours, who died on the 16th of April, 1809. The other is a plain marble tablet fixed to the wall of the church, and bearing the following inscription :—

H. S. E.
CAROLUS WISEMAN, B. A.
Natione Britannus:
Academiis Disciplinis,
Apud Cantabrigienses
Imbutus:
Optimæ spei Juvenis:
Ostentus Eheu!
Raptusque Simul:
Obiit XXII. Aug. MDCCCXXIII.
ÆT. XXIV.

Of an individual to "fame unknown," but to memory ever dear, the sentiments of friendship and affection would freely prompt the eulogy, claimed alike by his talents and his virtues, from one who intimately knew and fraternally loved him. But this is not the place for tributary animadversions however just on private worth, nor for effu-

sions of personal feeling however sincere. Suffice it for me, on this subject of my heartfelt sorrow and of my lasting regret, to add, that

"No sooner seen than fled; admir'd, than mourn'd,"

this amiable and promising character, after having ably and conscientiously fulfilled the term of his engagement, as Tutor to the sons of a Gentleman, whom he lived with for two years in France, and afterwards accompanied into Italy, died at Chene, on his return from Milan.

The Protestant Church at Chene is in the form of a half circle, (like that of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris) and so much approved is the arrangement of the pulpit, benches, and galleries, that (as I was told) the plan of the interior has been followed in most of the newly-erected Temples for the Reformed Religion in France.

Proceeding through the village, which extensive and populous, stands partly in the Savoyard and partly in the Genevan territory, I went to the house where my poor friend resided and entered the room where he breathed his last. The owner, Dr. Du F. is a worthy humane man; he received me with kindness and hospitality, and communicated several particulars on the lamented event which had brought me to the spot. The situation of the place is elevated and open; and its pure invigorating air, well calculated to impart strength to a debilitated constitution. As we looked from the terrace of this gentleman's garden, the Salève presented its high calcareous ridge in the front view: to the left the beautiful hill of the Mole reared its cultivated sides and woody summit. We were in the midst of vineyards: behind us shone the Lake; and around us rose the mountains.

After dining at the table d'hote of our hotel (La Couronne) we took advantage of a lovely afternoon for a walk, and pursued our course into the country by the Porte d' Italie. Near Coligni about a mile on the road towards Thonon, an eminence overlooking the lake afforded us a fine view of Geneva, the bastion of St. Antoine, the Cathedral, and lofty line of houses towards the water, with the rich country of the Pays-de-Vaud far extending to the right, and the chain of the Jura for a back ground to the whole.—Returning from this short pedestrian excursion, which lay through a very pretty district, and close to many agreeably situated and well fashioned villas, (several of the best of them inhabited by English families), we bent our steps to the village of Eaux-Vives, on the eastern bank of the lake. At this place, whence Rousseau dates some of his letters, we took boat at half-past five o'clock, and crossed over to Secheron, passing the gardens belonging to the Hotel-d'Angleterre, a very favourite resort of our countrymen. Secheron is about two miles from Geneva by the road; and about the same distance by water from Eaux-Vives. Nature is bountiful to this locality, and Art has been employed in its further decoration: the bank projects with great boldness into the lake, above which it rises full thirty feet perpendicular. The ground teems with ornamental irregularities. Trees, grottoes, and seats; modern summer-houses and mock ruins tastefully harmonize with the surrounding scene. On the north side of this little cape is a charming bay, with here and there a mass of rock peeping above the surface of the glassy wave.—All circumstances contributed to render this little traject delightful—

" Lake Leman woo'd us with its crystal face,"

whilst Mont Blanc, momentarily cleared of the thick nebulous cloak that had all day hung around him, was distinctly visible; soaring majestically above every other earthly object, and resplendent in the beam of Phœbus shot from the western cliff upon his snowy breast and summits. The idea of matchless altitude, as connected with the sight of that mountain, then indeed became most powerfully impressive on our minds. We could trace in succession almost all the outline of its upper regions with a clearness, scarcely inferior to that with which we had marked it from the Col-de-Balme: and to reflect that it was 70 miles distant from the lake on whose clear placid surface we were then floating, was the only thought that could augment the force of those sensations with which we contemplated the transient spectacle of Nature's glory. In a little while, fresh clouds rolling on began to impair our view: the head of Mont Blanc continued for a few minutes longer to exhibit the fervid tints of sunset; and then a dense assemblage of vapours hid it from our sight.—Deprived of the magnet which had hitherto rivetted our regards to that quarter, we turned with involuntary quickness to catch the equally brilliant and fleeting beauty of the fleecy clouds that had congregated on the opposite side: their golden hue was strikingly contrasted with that of

" Darkened Jura, whose cap't heights appear'd
" Precipitously steep."

The splendour of the mountain-scene was soon over: but the lake remained pure and serene; and the peacefulness

of evening shed itself over the face of the waters.—The view of Geneva, whose republican equality of altitude in its buildings is broken only by the high towers of the Cathedral, does not improve upon the eye as you approach it from the lake: the range of buildings facing which, though lofty, are destitute of architectural stateliness: most of the houses in that quarter exhibit strong symptoms of dilapidation and neglect, of unrepaired and perhaps irreparable decay. Heavens, how unlike the quays and wharfs of an English seat of commerce! Here indeed we have an inland sea; but the crowded port is no where to be found!

CHAPTER XIII.

GENEVA—*The Rhone—The Arcades—Jewellers—Watchmakers—Public Walks—English Cricket Ground—The Camp—Distribution of the Military Force—Fortifications—Excursion to Petit Saconnex—Autographs—Rousseau—An Indulgence of Pope Julius II.—Original Letter of Buonaparte's—Visit to Mont Salève.*

AUGUST 3d.

ACCOMPANIED by my kind friend Mr. Rousseau, I made the circuit of the city. We began with a visit to the Bridge of the Isle, and Cæsar's Tower, on the north-west side, where the Rhone, issuing from the lake, divides into two broad streams, and rushing on with amazing rapidity, unites soon again in one large and deep channel; thus passing through a corner (as it were) of the town, and soon afterwards receiving the Arve at its entry into France. The waters of the former river, as has already been noticed, are of a muddy complexion as they flow through the Valais, and enter the south-east extremity of the lake. It is then and not till then, that spreading themselves over a surface, fifty miles in length, and in some parts nine miles in breadth, they deposit their alluvion, and here pass out of the lake, in a limpid current of a bright blue colour.*

* Such is the impetus of the two currents, that in meeting they do not intermix, but run side by side in the same deep channel; and the line of

It is on the Rhone that the Hydraulic Machine is erected, which draws up and impels its waters, at the rate of 500 pints a minute, to the most elevated parts of the city. Below the water-works the river is crossed by two bridges of wood, which have both a strong vibratory motion, caused by the extreme force of the current; the upper one in particular communicates a very disagreeable feeling as one passes over it.

In this quarter also are placed the public-corn store-houses, an important establishment, under the controul and management of La-Chambre-de-Bled, which has always in these magazines a regulated quantity of corn, and moreover has a certain sum at its disposal for purchasing fresh supplies. The bakers are furnished, with flour from these stores, and the price of bread is thus kept free from fluctuation. This precaution has doubtless been found necessary in so very circumscribed a territory, and where importation from the surrounding country is always precarious. It also enables the Genevese occasionally to assist their poorer neighbours. A memorable instance of this kind, Mr. R. informed me, took place no longer ago than last year; when there was a famine in Savoy, and hundreds of his Sardinian Majesty's *Catholic* subjects would have perished with hunger, but for the charitable subscriptions and timely assistance of the magistrates and inhabitants of this little *Protestant* State.

demarcation is as distinct as if drawn by a pen, there being not the least blending even of the two sides in contact with each other. The only advantages they gain of each other, are, when a bay occurs on either side, the current on that side occupies it; but still preserves its central line unbroken: or if a headland or turn of the river takes place, the inside current then gains an advantage, and forces her competitor into a narrower channel, but this is soon rectified in the course of a short distance.—C.

Surely if it were only for the sake of such good Samaritans as those of Geneva, the Priests and Levites of Turin *should*, with their Sovereign at their head, "go and do likewise" to that neglected, impoverished, oppressed, insulted race of virtuous and enlightened people, the Vaudois of Piedmont. The King and his subjects most probably *would* do so; but that his and their predecessors, in obedience to Papal injunctions, persecuted and attempted to exterminate the inhabitants of the Protestant Vallies, and that "*Semper eadem* is more emphatically descriptive of the religion of Roman Catholics than of their jurisprudence."*

Retracing our steps, we proceeded through the Rue Basse, where the principal shops are situated, and where those ponderous structures of timber, dignified with the name of Arcades, are, in spite of their height, gloom, and ugliness, acceptable for the shelter they offer from the sun's heat, both to the resident and the passing stranger. In one of these shady but unsightly thoroughfares, I observed over the portal of a house these words:—"Ici est né Charles Bonnet, Le XIII. Mars, MDCCXX." A truly Christian Philosopher, who pursued a career in the science of Natural History not less distinguished by theoretical soundness than by practical utility.

The houses, built of stone, are most of them six stories high. The attics of those in the more elevated parts of the city are tenanted by watch-makers and other mechanics whose business requires a strong light. Some of the best residences in the body of the place, inhabited by

* "If any one pretend to insinuate that the modern Roman Catholics differ one iota from their ancestors, he either deceives himself, or wishes to deceive others."—*Plowden.*

persons of the first local consequence, are in a manner shared by their rich proprietors with shopkeepers and manufacturers. That is to say, the range of the ground floor is occupied by the latter, and the gentry themselves live on the first floor and middle stories. This has rather a strange appearance. But the general arrangement of dwellings is a great deal worse. A house in the Arcades, or behind the Rhone, for instance, affords suites of rooms for several families: from top to bottom a common staircase, which usually, if not too much in the dark to be examined, shews a thick coating of dirt, serves by various landings to conduct you to the door of the person you seek. There is however no "parlez-au-concierge" inscribed on the entrance, as at Paris. The name is on each door, and you must proceed by yourself till you find it. Yet it is in these close uncomfortable places that some of the most respectable tradesmen reside, and carry on their concerns to a great extent of capital, and with an extraordinary display of ingenuity and taste.

At one of the principal jewellers we were shewn some most splendidly executed pieces of workmanship in gold and precious stones. We also visited the firm of Godemar, in the watch-making line, and heard a great variety of brilliant tunes on musical boxes, which they have brought to wonderful perfection, and sell at much more reasonable prices than formerly. The greatest curiosity in this *magazin*, and one indeed surpassing any I had ever before seen, was a snuff-box, beautifully chased in gold: on the top of the lid was a circular tablet of enamel, with a choice design of flowers elegantly painted on it. This tablet being lifted, up rose a little feathered automaton, which, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, warbled most delightfully;

its beak moved in exactly corresponding time with its rapid flow of notes, whilst it briskly turned its diminutive body, and displayed the radiant plumage of its wings as it sang. The inside of the tablet-lid had a mirror, which magnifying the form of "this counterfeit presentment of" a humming bird, shewed the consummate finish that the artist had bestowed upon it. The price asked was 1800 francs; the mechanism alone was valued at 900 francs. It was altogether an admirable specimen of Genevan talent and labour.

In the course of our walk through the central and oldest part of the city, Mr. R. pointed out to me, in the Place-de-bel-air, what goes by the name of Calvin's pulpit (La-chaire-de-Calvin), it is a sort of cul-de-lampe, or bow window, of stone, attached to the lower part of a building, from which it is related that their Great Ecclesiastical Reformer, before the separation of Geneva from the Church of Rome was fully accomplished, had the intrepidity to preach the Gospel to the people.

Continuing our course on a regular ascent, we reached and traversed the agreeable promenade of La-Treille; at the western extremity of which, passing the Theatre (for after all, Geneva—*Republican* Geneva, *has* a Theatre within its walls, and French singers and actors perform in it), we descended through La-porte-neufe, and crossed the smooth turf of Plein-Palais, whose extensive level the English Residents are allowed to use as a cricket ground, during the present season of the year. Yesterday a match was played between the Etonians and the Harrowians, eleven on each side, on this very spot, which is well adapted for the purpose.

Proceeding about a mile beyond Plein-Palais, we visited

what is called the Camp, and saw there some hundreds of fine young men, engaged in the various duties and exercises of a military life. The national army, of which this was a portion, is estimated at nearly 8000 men.—Every able-bodied Genevese is liable to serve, from the age of 20 to 55 years, and even to 60 in time of war. But the ordinary course, according to my friend's information, is for all those who have attained their twentieth year, to go and perform what is called encamping (camper) for six weeks, about half a league from the town. That is to say, every man of the age aforesaid, not labouring under any personal incapacity, is obliged to receive from Government an uniform, which he pays for if in a situation to afford the expence, and which if he is not, is given to him; and to go on duty, for the above-mentioned space of time, during the months of July and August. In this encampment, the men without distinction sleep upon straw, under tents, mingled in one common lot; the rich with the poor; the officers with the private soldiers: they cook their own victuals; and the whole day is devoted to the practical study of the art of war. This is truly a republican order of things: perfect equality reigns among these young folks; and a few hours respite from fatigue on a Sunday, is all they are allowed. Besides being regularly accustomed to shooting at the target with rifles, they are on these occasions practised in field manœuvres, making forced marches, clambering up rocks, passing rivers; in a word, the object studiously pursued by their commanders, is that of preparing them for every situation in which they would be liable to be placed in a state of real warfare; and their occupations fall short of it only in this particular, that they are not employed to

kill, either each other, or any body else.—These townsmen, from 20 to 28 years of age, form the active part of the national force, and may be sent beyond the territorial confines. The male population of all the Swiss Cantons is placed on the same principle of organization; and by that alone the permanent army of the whole Confederation is regulated.

Whilst on the subject of the military force, I may observe that, for permanent service, Geneva has a garrison composed of about eight hundred men, who are mercenaries of all countries, and do the police duties. I was told that many Members of both the Councils have already raised objections to the employment of these troops, which they look upon in the light of an abuse, contending that native Gens-d'armes would be sufficient for the police, and that these hired soldiers would be of no adequate assistance in the event of a war. Sentiments of this nature, it seems, have met with such general concurrence, that if the Republic was not under temporary engagements with the force in question it would ere now have been sent away: at present the Government is daily getting rid of it as much as possible. It is probably owing to the foreign ingredients of which this garrison is composed, that, notwithstanding all its officers are Genevese, the city bears so much resemblance to a French fortress. On our first arrival we found pretty much the same strictness at the gates about our *passe-ports* as if we had been entering Calais or Valenciennes.

Returning into the town, we visited the Botanic Garden, which, considering the recent period of its establishment, is a fine one; and thence traversed the public walk of Les-Bastions, where a very handsome mansion, or more pro-

perly speaking, a villa in the Italian stile, has been erected, near the Cavalier, with beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds in front, by Monsieur Hennard, who was formerly a Commissary of War under Buonaparte, and in that lucrative capacity made an immense fortune. There is a row of fine houses, built on a terrace that overlooks this part of the ramparts: they belong to the respective families of the Turretins, Tronchins, and Saussures. But even these are not wholly free from the derogatory feature to which allusion has in a preceding page been made: the rez-de-chaussée of some of these is let off: nor is it matter of the slightest reproach to any individual that they should be so.

The fortifications of this place are fine works, and have the appearance of considerable strength; but the trees and houses, which have been allowed to occupy the surrounding country within musket-shot of the glacis, seem calculated to render them nearly useless. The south gate is a handsome piece of architecture; but the fosse is in a fair way of being filled up, as all rubbish from the city is carted into it. I pretend not to canvass the political or local reasons which induce the Republic to keep up the fortifications, but space being so valuable in this cooped-up city, justice will, in my opinion, never be done to the commercial interests of Geneva; due attention will not be paid to the health and comfort of its numerous and increasing population*; nor will the advantages of its geographical position be adequately developed until these boulevards shall be razed, and houses built and gardens planted† on the ground now covered with

* The population of the Canton of Geneva amounted in 1790 to 24,000 souls; at present it exceeds 41,000.

† As at Francfort-on-the-Maine, and at Aix-la-Chapelle.

defensive masonry, the military strength of which no one now-a-days ever thinks of associating with the idea of a siege to be sustained.

Our circuit had now brought us to the bastion of Saint Antoine; where a couple of suspension bridges, constructed of iron wire, have within the last three years been thrown across the fossés and casemates, making a convenient passage over what are called Les-Tranches. The good people of Geneva are not a little proud of these *ponts en fil de fer*, which, though not *quite* so formidable an undertaking as that accomplished at the Menai straights, nor even on such a scale as the Brighton chain pier, they think a wonderful work; and it is without question a great improvement to this public promenade. Our view thence of the principal edifices, the expansive lake, the verdant shores, the breadth of country overspread with vineyards, orchards, woodlands, and habitations, the forest-crown'd ridge, the snow-capt mountains—was clear and delightful. We finished our perambulation at the Lake-gate, from the bastion above which, at a short distance, the Niton stone (Pierre-à-Niton) offered itself to sight; it consists of two fragments of granite, close to each other, whose points just appear above the surface of the water. Some instruments of sacrifice, evidently Roman, discovered in one of these rocks, about a century ago, are preserved in the Museum, and support the tradition which assigns to them the repute of having, in the days of Paganism, served as the foundation of an altar dedicated to Neptune.

The city is fortified on the water side by large piles, driven down a few yards from each other, sustaining a line of large chains; and about a hundred yards further out

is another row of piles and chains. These leave only one entrance in the immediate bed of the lake, or rather of the Rhone, across which a chain is drawn every night, at sun-set, and let down again at sun-rise, by the city guard, stationed for that purpose in a wooden house, built on piles, near the spot.

In the afternoon, being on a visit to our friends Monsieur and Madame M. at Petit-Saconnex, we witnessed the magnificent effect produced by the sun, as, making "a golden set," he poured from "the bright track of his fiery car," a flood of glory on the inexpressibly grand scenery which that village commands. The foreground of the picture was deliciously rural—a happy mixture of woodland and vineyard, of herbage and tillage, enlivened by an interspersion of cottages and country seats. About two miles to our right, Geneva, concentrated within a narrow circuit of mural bounds, displayed her crowded buildings tier above tier, with the venerable towers of St. Peter's forming the highest and most central of her architectural objects. The point where the Rhone issues into the city from the lake, was hid from us by the luxuriant foliage of Secheron and the grounds in its neighbourhood. Behind Geneva a rich country extends, which, bedecked with hamlets, villas, and scattered habitations, gradually rises until its plane meets the base of the Salève: the streaky sides of its grey rock form a perpendicular, like the wall of some vast entrenchment, whose top had been rent asunder. To the left, casting our eyes over a beautiful range of intervening groves and pasturages, we allowed them awhile to repose on the lovely waves of Lemanus, in their most placid state; then raised them to look beyond the enchanting line of its southern shores,

where the lofty yet verdant Mole gracefully elevates its pyramidic form. Between this mountain and the Salève appear those of the Brezon and Vergi, green almost to their tops. Further still the Reposoir shews its indented ridges; whilst, most remote, yet most conspicuous object of the never-to-be-forgotten picture, MONT BLANC, with an aspect half terrestrial, half ethereal, uplifts itself in all-surpassing majesty—a stupendous monument of creative power. The beams of parting day had thrown a magic tinge of light pink, succeeding one of deep orange, over the pure mantle of his eternal snows; had imparted a ruddier hue to the naked granite of the Midi and Geant needles; illuminated the upper branches of the glaciers; and from amidst a group of sublimities, that fill the space between the wooded Voirons and the Mole, enabled us to distinguish the peak of the Dru, the Aiguille Verte, and the rounded top of the enormous Buet. At a sight like this, well might the Muse's favoured votary exclaim—

" All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
" Gather around these summits, as to shew
" How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

On the opposite side of Saconnex, the view of the Jura is not without its grandeur; but this is a *triste* and arid line of mountains. Excepting the Dole (3924 feet above the lake) the Geneva extremity of the chain seems nearly destitute of vegetation. Channels, worn by torrents in its steep sides, intersect them with chalky veins, and are almost the only indications of a path-way over them.

August 4th.—Through the kind introduction of Mr. Charles Coindet, in whose agreeable society I had yesterday the advantage of passing several hours, a high gratification was this morning afforded me, in the sight of a very interesting part of his Father's valuable collection. Doctor Coindet,* with the feelings of a liberal and enlightened mind, and under the uniform influence of an obliging disposition, lays open the rarities, which he has accumulated, to the inspection of such strangers, (visiting the place of which he is a distinguished citizen) as in travelling on the continent have a wish to increase their stock of useful information. This gentleman possesses a complete series of original letters and autographs of Illustrious and Remarkable Personages, for the last three centuries; among which I observed those of Saint François de Sales, Bonnivard, Pascal, Calvin, Beza, Coligny, Henri de Bourbon, Henry IV, Chatellar; Bossuet, Eugene de Savoie, De Reaumur, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Mirabeau, Dolomieu, Goethe, Kosciusko, Buffon, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Griesbach, Kotzebue, Margraf (Chemist), Gleditsch (Botanist), Saussure, Humboldt, Lavater, Wieland, Prince Potemkin, Juine (Surgeon of Geneva), St. Ours, Lalande, Camille Jourdan, Mounier, Carnot, M. Necker and Madame Necker; also Madame de Stael, who in a playful letter to a friend in Holland says "Mon Dieu, que vous êtes aimable, et que votre pays est ennuyeux."

In this collection is the letter in which Rousseau

* Author of a treatise on Hydrocephalus, and another on the use of Iodine (sur l'emploi de l'iode) in cases of Bronchocele: works which have greatly contributed to extend his high medical reputation.

says—"Je dèclare de ma part au Magnifique Conseil, que j' abdique à perpètuité mon droit de Bourgeoisie et de Cité dans la Ville et République de Genève." This manuscript is endorsed, in the same neat handwriting as the contents, and as the letter in the public library by the same individual, "Copie d'une Lettre écrite le 12 Mai, 1763, à Monsieur Favre, Premier Sindic de la République de Genève."—There is another letter from Jean Jaques, dated London, in which he gives his address, "M. Davenport,* next door to Lord Egremont, Piccadilly."

Doctor C. has an extremely good, and in point of expression an animated, portrait (in crayons) of Rousseau: that strangest compound of valuable qualities and wayward propensities; of exalted talent and perverse disposition; of what claims the highest admiration and deserves the severest reprehension. Virtuous and vicious by turns, yet neither one nor other with permanence or apparent premeditation; elevated in thought, degraded by passion; now soaring sublimely above error and prejudice, then marring by discordant and impracticable theories the foundation of his usefulness to mankind; in practical life, the victim of fancy-raised disquietude, the slave of chimerical fears and unfounded suspicions; the eloquent panegyrist of the principles of Christianity, and the insidious impugner of its evidences; vainly darting forth the brilliant corruscations of his fascinating genius to gild the devious and dangerous pathway of his morals;

* A Gentleman of opulence, who admiring his genius and compassionating his misfortunes, liberally assigned to Rousseau's use a house at Wootton, in Derbyshire, where he lived in retirement for some time, and where it is said he employed himself in writing a considerable portion of his *Confessions*.

a proud contemner of prudent counsels, alike distrustful of the sincerity and forgetful of the friendship of others; a restless trifler with his own interest and reputation, ever sacrificing the peace of a superior mind to the morbid sensibility of an inconstant heart;* a friend to justice and to truth, yet prone to play with the edged tools of sophistry and delusion; a lover of retirement, yet continually plunging himself into the very element of opposition and controversy; repenting too little and *confessing* too much, this paradox of a man—John James, the philosopher of Geneva—affords in his eventful history one more striking confirmation (to which our Byron has added another) of the remark, that

> "There are, whom Heaven hath blest with stores of wit,
> "That want as much again to govern it."

But of all this curious and interesting collection, there was not, I must confess, a single article which in my eyes appeared more worthy of particular note than an Indulgence granted to certain individuals by the authority of Pope Julius the Second. This curious relic of an age

> "When all our Fathers worshipt stocks and stones,"

besides what it owes to the peculiar nature of its contents, is interesting as an early production of the typographic art. It abounds in abbreviations, and is consequently not a little difficult to read. But through the able assistance of a literary friend, on the spot, I succeeded in obtaining an exact copy from beginning to end; with the

* La Harpe seems to have hit the point of characteristic delineation, in observing, that "Rousseau engrossed to himself the inconstancy of man."

sole exception of the names of the persons for whose *spiritual* use and benefit it was specifically designed. The learned gentleman who aided me in my research was, equally with myself, unable to decypher the appellatives which in manuscript filled up the blanks of this Holy and Infallible Schedule. We could only discover at the end, the word "uxor" written, indicating that the Indulgence was available to a man and his wife. As a whole, however, it serves to elucidate and explain the otherwise obscure meaning of Leo the Tenth's *ten thousand years of pardon* granted to reciters of *Paters* and *Aves* at Milan;* and, coupled with the proceedings of Monday last in this city, seems also well adapted to demonstrate that, although Calvinism, even here at its fountain-head, has lost much of its austerity and all its intolerance, the religion of which the warlike and ambitious Julius was at the head in 1507, is in every respect the same under Leo the Twelfth, now at this Jubilee period of 1825.† However vain, therefore, the hope of clearly understanding the entire meaning of this document, couched as it is in Latinity so barbarous, and requiring as it does an acquaintance with a multitude of absurd dogmas and ridiculous ceremonies, the following attempt at an English translation is here subjoined, as a contribution to the voluminous Evidences of History *against* the most monstrous system of imposture

* See pages 127 and 128 of this volume.

† With Doctor Southey, as he expresses himself in his admirable and complete VINDICATION of his own "Book of the Church," let it be allowed me to say that—"I have seen what the Roman Catholic system is; seen it not as it is represented by those of its advocates who write for Protestant readers; but as it is in practice, as it is in itself and in its consequences."—*Introduction p.* 5.

ever devised upon earth; and *for* that long outraged cause of religious purity and truth, in whose support the Protestant Reformer devoted his mind and heart, his soul, and strength, and life:—

"We, by Apostolical authority, make known to all that the most Holy Lord, our Lord Julius the Second, and present Pope, hath confirmed and decreed that all and every the indulgences, concessions, grants, statutes, exemptions, and letters, with all and every clause therein contained, piously granted by his predecessors the Roman Pontiffs, should be of perpetual obligation: in which is granted to all the faithful in Christ truly penitent, and having confessed that they have piously distributed of their possessions, for the reparation and extension of the General Hospital of the Holy Spirit in Saxony, belonging to the Roman City, and the members of the same, and for the relief of the poor in Christ resorting to the said Hospital, and fighting against the Saracens, enemies of the Catholic faith, 3 sols for a man and his wife, or 1 person. Namely—when they can choose for themselves a suitable confessor, secular or regular, who can *once in their life* absolve them from all lapses, even those which are specially and ordinarily reserved to the Apostolical See. Also when they can *annually* choose a suitable confessor who can absolve them from all lapses (even those) reserved to the Apostolical See. By giving them in the article of death, and as often as they shall be in that state, plenary remission of all their sins. Furthermore it is granted to the aforesaid faithful in Christ; at the feast of Pentecost and for its octaves, daily, and on the feast of the Holy Trinity in particular, plenary remission of all their sins. And if in the interim it should happen that they die, ecclesiastical burial shall not be forfeited, (unless they be excommunicated, or registered as public usurers) even by the annulling of all their vows, except the vow

of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. And also with respect to usury, rapine, and things otherwise feloniously stolen, if they be ignorant to whom restitution should be made, a faculty of arranging such things is vested in appointed magistrates of their own fraternity. And to Priests and Clerks, and to religious men as well women, whatsoever in the divine offices and canonical hours, either through want of books, or through impotence, negligence, or corporeal debility, they shall have omitted to perform, is relaxed in the Lord by Apostolical authority. And the benefactors obtain each day of their lives one year and 40 days of indulgence, and on all the first Sundays of months 3000 years and 50 days. Also in each festival of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Glorious Virgin, 7 years and 50 days. Also on the feast of the Apostles 2000 years.—Also from the feast of the Nativity of our Lord to the octave, daily, 2000 years. Also from the feast of the Epiphany to the octave, daily, 2000 years. Also on the feast of the Ascension of our Lord to the octave, daily, 2000 years. Also from the feast of Pentecost to the octave, daily, 8000 years. Also from the Feast of the Body of Christ to the octave, daily, 2000 years. Also from the nativity of the glorious Virgin and for the octaves, daily, 30,000 years. Also from the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary to its octaves, daily, 2000 years. Also from the feast of All Saints to the feast of St. Leonard, daily, 3000 years. Which indulgences amount yearly in the whole to the sum of fourteen hundred and thirty-four thousand and thirty years, and one hundred and four days. These aforesaid benefactors are made partakers, whether alive or dead, in the benediction of the Roman Church, and in the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Also in 32,000 masses, and as many psalteries, and generally in all morning masses, fasts, and alms givings which are made and shall be made for ever in appointed order. Also a great and singular privilege is granted to all the faithful in Christ piously wishing to relieve the souls

of their parents, or other dead friends, being in purgatory, viz. by paying for each soul, purposely, the fixed sum of 15 Ot.* The same soul is released and equally exempted from all the pains which it would have had to suffer after this life in purgatory, by the authority of God himself which he exerciseth on earth, and which more and more he mercifully confideth in heaven to the plenary authority of the whole Church, by the way of suffrage. And because the devoted in Christ (here the names of the parties are written in), has entered into so holy a confraternity, he ought truly to rejoice in the said indulgences.—Given under seal, this eleventh day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, five hundred, and seven.

"*The Form of Absolution once in Life, and Yearly on the day of Pentecost, Trinity, and their octaves.*—Misereatur tui, &c. Dominus Noster, &c. and I (by the authority of God himself and his blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and also by the Apostolical authority committed to me and granted to you) absolve you from all your sins, repented, confessed, and forgotten, be they ever so heinous or enormous, even from those sins specially and generally reserved to the Apostolical See, by giving you plenary absolution and remission, as far as the keys of Holy Mother Church extend themselves. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"*Form of Absolution Annually from all lapses.*—Misereatur tui, &c. Dominus Noster, &c. and I (by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of his blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and by the Apostolical authority in this respect committed to me and granted to you) absolve you from all sins and faults however enormous and heinous, by giving you plenary absolution. In the name, &c.

* There is nothing else in the original text. Ot is the appellation of a coin.

"*Form of Plenary Absolution at the point of Death, and as often as Death is apprehended.*—Misereatur tui, &c. Dominus Noster, &c. and I (by authority, &c.) absolve you by giving you plenary remission of all your sins, by remitting to you the pains of purgatory, which by your sins you have incurred—and I re-establish you in that state of purity and innocence in which you were when baptized, as far as the keys of Holy Mother Church extend themselves. In the name of the Father, &c. &c. &c. Amen."*

Here then we see "*the* most *Holy Lord*" (an expression which, if not blasphemous, only just falls short of being so as applied to any human being whatsoever, but most flagrantly impious when coupled with the name of) Julius Secundus,† Papa—confirming all the acts, good, bad, and indifferent, of all his predecessors wicked or virtuous; and granting to persons who have entered into a certain confraternity,‡ and having paid a small sum of money towards the reparation of an Hospital and for the support of a war against the Turks, a prodigious remittance out of his spiritual treasury. For, having confessed to a Priest of their own choosing, they may receive from him, once in their lives, and at the hour of death, or as often as they shall be in danger of dying, not only ab-

* For the Latin see Appendix.

† "His character was that of a sanguinary Prince, who sacrificed many thousands of lives to his restless martial spirit, and by his other enormities rendered his name odious to posterity."—*Walsh's History of the Popes.*

‡ One of those "pious" associations of Monkish origin, the object of which like "the Society of the Rosary" shewn up in the Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, may, as Dr. Southey felicitously observes, "be made generally intelligible in these days by explaining that it was to be a Joint Stock Prayer Company."—P. 491.

solution from all lapses but also *plenary remission of all their sins and faults, however enormous and heinous,* their said confessor being empowered *to remit to them the pains of Purgatory, which by their sins they have incurred, and to re-establish them in that state of purity and innocence in which they were when baptized;* as far as the Keys of the Church extend. And it is, we know a fundamental article of *that* church, that the Pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and, as St. Peter's successor, holds the Keys of Heaven. One might suppose that this was indulgence enough in all conscience: but no: they have not yet got their pennyworth for their penny. A plenary absolution is granted to these Hospital Subscribers at the Feasts of Pentecost and Holy Trinity, and Christian Burial secured to their bodies in spite of all broken vows, except the vow of a journey to Palestine. Each day of their lives, and on the grand ecclesiastical festivals, years and quarantines of appointed penance are excused; and, to make things still more comfortable in this world by preparations for rendering them easy in the next, these indulgences are expressly stated to amount yearly in the whole to the sum of fourteen hundred and thirty-four thousand and thirty years! But O, the inexhaustible bounty of the Papal Exchequer! Because more than a million of years' exemptions from a chimæra of its own creation might not be sufficient to requite the stock-holders in Rome's consolidated fund of meritorious works, they are moreover made partakers of a hecatomb of sacrifices; and in case they wish, which of course they do, to relieve their dead relatives and friends, being in purgatory, they have only with penitence and confession, to pay, at a fixed price per soul, and—Hoc Presto! the same soul is liberated from that

place of fiery punishment!* and placed on the way to Paradise! Than *such* Indulgences, openly sold and eagerly bought at the commencement of the 16th century, on pretended "Apostolical Authority," what need is there of better proof that the doctrine of Purgatory, dove-tailed into that of the Mass, and strengthened by creature-worship in the person of the Virgin Mary, is a fiction of Priests invented among other schemes to aggrandise their own power and to increase the wealth of their communities?† With tenets like these to maintain and propagate, it is no wonder, that the Roman Church enjoins it as a duty on her Ministers, that, "whatever they can achieve by power, provide by counsel, or effect by authority, they should daily execute in order to remedy and abolish the *Pestilence* of" circulating any versions of the Holy Scriptures, except such as she, who arrogates to herself the exclusive right of interpreting them, shall authorise. Her visible head has declared himself "truly shocked" at the establishment of BIBLE SOCIETIES, which he calls "a defilement of the Faith most imminently dangerous to souls," as "a crafty device by which the very foundations of religion are undermined"‡—as if it were possible to point out a greater defilement of Christianity, or a more crafty device to undermine true

* Now greatly increasing in temperature, according to the latest advices, revealed by *Sister Nativity*.

† "The relaxing of Penance in this life (says Dr. Burnett) together with the rescuing of souls out of Purgatory in the next, were sure engines to work upon a credulous and superstitious people: and these were played with so many visions, dreams, and wonderful stories, that no wonder all the Princes in Christendom felt their strength much abated by these endowments."—*History of the Rights of Princes—Preface, p. xxv.*

‡ See Rescript of Pius VII to the Primate of Poland, 1816.

religion, than the system of which Papal Indulgences form a part. But

> "Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies:
> "He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;
> "And he that will be cheated to the last,
> "Delusions strong as Hell shall bind him fast."

The pleasure which I had manifested in looking over Dr. Coindet's superb collection of autographs, induced my excellent and highly gifted young friend, Mr. C. Martins, to conduct me to a neighbouring bookseller's, Mr. Abraham Cherbuliez, by whom I was favoured with the sight and allowed to take the subjoined copy of a letter of Napoleon's, written by him in 1786. It is a verified and acknowledged autograph:

"Je m'addresse directement à vous, Monsieur, pour vous prier de me faire passer *les Memoires de Madame de Warens et de Claude Anet pour servir de suite aux Confessions de J. J. Rousseau*—je vous prirai également de m' envoyer les 2 derniers volumes, *de l'histoir des Rèvolutions de Corse par l' Abbé gerneacres*—je vous serais obligé de me donner note des ouvrages que vous avez sur la isle de Corse, ou que vous pouriez me procurer promptement.

"j'entent votre reponse pour vous envoyer l'argent a quoi cela montera.

"Vous pourez adresser votre lettre
"*à Monsieur De Buonaparte, Officier dartilerie*
au regiment de la fère en garnison à Valence,
*en Dauphiné.**

* The words in italics are underlined in the original, the orthography of which is strictly followed.

" Je suis, Monsieur, avec une parfaite consideration,
" Votre très humble
" et très obeissant, &c. &c.
" BUONAPARTE, Officier Dartilerie."*
" Valence en Dauphinè le 29 juillet,
" Am. Paul Barde."

The afternoon appearing tolerably well suited for a rural excursion, our friends from Petit Saconnex called us in a char-a-banc, and we rode with them to the village of Vieri at the foot of Mont Salève, about a league from Geneva. In our way, at no great distance from the city, we cross by a bridge of wood the muddy stream of the impetuous Arve, there little more than half a mile from its point of confluence with the Rhone. The waters of the Arvè are completely those of a mountain torrent, discoloured by the vast quantity of earthy particles which they bring with them from their source in the vale of Chamouny, and which the rapidity of their current prevents from making a lodgment.

With Mr. M. for my companion, I ascended the re-

* " I address myself directly to you, Sir, requesting you will forward to me *the Memoirs of Madame de Warens and of Claude Anet, to serve as the sequel to the Confessions of J. J. Rousseau.* At the same time I request you to send me the 2 last volumes of *the History of the Revolutions of Corsica, by the Abbé Gerneacres.* I shall be obliged by your giving me a list of the works which you may have on the island of Corsica, or which you may be able to procure for me immediately.

" I wait your answer that I may send the money to which this may amount.

" You may address your letter
" *To Monsieur De Buonaparte, Officer of Artillery, Regiment of La Fere, in garrison at Valence, in Dauphiny.*
" I am, Sir, &c. &c.

markable mountain of chalk stone, at the point of division between the Great and Little Salève. We climbed to the height of about 2500 feet,* by a steep path, kept in repair by a poor fellow, whose only remuneration, as his certificate from the Sardinian Government shamelessly acknowledges, proceeds from that precarious source, the liberality of passengers. This is the true Savoyard mode of paying the inferior class of *employés*.—From the ruins of an old castle, situated nearly on the mountain's top, we had a wonderfully fine view of Geneva—the Jura chain—the Lake and surrounding country to an immense distance. We found on the platforms beyond this lofty and barren-sided ridge, the reverse of sterility: large tracts of pasturage with some corn land interspersed extended themselves in a southern direction between the cloven summit; and amidst scenes of romantic wildness we were cheered with the sight of cattle and *chalets*.† Arrived at the highest point of the passage, we were deprived of our expected view of the mountains of Savoy and the Vallais, by a violent storm, that literally drenched us with wet before we could effect a descent, and rejoin our party at the Inn of Vieri.

It was nine o'clock when we reached, on our return, the city gates. They were shut: but quickly opened to us, on payment of six sous. At ten o'clock it would have been 12 sous, and at eleven 18 sous.

* The highest point of the Grand Saleve is 3072 feet above the Lake.

† Rousseau alludes to "*Les laitages excellens qui se font sur la Montagne de Salève.*"—See Nouvelle Heloise, v. 4, lett. x.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENEVA—*Historical Notices—Ecclesiastical Domination and Ducal Tyranny—Epoch of the Reformation—Farel—Calvin—Bonnivard—Pecolat and Berthellier—Internal Political Dissentions—Constitution of* 1766—*Revolution of* 1782—*Jacobinism of* 1792—*Annexation of Geneva to France—Re-establishment of her Independence—Sketch of the present Constitution of the Republic—Elections—Tribunals—Code—The Magistracy—The Clergy—Religious Toleration—Neighbourhood of Geneva—Its Recommendations to an English Resident—Taxation*—Sœurs de la Charité—*Remarks on the State of Literature, the Arts and Sciences, among the Genevese—The Academy.*

A Tradition, it seems, has attached itself to "the Indulgence," cited in the preceding chapter—viz. that having been brought to Geneva, not many years after the date which it bears, its exposure by some persons inimical to the then existing state of religion, had some influence in accelerating the crisis of the Reformation. Upon this point I pressed my inquiries upon the very friendly and intelligent individuals, to whom I was indebted for a sight and transcript of it. And they were obliging enough to ransack for me their local records to ascertain if any notice had been taken of such a document. But no allusion to it, of a specific kind, is to be found.

The Chroniclers of the times in question had indeed but an imperfect idea of that Philosophy of History, which traces the causes of popular commotions to the state of

public feeling and opinion, and which searches out the springs of that machine, whose outward effects alone strike the common observer. The old historians contented themselves with alluding in general terms to the enormous excesses of the Court of Rome. Nor is it difficult to account for the silence of these writers on matters of detail. We know that the impulses which produce religious and political revolutions almost invariably take their rise among those enlightened classes, which, placed in the middle sphere of society, are the most capable of perceiving the want and of deciding on the expediency of a change. But it is the lower classes, through whose instrumentality the alteration is eventually effected. The multitude overthrows the idol, whether it be of superstition or of despotism or of both united, which the respectable and well informed have already condemned.

And thus it happened at the epoch of the Reformation, in Geneva; a city which, not only in quality of a Roman Colony but also by virtue of privileges and liberties which had been granted to it by different Emperors, was considered to be free, and was governed by a council and four syndics elected from among its inhabitants. This freedom however was curbed and encroached upon by an ecclesiastical domination, and by a civil protectorate attempted to be converted into an absolute government.* The authority of the Romish See leagued itself with the power of the Duke of Savoy to deprive Geneva of her liberty. But the love of independence inspired her citizens with a constant disposition to resist foreign influence and domestic oppression. Hence arose quarrels, producing a

* *Spon; Histoire de Genève.*

state of permanent hostility and ending in open rupture, between the Genevese on one side and their Seignorial Bishops and their Ducal "protector" on the other. This was the position of Geneva at the commencement of the 16th century.

Many ecclesiastics, magistrates, and literary characters, men of upright and discerning minds had for some time formed a bond of union with each other as well against the tyranny of the prince as against the craft of the priest. These persons, without breaking forth themselves into open demonstrations, prepared the people for the crisis that was approaching. The injustice and cruelty exercised towards Bonnivard and his associates first awakened Geneva to a sense of her danger, and to a consciousness of her weakness as opposed to so powerful an enemy as the Savoyard. But the spirit of the people increased with the difficulties and perils of their situation. Then the intrepid William Farel came, and preached publicly against Transubstantiation, Relic, Image, and Saint-worship, and such like contraries to Reason and to Scripture. With enthusiastic vehemence he declaimed against the evils of the Papal system: against the overwhelming extravagance of its temporal, and the impious presumptuousness of its spiritual pretensions; against its superstitious tenets and idolatrous practices; its ambition, avarice, corruption, and fraud. This boldness was congenial to the temper of the public. The Romanists entered into disputations with him; but their replies to his attacks were weak and ineffectual, principally because, subservient to the dictates of their *infallible* head and chief, they evinced a determination not to yield a single point, either on the score of doctrine or discipline, of principle or practice. But their deficiencies in argument were amply

supplied, and their repugnance to concession, strikingly enforced, by the furiousness of their language and the vindictive nature of their proceedings.

> "The priests with bulls and briefs and shaven crowns,
> "And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,"

drove Farel and his adherents out of the city. But the triumph of the Bishop and the Clergy of his party was short-lived: they were in their turn obliged to fly. The cause of Protestantism was defended by a champion of equal zeal and more discretion—a man of more powerful ascendancy, John Calvin appeared: in 1536 he had made great progress in inducing the Genevese to renounce Popery; and in a few years from that period their city became for Continental Europe the focus and centre of the Reformed Religion. A longer period, however, was required to render Geneva what it happily now is, a place where perfect freedom of conscience reigns;* in other words to root out that inherent spirit of intolerance, which the most celebrated Reformers, bred up as they had been in the doctrines of a persecuting church, retained after they had divested themselves of all her other absurd and dangerous peculiarities.

About the time of Calvin's arrival, the Bernese sent deputation after deputation promising assistance to Geneva, if she would embrace, as they had done, the doctrines of

* "In this respect (as Mr. Coxe observes) the Reformed Clergy of this Republic no less wisely than suitably to the spirit as well as the letter of the Christian revelation have renounced the principles of their great patriarch Calvin: although they still hold that able Reformer in high veneration, yet they know how to distinguish his virtues from his defects, and to admire the one, without being blindly partial to the other."—*Vol. 2, Letter* 63.

the Reformation. The city was already at open war with the Duke of Savoy, a tyrannical bigot, and with his profligate relation Bishop John; who had insidiously surrendered all his rights, although bound by an oath not to do so without the consent of the citizens: it accepted the offer, and the change of religion, thus suddenly accomplished, proved doubtless with many in the first instance rather a matter of political necessity, than the effect of that entire conviction, which afterwards obtained so universal and lasting a prevalence among them.

One may therefore without difficulty imagine that amidst such a rapid and tumultuous succession of events, in which religious excitements were commingled with political agitations, the thoughts suggested to a few reflecting minds by the contents of a Pontifical Indulgence, sold with thousands of others to replenish the war-exhausted coffers of Julius,

"His worthless *absolution* all the prize,"

would be liable to the fate of passing unrecorded. But although the particular and personal incidents which connected it with Geneva are not to be found in her books, the circumstances to which this and similar abuses gave birth are still, and it is to be hoped will ever remain, forcibly engraved on her remembrance. The fruit of research on subjects of this nature seldom fails in one way or another to reward the labour. And to the English reader, in whom the glowing verse of Byron has excited a desire to gain additional information respecting the character, conduct, and principles of the "Prisoner of Chillon," and his fellow-sufferers in the cause of patriotism and of freedom, it will not be requisite for me to apologise

for the length of the subjoined extract, translated from the work of the Historian Spon, on Pecolat, Berthellier, and Bonnivard:—

"In 1515, John of Savoy, was Bishop of Geneva, and made common cause with the Duke his relation, against the independence of the city. The two parties, sufficiently exasperated against each other, indulged themselves in jests and insults, as the prelude of more serious conflicts. A citizen, Jean Pecolat by name, said at a grand banquet, speaking of the Bishop, *Non videbit dies Petri*, that is to say, he will not be Bishop 25 years: a necessary qualification for advancement to the Popedom. Pecolat meant to have it understood by this observation that the Bishop would not survive the consequences of a shameful malady with which he was then afflicted. These words were reported to the Prelate, who waited only for a favourable opportunity to be revenged. His table, having through the negligence of his purveyor been served with bad fish, several of his people were taken ill in consequence; and the Bishop complained to the Duke that the Genevese had attempted to poison him.

"Nearly at the same time, another townsman, named Berthellier, went so far as to ham-string the mule of the Judge of Excise, named Gross, who was of a noble family and related to the Bishop. The latter left the city in a rage; retired to his strong castle at Thy, near Geneva; and caused Pecolat, who was then at Pressinge, in Savoy, to be seized, and put him three times to the torture, in order to draw from him a confession that he had designed to poison him, and also to induce him to name his accomplices. Pecolat confessed nothing. The Bishop afterwards, whilst he was at dinner, had his victim suspended by a rope; but even this attempt to overcome his constancy proved ineffectual. In the mean time, Berthellier had taken refuge at Fribourg, and demanded a safe-conduct--

for his return to Geneva, and to be there tried by his natural Judges the Syndics. Receiving nothing but vague promises, in answer to his application, he placed no reliance upon them and remained at Fribourg. During this interval the Duke and the Bishop proceeded to Geneva to influence the prosecution of Berthellier, whom, as well as Pecolat, they expected to find there. Pecolat, although in a state of sickness, was again put to the torture: his firmness excited a suspicion in the minds of his persecutors that he possessed a magical preservative in his beard. A barber was commissioned to shave it, but the man having left his razor within Pecolat's reach, whilst going to empty his basin, the latter seized it, and therewith cut off his tongue. The Duke and the Bishop would have had him again subjected to the same torment which he had already so many times undergone, in order to make him write. But his judges would not allow it, and made intercession themselves on his behalf to the Archbishop of Vienne, who was a citizen of Geneva, and the Bishop's Metropolitan. The Archbishop sent word that he forbade any attempt being made against the prisoner's life: and it was Bonnivard who had the courage to communicate in person this order to the Prelate; who, thus compelled to yield, caused Pecolat to be transported to the castle of Peney, the ruins of which are still to be seen at a few leagues distance from Geneva. Thither the people flocked, in an armed mass, and effected his deliverance most fortunately for him: as the next moment a Brief arrived from the Pope, annulling the protection of the Archbishop of Vienne. Pecolat remained a long time incapable of speaking: but ultimately recovered the power of utterance—through the intercesssion of a Saint, as he himself publicly declared.

"Berthellier was, during this period at Fribourg, endeavouring to draw closer the ties that united that city to Geneva. He at length obtained a safe-conduct and returned to his country, where he was put on his trial; and the Syndics in-

timidated by the threats of the Duke and the Bishop, dared not acquit him. The city of Fribourg interceded on his behalf, and at their instance it was agreed by his prosecutors that he should be forgiven if he asked pardon. But Berthellier answered that "it was guilty persons who ought to beg pardon, not honest men; that he would make no such solicitation on his own account; and that he desired to be condemned or acquitted according to the rigour of strict justice."

"It was through his exertions and those of Bonnivard that the alliance with Fribourg took place; a contract which was followed by many of the Genevese becoming citizens of that town. Berthellier at last obtained judgment in his cause, and was sentenced to a pecuniary fine and punishment for his turbulence. Enraged at the lenity exercised towards Berthellier, the Duke of Savoy marched to attack Geneva, which, conscious of its weakness, opened its gates to him. Bonnivard made his escape from the city, and sought to conceal himself beneath the roof of two of his friends; but they delivered him up to the Savoyards, who kept him a close prisoner for two years at Grolèe.

"As to Berthellier, it was the Duke's design to get rid of him in such a manner as that the deed should be done under cover of the Bishop's name. Berthellier was aware of this intention, but gave himself no uneasiness about it. One day, as he was proceeding to a garden of his beyond the walls of the city, he was arrested, and required to give up his sword. In giving it up, he said to those who had apprehended him "take good care of this weapon, for you will have to account for it." His guards exhorted him to ask pardon of my Lord. What Lord said he? They replied, the Duke of Savoy; your Prince and ours. He is not my Prince, rejoined Berthellier, and even though he were I should not ask pardon of him, because I am innocent. Then you must die, repeated his goalers several times. But he, without making them any answer, wrote on

the walls of his prison—*Non moriar sed vivam, et narrabo opera Domini.* (I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord.) After having refused to plead before a provost of the Bishop, as not being his proper judge, he was condemned and beheaded by torch-light, at the moment that he was about to address the people: he had only time to exclaim "Citizens of Geneva, the canton of Fribourg will demand an account at the hands of the Bishop, of Berthellier's blood." This proceeding however went no further, for John of Savoy (the Bishop) died a miserable victim to disease (le mal de Naples) before he had attained the 25th year of his episcopate, as Pecolat had predicted.

"Bonnivard having procured a safe conduct for the purpose of visiting his sick mother, was taken and conducted to Chillon, where he passed six years and a half, in a vault below the level of the water. He was at length delivered in 1536 by the Bernese, who were marching to the assistance of Geneva against Savoy. At this epocha the greater part of the inhabitants of the city were Protestant, but the country round about still adhered to the Roman Catholic worship. The Syndics of Geneva having called upon these rural districts to embrace the Reformation, their deputies asked time to consider of it. Bonnivard was of opinion that their demand should be acceded to, and that their consciences ought not to be forced, but that their minds should be enlightened. For if they evinced so much levity in passing over from one system of religion to another, there was no being sure but that on some other occasion they might return again to their former creed. An admirable proof of moderation on the part of one who had endured so much at the hands of Priests, and of Princes, whose instruments they were."*

* "*Histoire de la Ville et de l' Etat de Genève*, (Liv. 1 and 2) *par J. Spon*, 1680."—The same learned person who wrote a letter to the famous Pere la Chaise, on "the Antiquity of Religion," containing his reasons for not turning Roman Catholic, as that Jesuit would fain have had him. Dr. Bur-

"Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
"His portion of the good, that Heaven bestows;
"And he that is not mov'd with what he reads,
"That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
"Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
"Is base in kind, and born to be a slave."

Under the auspices of the Reformation, learning, arts, and commerce soon began to flourish in Geneva, who, opening wide her gates, with no less wisdom than humanity, to the victims of intolerance flying thither at various times from neighbouring and even distant countries, received constant accessions of valuable and ingenious people of all classes and conditions.

With the sole exception of the treacherous but happily unsuccessful Escalade of the Duke of Savoy, in 1602, the Republic remained entirely free from the alarms of foreign war. But, though continuing long unagitated by perils from without, the city was distracted during the greater part of the 16th and 17th centuries by a series of the most violent internal dissentions. The people accused their magistrates of encroaching upon their rights; and the magistrates, assuming more the authority of masters than the influence of chief citizens of the Republic, resisted the claims of the people. This state of things produced a general movement of the inhabitants, and the exile of several of the public functionaries. Still the friends of rigid aristocracy endeavoured to recover their lost power; and in 1738 an insurrection took place, which ended in a conflict, and the popular party remained victorious. But here the neighbouring cantons of Zurich and Berne, con-

net has given this admirable answer in the appendix to his "History of the Rights of Princes," together with an English translation.

currently with France, interposed their mediation; and the result was an Edict, which obliged the magistrates to pledge themselves to digest a code, which should put all the laws of the state within every citizen's reach. These obligations, however, were not fulfilled. Fresh contentions for power between the executive and the representative councils, terminating in another series of popular tumults, gave rise to a second appeal on the part of the magistrates to the foreign mediators. The triple alliance of Berne, Savoy, and France in 1766, restored tranquillity to the state; but it was purchased by the expatriation of a great many wealthy and industrious citizens; and it introduced the pernicious system of French interference with the domestic concerns of the Republic.

The constitution arranged for Geneva subsequently to the period of 1766, and which remained unchanged till 1782, was essentially democratic, the sovereign and legislative power residing in the general assembly of the citizens and burghers;* but at the same time admitting an aristocratic principle, inasmuch as the executive powers vested in the Great and Little Councils, though emanating from that assembly, were very considerable.† The burghers were sons of citizens, but born out of the country. They were not admitted into the Senate, nor the Magistracy, though they might belong to the General Council, and even to the Council of Two Hundred. The quality of citizen was reserved for those, who were the sons of burghers, and born in the town or its territory. They alone of all the classes composing the inhabitants could attain the situations of Senators and Magistrates. The

* Robert. † Coxe.

persons entering the Conseil-général-de-la-Bourgeoisie were required to have attained the age of 25 years. This assembly exclusively possessed the right of choosing the principal Magistrates, of making and abrogating laws, regulating imposts, forming treaties and contracting alliances with foreign powers, deciding on peace and war, &c. The executive power was entrusted to three councils, viz. the Senate or Council of Twenty-five, the Council of Sixty, and the Grand Council or Council of Two Hundred, in which last the two first were included when it was assembled. The Senate had the management of the High Police, and decided appeals in civil causes. The Senators were taken from the body of the Two Hundred. The Council of Sixty, in which were comprised the Members of the Senate, assembled only on important occasions and to give the fullest weight to the acts of the Senate. The Council of Two Hundred decided *en dernier ressort* on police cases and civil causes of importance, and deliberated on measures to be submitted to the General Council. Four Syndics presided at all the Councils; they were annually appointed to office, and were not eligible to serve again till after an interval of three years. They had the direction of all urgent and extraordinary proceedings, were chosen by the General Council, and taken from the Members of the Senate.* There was at that time no precise code of penal laws; for though the form of the prosecution was settled, yet the trial of the criminal was private, and the punishment left to the decision of the Magistrate. Nor were the franchises of the people ascertained with that accuracy which might be expected in so free and enlightened a Republic.†

* Robert. † Coxe.

This Constitution underwent several changes in 1782, when the people, irritated by the continued and unjust refusal of a promised code of laws, were led into very impolitic proceedings and most unjustifiable excesses.*— At that memorably unfortunate period, their great fault appears to have been that of giving themselves up, with blind confidence, to a set of leaders more eagerly bent on augmenting the strength of democracy, for the gratification of their own ambition, than sincerely disposed to employ the power already acquired for the security and advantage of their constituents. The consequence of this conduct of the *Représentans*, or popular party, was a great and injurious diminution of the liberties of the State.— But the measures pursued by the *Négatives*, or Aristocratical party, were marked by a worse feature than that of imprudence. To *them* attaches the two-fold discredit of withholding a stipulated boon from the people; and of supporting themselves in their haughty refusal of justice, by the intrigues and the arms of France. By this revolution, the General Council and its privileges were abolished, the right of remonstrance taken from the great body of the citizens, the people disarmed, and a foreign garrison established over the city. The inevitable concomitant of a *régime* like this was an increase of discontent and disaffection. Fomented by the emissaries and encouraged by the contagious example of the French, the revolutionary feeling broke out in 1789 in acts of open and general

* Mr. Coxe, in his highly interesting account of this Revolution, not less clearly than impartially develops the principal causes which excited the popular party to "take up arms, imprison the magistrates, and at length to surrender the town, at the moment when they seemed most determined to defend it to the last extremity."—*See Letters from Switzerland*, vol. ii, letter 65.

insurrection. The citizens having in more than one affair proved victorious over both magistrates and military, demanded the restoration of their ancient liberties. And happily on this occasion, the democratic leaders were as much inclined to moderate councils as the aristocrats were to those of conciliation. By mutual concessions, internal peace and administrative confidence appeared to be restored on a firm foundation. But the cheering prospect of happiness and prosperity was soon destroyed by the restless spirit of innovation; which, satisfied with no equitable or merciful course, spread itself too widely among the Genevese to leave the least guarantee for the maintenance of order, the protection of property, or the conservation of any thing in the shape of real freedom within their little territory. In 1792, the jacobin party gained a complete ascendancy in the government, which they reorganised in every part after the Gallic model, and directed on the principle of the Terrorists of Paris. In 1794, Geneva became the scene of anarchy, oppression, and cruelty; the guillotine performed there too its murderous office, and some of the worthiest of the citizens were immolated at the call of a rapacious and cruel faction.*

After her most iniquitous invasion and horrible treatment of Switzerland, in 1798, France reaped the fruit of her artful labours, and, by a combined application of fraud and force obtaining military occupation of the city, united Geneva to her own great Republic One and Indivisible. It afterwards remained in subjection to Napoleon, as an integral part of his empire, till the moment of his first abdication. At the general peace of 1814, the city was

* Annual Register, p. 141.

re-established by the Allied Powers in the plenitude of her ancient freedom and independence. At that epocha the Swiss formed a New Confederacy, comprising the thirteen old and nine new cantons; and Geneva was joined, as the twenty-second canton, to the Helvetic Confederation: its territory being subsequently enlarged by the Congress of Vienna and the Treaty of Paris.

The following is a sketch of the present Constitution of Geneva,* as it was promulgated by a Committee of Jurisconsults, in 1814.

The Political system of the Canton of Geneva is the representative and republican system. All the Genevese are equal: there are no privileged classes; no nobility. Every citizen is an elector, if he has attained his majority; that is to say, the age of 25 years; if he pays 63 Florins (29 Francs and a half—1*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* sterling) of voluntary or compulsory contributions; if he is not in a state of bankruptcy; nor a menial servant; nor receiving assistance from the Hospital; and if he has re-imbursed the sums given in the shape of relief by that charitable institution to his father; he must moreover be armed and equipped.

The Representative Council, elected immediately by the general body of the citizens, is composed of 250 Deputies, laymen, not less than 30 years of age, or 27 if they are married. Every elector is eligible. This council is presided over by four Syndics and the Council of State. Every year it is renewed by thirty places at least: the members who go out are taken by lot from among the

* Extracted from a work intitled—"Lois et Actes de Gouvernement de la Rèpublique de Genève;" with a copy of which I was favoured through the kindness of a learned advocate of that place.

oldest. Not more than five persons of the same name or of the same family are allowed seats in the council. Its privileges are—the power of making laws, the initiative being with the Syndics and the Council of State; the nomination of Deputies to the Federal Diets; the establishment of the Budget of the State; the right of coining money. Two thirds of the votes of this Representative Council are necessary to authorise any alteration in the Charter.

The Council of State, selected from the Representative Council, is composed of 28 members, who must each have attained the age of 35 years. Not more than two persons of the same name, or of the same family, are admissible into it. Every year the Representative Council may by a majority of 126 voices elect members for the Council of State. Its attributes are the controul of the police (surveillance de la police); and to watch over all matters connected with religious worship and public instruction. The executive power resides in the hands of the four Syndics, who are chosen from the Council of State. Their salary is 650 Livres de Suisse (1300 francs French money—54*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* sterling). Their term of office is five years.

Thus much on the subject of the Constitutional Government, and of the various modifications it has undergone from an early period down to the present time.

With regard to the Elective Franchise, my Genevese friends assured me that it is exercised here in a manner wholly free from undue influence: they remarked in the first place, that the government is a free one; and in the next, that no single family possesses such a preponderance as to have the least inducement to nourish the hope of gaining ascendancy at the expence of the others.

There are three Courts of Justice, viz. first, a civil tribunal composed of seven members: the President and the First Judge are Counsellors of State; the five others, who must have attained 30 years of age (with four supplementary) are Judges for Life. Second, a Supreme Tribunal consisting of a President over civil and criminal procedures; and of eight Judges, of 35 years of age. Third, a Tribunal of Redress (Tribunal-de-recours) entrusted with the responsibility of commuting and mitigating punishments. It is composed of a Syndic, two Counsellors of State, (Ex-Syndics) four Counsellors and two Members of the Supreme Court.

The Code of Laws, followed at Geneva, is the *Code Napoléon*, with some modifications in the criminal branch. This part will, it is said, be subjected to some still more important alterations, if the proposition recently made by some Members of the Council, for doing away ignominious and capital punishments, should be adopted.—With respect to the former class of punishments it is thought probable, that they will be abolished. A great many eminent jurisconsults, and in particular M. Dumont, have declared themselves strongly in favour of this abolition. The measure of abrogating the punishment of death also has its warm advocates: and a member of the council lately proposed a premium for the best treatise on that subject; at the same time candidly acknowledging that he did not feel himself competent to substantiate the correctness of his own opinion in favour of such a change in the law. But this is a project which, I understand, is likely to meet with very strong opposition; and the arguments against it are drawn in an especial manner from the geographical situation of

Geneva: placed as this Republic is between three different states, if the crime of murder were not punishable with death, the consequence would be, that of the canton becoming the asylum of a crowd of ruffians from countries bordering upon it: for the sentence of perpetual imprisonment always leaves to the person who suffers it a glimpse at the hope of an escape.

The Magistrates appear to be held in great and general respect. The duties of the most important offices are performed almost gratuitously, or rather they are entirely so; for the salary of a chief magistrate is so trifling that the expenses incidental to his situation completely absorb it: and yet most of these State-functionaries send their fees of office to the treasury of the Hospital. The only reason for paying them at all is that they may not have it to say, that they confer a favour upon the State, in choosing to devote themselves to its service. They are so easy of access, that the moment you have any grievance to complain of, you have nothing to do but go to the first magistrate: you are received instantly, *sans faire anti-chambre* even for a minute, and justice is sure to be rendered you.—A young friend of mine, resident in, but not a native of, the place, assured me of this fact so creditable to its magistracy; observing that he spoke not only from general report but from his own personal experience, and that he could not sufficiently praise the affability and obliging conduct of the present First Syndic, M. Rigaud.

The Clergymen of the Established (Protestant) Church in Geneva amount to about twenty-eight. They in general bear a high reputation, as well for personal merit as for ability and attention in discharging the duties of their

sacred profession. The salary of each pastor is between 50*l.* and 60*l.* sterling per annum, paid out of the revenues of the State.

There is a Bible Society at Geneva, where, as has already been observed, all religions are tolerated. In this place, for example, besides the Calvinists and Romanists, there are Moravians, Lutherans, Anabaptists; and within the last twelve years a sect has been propagated, whose adherents are in derision called *Momiers;* these people, who pretend to great austerity of morals, are reproached with equally great relaxation of discipline. It appears that their conduct, or imputed conduct, has been the subject of very acrimonious discussions, in which a great deal of vituperative personality has intermingled itself, and that many pamphlets have been published on each side of the controversy.

The vicinity of Geneva appears to me to be peculiarly eligible for the permanent residence of an English family. There is perhaps no town on the continent where greater facilities are afforded for a man of literary and scientific pursuits to indulge his taste or to increase his knowledge. An acquaintance once established with a single person of real respectability in the place, is generally sufficient to procure for the stranger, who shews his appreciative sense of its value, an introduction to the best and most agreeable society. The city is close-built, and consequently not an agreeable place to live in; but its immediate environs abound with delightful spots.

The costume of the Genevese assimilates much with that of the French; but the better class of females are partial to the English fashions.—The language of the country is French, but its habits and its religion are widely

different. Not only does the Protestant find here the salutary prevalence of a kindred faith, but as I have already had occasion to notice, the members of our own Ecclesiastical Establishment are enabled to join each other every Sabbath-day in the worship of God, and at stated seasons to receive the Holy Sacrament, according to the pure and Apostolic ritual of the Church of England.

The expense of a house, with a garden and piece of land, within a mile of the gates, including also the keeping of a calèche and pair of horses, for a gentleman, his lady, two children, and three servants, does not, as I was assured, exceed 300*l.* a-year; and with this he is enabled to receive his friends occasionally and in a respectable stile. To proceed from a family establishment to a bachelor's *pension*, I was told that a person at Petit Saconnex has a sleeping-room to himself, and his breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper with the family, for 500 francs (20*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*) per annum.

The taxation of Geneva is described as very trifling. There is a sort of Income Tax to which every man of property contributes, on his honour as to the amount of that property. The whole tax for horses and carriages, as I understood, amounts to about 18d. for each person: the richest it seems pay no more, and the others pay no less. My friend assures me, that his fellow citizens approve of their annexation to Switzerland, and also of the union of the Valais with the Helvetic Confederation—that the people of this little republic are flourishing again, contented with their government; and as the best proof of their returning prosperity since the peace, he adverted to the comparatively few indigent or distressed persons among them, and to the fact of there being only forty-

five persons in the poor's hospital, besides those admitted under the head of casualties.

There are many charitable societies formed among the ladies of Geneva: but the task of personal attendance on the sick poor appears to fall very much into the hands of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. These are, in their way, a most excellent community of women, zealous of good works, devoted to the relief of their suffering fellow creatures; but actuated by a principle in which the peculiar character of their religion displays itself with an exclusiveness that renders even their benevolence unamiable.—A lady to whom I was indebted for the following illustrative anecdote, had remarked to one of the sisterhood, how exemplary it was of them to do the kind and useful things which they were daily in the habit of performing for the poor and needy, without distinction of religious persuasion. To this tribute of praise, the other replied, that it was the more incumbent on them, as Catholics, to assist a Heretic in this world, since, if not received before death into the bosom of *their* Church, he must inevitably burn in the flames of hell to all eternity. It surely requires "no ghost to tell us" that with such an opinion of the faith and fate of Protestants, the sisterhood does not stop short of equally assiduous efforts to gain proselytes from among the professed members of the Church of Geneva: nor is any thing more than common-sense needful to suggest that such attempts will be attended with more or less success until the Continental Protestants shall establish an institution of females who, superior to the Romish bigotry, shall perform the Christian duties, of the *Sœurs de la Charité*.

I cannot conclude this chapter, in a way better calcu-

lated to make amends for my own necessarily imperfect notices of so celebrated a place, than by subjoining some remarks on the present state of Literature, Science and Arts in Geneva. Possessing as they will be found to do the desirable qualities of correctness and precision, both in their local and personal references, I gratefully acknowledge myself indebted for the communication of them to one of the most worthy and intelligent of her citizens.

The genius of the *Génevois* is essentially directed towards every thing that is useful; every thing which is susceptible of a practical application. Hence their success in the mathematics, in physic, and above all in the mechanic arts. With dispositions like these on their part, it may readily be imagined that literature, which, properly so called, is but the product of the imagination, such as poetry, the drama, &c. is not to be looked upon as the point to which the general bent of their minds is turned. They have however some poets, some agreeable ballad-writers, who, without being authors by profession, give to the public every year a little collection, under the title of the Genevese Almanack (L'Almanach Génevois), which contains some pretty pieces in verse; together with various little pictures of manners, in which the peculiar customs of the people of Geneva are drawn to the life.—The contributions of M. M. Chaponnière and Petit, in this department, particularly deserve to be instanced.

There is a branch of literature of a very different kind to that which has just been alluded to, but which from its very nature, so far from being destined to extend itself abroad, is as it were imprisoned within the country where it is cultivated, namely, the Eloquence of the Pulpit (L'Eloquence de la Chaire). Geneva may justly boast

of being rich in this respect: yet the discourses of her Preachers, printed separately, in small pamphlets, can claim but little of a stranger's regard. It is seldom that a Pastor publishes his sermons. Within the last few years, however, one of their most eminent orators, Mr. Cellerier, sen. has presented to the public his Familiar Discourses of a Village Clergyman,* and also his Homilies, in which is to be found all the simplicity, united to all the elegance of stile, which characterises this species of writing. In some of these Discourses, Mr. Cellerier has delineated the true Minister of the Gospel, and in doing so, he has, by by every one's acknowledgment, represented himself.— It has been a subject of regret, that the press has not produced the Orations (Les Oraisons) of Messrs. Munier and Chenevière: those of the former are said to be equally remarkable for closeness of reasoning and for vigorous conciseness of language. The second is no less distinguished by an eloquence, to whose floridness the orator has the power of giving due relief, in a strain of utterance that warms and carries away the hearts of his auditory. Many other preachers might be mentioned, gifted perhaps with less brilliancy of talents, but not with less utility of qualifications.

In Historical Composition they possess M. Simond de Sismondi, whose highest title to literary fame is his History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Age: a great work; the result of immense research, which places him in the first line of living historians.

In Philosophy, M. Pierre Prevost, following the steps of Dugald Stewart, and of other writers of the Scottish

* "Discours familiers d'un Pasteur de Campagne," in one vol. 8vo. 1818.

School, has acquired considerable reputation by his logical strength and enlightened sentiments. Conversant in almost all the European languages, his translations of Blair's Rhetoric, and from Dugald Stewart, have established for him a very honourable rank in this class of literature.—Generally speaking, the number of published translations from the German and the English, corresponds with the knowledge of both those tongues, which is so generally spread in Geneva. M. Duvillard, who lectures the pupils of the School of Belles Lettres, has the credit of having dictated to them translations of the Latin Classics, particularly of Tacitus and Sallust, which well deserve to see the light, but of which the author's diffidence has hitherto prevented the publication. M. Prevost, of whom mention has already been made, has also printed a translation of Euripides, which passes for one of the most faithful and most elegant of modern versions.

Referring now to the state of the *Academy*,* the first subject of notice is the Faculty of Theology, which reckons amongst its professors M. Cellerier, son of the Author of the "Discours Familiers," who has published a Hebrew Grammar, generally adopted by the students in that language, and of several works of Biblical Exposition, esteemed by all such men of learning as delight

* It was by the persuasion and with the assistance of Calvin that the Government established this public seminary of learning. With singular disinterestedness declining the proposal of being appointed perpetual president, he obtained that office for Theodore Beza, with whom and other colleagues, eminent for their superior attainments, he read lectures on Theology; and, conscious that religion derives support from every branch of knowledge, he liberally promoted the cultivation of science and the study of elegant literature. The reputation and success of this institution quickly spreading abroad, attracted students from all quarters.—See *Coxe's Switzerland, vol. 2.*

in throwing fresh splendour from the torch of science on the cause of religion, which in its purity and truth, never fears but courts the light. Every friend to sound divinity here regrets that the lessons of this professor should meet with the interruptions which they unhappily do from the effects of a pulmonary complaint. It is impossible to hear that this estimable man has of late made a practice to abstain from speaking during the day, in order to be enabled to accumulate sufficient strength of lungs to lecture for one hour a day; one cannot hear of such an example of devotedness to the advancement of science, without one's highest respect being excited by it, nor without taking the liveliest pleasure in recording a trait of meritorious conduct so worthy of being known, but which his characteristic modesty prompts him studiously to conceal from the knowledge of his admiring fellow citizens.

Doctrinal Theology is taught by the same Reverend Clergyman, Chenevière, to whom allusion has already been made as a preacher. And Pulpit Eloquence has an able interpreter in Professor Duby. The Faculty of Law offers in its Professors an union of distinguished talents. Civil Law is taught by M. Rossi, who, compelled to quit Bologna, in whose university he was professor, has lately taken refuge in Geneva, where not an instant was lost in conferring upon him the privileges of civism, and thus retaining within her walls a person of the eminent merit, which he has manifested, both as an elegant scholar by his translations into Italian verse of several of Lord Byron's poems, and as an erudite author by the fruits of his profound researches in Roman History.—The two other Professors, MM. Betot and Rigaud join, each in their de-

partment, the qualities which constitute the able jurisconsult and the independent citizen.

It is however the Faculty of Sciences which is indisputably the most brilliant one of the Academy. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy are there taught by two young professors, the first of whom, M. Pascalis, without having yet published any of his lectures, is regarded as having admirably achieved the object at which such a professor should aim, viz. that of facilitating the comprehension of abstract truths. The other gentleman, M. Delarive, the younger, is known as the writer of several treatises on Electro-magnetism and on Optics. His father, Dr. Delarive, is an able chemist, and holds the situation of Physician to the Hospital for Lunatics (Hospice-des-Aliénés).—Natural History is taught by M. Decandolle, who ranks as one of the first Botanists in Europe. The Flora Gallica (Flore Française); La Botanique Universelle, which he continues to edit at this moment, and of which four volumes have already appeared, together with numerous treatises separately published, are his best claims to celebrity. He is a correspondent of the Institute of France, of the Linnæan Society of London, &c. &c. The Chair of Rational Philosophy is filled by M. Choisy, who is also greatly devoted to the science of Botany.—Doctor Maurice lectures on Analytical Mechanics: he has made himself known by several treatises, and in particular by one on the Mechanism of Vision.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CANTON OF VAUD—*Morges—Magnificent Prospects—Cossonay—La Sarra—Orbe—Country Seats—Agriculture—Yverdun—The Lake of Neufchatel—Roman Antiquities—Visit to a Friend—Protestant Church Discipline—Roman Catholic Parishes—Fanaticism of the sect called* Momièrs—*Droits-de-Bourgeoisie—Jean Jacques Rousseau—Connection between France and the Vaudois—Observations on its consequences to Switzerland.*

AUGUST 5th.

HAVING, according to the custom of Switzerland (where there is no post-travelling) engaged a *voiturier* to drive our calèche all the way to Berne, we left Geneva at two o'clock in the afternoon. Passing through the villages of Secheron and Genthod, the latter noticeable as the country seat of the late naturalist Charles Bonnet, we arrived again at Versoix, which was in 1780 intended to become a port, and the then Government of France had even caused the plan of it to be traced out. But to the great joy of the alarmed Genevans, the project was abandoned; and the little town having been ceded to Switzerland in 1815, will in all probability remain for ever in its present state of insignificance. One cannot however avoid being struck with surprise at the extreme paucity of sailing and other vessels on this Mediterranean of Helvetia; and in thus journeying along its fertile and populous borders, the thought frequently recurs to the mind of an English tra-

veller, that the advantages of navigation are not sufficiently known, or, being known, not pursued with the requisite degree of enterprise by the inhabitants in general, and those of the city we have just quitted in particular. Perhaps from the recent introduction of steam-vessels may be dated the commencement of a new era of nautical and commercial affairs on the vast crescent of Lemanus.

The approach to Nyon, at all times and in every direction highly picturesque, was on this occasion rendered additionally striking, by the contrast which a back-ground of atmospheric darkness presented to the white walls of its ancient castle and neatly built houses, and to the lively verdure of its charming walks and esplanades, rising in theatric pride above the waters. Tempestuous clouds overhung the Jura, whose undulating line appeared more gloomy than ever. But for some time, after all had become black and threatening on that side, the prospect on the other, across the lake, was animated by gleams of sun-shine, producing on the stupendous assemblage of mountains an inconceivably fine effect. It was not long however before the elemental war began; and the remainder of our journey from Rolle to Morges was performed amidst the pitiless peltings, the electric flashings, and the awful explosions of a storm, that answered closely, in every respect but its not occurring late at night, to Lord Byron's emphatic description:—

——————————— "Far along
"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
"Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
"But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
"And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
"Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

August 6th.—Soon after sun rise, the morning being remarkably fine, we left the very handsome town of Morges and immediately turned off to the left, thus quitting the high road to Lausanne. In ascending a gently rising ground, we cast a final, lingering look towards "clear placid Leman." And, whatever the good people of Geneva may, in a natural and not ill-founded pride, be accustomed to say in preference of their own situation, it is on this side that the scenery of the mountains displays itself in the boldest manner, on the most extensive scale, and in the greatest variety of conformation, colouring and altitude. Here for example Morges, with its vine-covered slopes and spacious bay, forms an admirable fore-ground to the broad and spreading sheet of the lake, whose emerald waves were sparkling in the sun—beyond it lies a bright and verdant shore, where the town of Evian is just discernible to the naked eye; and what constitutes a peculiar charm in the prospect to which I am alluding, is that the Alpine cliffs do not there, as in other parts of the Savoy coast, abruptly rise in barren sublimity from the water's edge, but they allow the eye to repose on a wavy margin of cultivated uplands; behind which indeed their cloud-streaked sides and snowy tops invite us, as it were, in more elevated contemplation, to adore the Almighty Author of Universal Nature, in whose frame we view

> "Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
> "Grace, grandeur, and utility combined."

Pursuing our way in the direction of Yverdun, we pass through a very agreeable country—a land productive of corn, and wine, and oil—of milk and honey. Yet the villages,

hitherto on the road, exhibit few appearances of that comfortable kind which would be likely to excite an English labourer's *particular* wish to share the lot of their inhabitants. The chain of the Jura was seemingly before us; but in reality bearing diagonally from the left to the front. This calcareous ridge, having thrown off the garb of sterility with which it chills the landscape near Geneva, here becomes clothed with crops and woods to the very summit. The peak of Mont Tendre, (5000 feet above the sea) and the less lofty summit of the Dent-de-Vaulion are grand boundaries of the prospect on our left. The scenery in many parts reminded us of Herefordshire and Worcestershire

At seven o'clock we breakfasted at Cossonay, which has a gothic church—and an *Hotel de l' Ecu d' Angleterre*, with our King's Arms and the motto *Honi soit*, &c. displayed on its sign.—Thence the prospects open with considerable interest. The road passes over an eminence from which to the right a rich plain presents itself, spotted with woody hills;* to the left a fertile valley is spread forth to the Jura mountains; and before us also the country extends with an amplitude much beyond our anticipations of a level in Switzerland. At La Sarra, situated on a hill, our *voiturier* claiming the too frequently exercised privilege of his tribe to bait the horses, we passed

* The meaning of the word *Vaud*, (or *Waldensis*) is, according to etymologists, a country of woods and of vallies.—On my noticing to a Swiss, the circumstance of the term *Vaudois* being used to designate the Waldenses of Piedmont as well as the inhabitants of the Pays-de-Vaud, it was observed, that the Protestant inhabitants of the Piedmontese vallies had only a borrowed right to that appellation; that the Pays-de-Vaud having been taken possession of by the Germans who invaded Helvetia in the 5th century, those conquerors called the canton *Woelischland*, which signifies the country of the Gauls, who in reality then peopled that part of Switzerland.

three-quarters of an hour, which enables me to speak of it as entitled to be ranked for dirt and dilapidation with any little town that we have traversed in France: they place their dunghills in the street at the very doors of their houses.—We walked to the Chateau, which is rather a curious specimen of the castellated mansions of the ancient Swiss gentry; and has been a place of strength and consequence in feudal times. Although in a deplorable state of decay, it is inhabited by a junior branch of the family of Jingin. The walls of the great hall are hung with portraits; whilst its floors are enriched with sacks of corn. The family, which appears highly respected, had suffered much, we were informed, from the Revolution, it being of Bernese nobility. About two miles from La Sarra, the top of the hill afforded us a first view of the lake of Neuchatel. Descending towards Orbe, the valley, which bears that name, lay on our left bounded by the Jura; a ridge of less boldness and greater fertility appeared on our right; and a wide prospect opened in front, exhibiting the southern extremity of the lake, with Yverdun on its level border. Villages and towns were thickly sprinkled over the extensive landscape.

The ancient borough of Orbe is seated on a very conspicuous position, and has a highly interesting appearance: its walls, turrets, pinnacles, and buildings, forcibly remind one of the representations of fortified towns in old paintings.—The promenade of the Terrace commands a grand perspective in which, whilst vineyards, corn fields, a meandering river and a strait canal, diversify the smiling land immediately around, the chain of the Jura and the waters of Yverdun which we approached, and

the Alps of Savoy from which we were receding, form the magnificent objects of the horizon.

Passing through a village, about a league from Orbe, we observed within half a mile of us on our left, a castle of quadrangular shape, flanked by four round towers, having the usual finish of conical roofs, and being placed on an insulated mound of earth laid out in vine terraces; an attraction to the eye of the passenger, but scarcely desirable as a residence. It is called Champvin, and belongs to M. Doxat.—Two miles on this side of Yverdun, to the left hand near the road from Orbe, is the Chateau Chamblon, the property of M. Ricordon, of Paris. This large and finely-situated mansion, partakes just so much and no more of the castellated character than what is imparted to it by the square turret-formed and pyramid-topped pavillions at each extremity of its long façade: its heavy French roof and lofty chimnies find their counterpart below in a multiplicity of windows, closed with green Venetian blinds, and in two ponderous porches of entrance. People of fortune here seem so well satisfied with the residences of their predecessors, that even modern repairs and additions have an ancient and unaltered look. And when perchance a new house appears, the old stile of building generally prevails, as if the domestic architecture of the country were regulated by the same force of custom, that hands down the costume of the female peasantry from generation to generation.

In the rural districts of this Protestant Canton we observed considerable skill in agriculture, abundant fruits of industry, a general indication to easy circumstances, little appearance of extreme poverty, and no habits of mendicity. In these respects the people possess a decided advantage over

their Roman Catholic neighbours. With regard however to neatness and cleanliness, as exemplified in the condition of habitations and premises, the same superiority is not so apparent. We were prepared for the prevalence of what is slovenly and dirty among the Savoyards and Valaisans; but did not expect to find the same failing so prominent as we observed it in some of the villages of the Pays-de-Vaud. The land is divided into very small farms; which the occupier still more minutely subdivides; crops of wheat, of clover, of potatoes, of hemp, and of oats, are contained within the cultivation of an acre. We saw no corn stacks: no cattle nor sheep depastured: all are housed or homestalled: they consider it more economical to mow the grass and carry it, as required, to the farm-yard for consumption there, than to have it grazed off in the fields. The sheep here as in France are of small size. A large breed of oxen invariably do the work at plough, and are yoked to the little narrow waggons of the country. The manure is made into a compost, which the husbandman takes so much pains and pride in mixing up, that he lays it in heaps before his very threshhold, as though it were not less ornamental than valuable: hence the unseemly aspect of their village streets, and the repulsive appearance of their cottage doors.—At the time we passed along, the farmers were cutting oats, which they are accustomed to leave ten or twelve days on the ground, as my friend tells me is the practice in Germany.

Arriving early in the afternoon at Yverdun, we made, before dinner, the circuit of that pretty town, which is very agreeably situated on the lake; and the two branches of the river Thiele, which divides it from its suburbs,

make it quite a commercial island. The ruins in its environs prove, that in former ages the place was much more extensive than at present. We were shewn some remains of the walls said to be those of the ancient Castrum Ebrodunense. And among the fine collection of antiquities deposited in the Hotel de Ville, are a Milliary Column of the reign of Septimius Severus,*

* The inscription on the column of Septimius Severus found at Treycovagne, a little village near the Chateau de Chamblon, refers to the Empress Julia Domna, his wife, on whom, unworthy as she was, the Roman Senate in their servility conferred not only the more usual title of Pia and Augusta, but also the military appellation and insignia of the Mother of Camps.—DOMNAE. AVG. MATRI. CASTROR. HELV. PVB. Three other Mile Pillars (marking the distance of a thousand paces) were found hereabouts, all of them in honour of Severus, and of his Consort, who on one of them is further distinguished by the designation of—Mother of the Imperial Offspring, of the Senate, and of the Country, (as we read it on her coins) MAT. AVGG. MAT. SEN. MAT. PAT. The Helvetians are said to have been strongly attached to the above mentioned Prince, under whose reign of seventeen years, they enjoyed profound peace. He facilitated their communications by re-establishing the Roman roads, and rebuilding bridges. To this fact, testimony is borne by the inscription on a milliary stone found between Rolle and Nion, which after the name of Septimius Severus, bears these words—PONTES. ET. VIAS. VETVST. COLLAB. RESTIT.

In enlarging the cemetery of Yverdun five inscriptions were discovered, the work of the ancient inhabitants of this part of Switzerland, when it was under the government of the Romans. The following is a literal translation of them:—

1. Togirix, son of Metia, has acquitted himself of a vow voluntarily made to Mercury, to Apollo, and to Minerva.

2. To the August Deity Mercury, Silanius Candidus, as well in his own name as in the names of Marcus Sabinus and of Titus Silvius, his brothers, has given 4000 Sesterces; Marcus Domitius Magnus, their heir, has moreover added of his own 1400 Sesterces. The offerings will be appropriated to furnish ornaments for the altar.

3. The Burgesses of Yverdun to Julia Pestilla, daughter of Caius Julius Camillus, Priestess of the First Augustus, an excellent neighbour, in memory of the services which she has rendered them.

several inscriptions, urns, various coins in silver and bronze, and other things, which leave no room to doubt the fact that Yverdun was built near the site of the above mentioned Roman station. The Castle, erected in the 12th century, by Conrad, Duke of Zueringen, is a massive structure, destitute of exterior ornament, but curiously arranged in the inside. The armour of the warlike founder is still exhibited.—The Church dates no further back than 1755: it is of a simple yet elegant architectural design: the front of this edifice is formed of two orders, Doric surmounted by Ionic; the lower in columns, the upper in pilasters.—The clock tower is old and ruinous: it formerly belonged to a Romish Chapel, which it separated from a Protestant Church; but both the one and the other were demolished to give place to the present temple. The interior is very neat and commodious: it contains a handsome and excellent-toned organ, some monuments, and a gallery, which goes completely round it.

Noble avenues of poplar and chesnut trees adorn the public walk by the side of the lake, which, at this extremity, has a sandy shore, with rushes growing on the shallows: there are extensive and well-drained marshes along the banks of the river. The hills on each side are covered with beautiful woods and rich harvests. As we look through this fine vista, along the vast surface of

4. The inhabitants of Yverdun, to their friend and patron, Caius Flavius Camillus, Triumvir of the Helvetic Colony, Priest of Augustus, to whom the government has given the rank of Patron of the Citizens, and has decreed a Portico and Statues on account of the services which he has rendered to the State.

5. With the consent of the Curator Senticus, Diadmienus the Physician, has consecrated this altar to the August Mars, in voluntary fulfilment of his vow.

waters, whose convexity alone prevents our seeing the lower end of the lake, the mountains to the north form an imposing back ground; clothed in the azure hues and attenuated shades of distance, they appear majestical though dimly seen. Taken in this direction the view differs little in effect from that of an arm of the sea.

We walked to the Chateau-des-Bains, a large house, built by the magistracy, in the vicinity, where lodging and every other convenience are afforded for numerous patients, who come hither to drink of, as well as to bathe in, the waters. They are mineral, sulphurated, and tepid; and rise in great abundance from the spring. The taste is extremely nauseous, resembling that of Harrowgate Spa: but their use both external and internal is stated to be very salutary in purifying the blood.

Yverdun contains an Hospital, a College, and a Public Library. It can also boast of two benevolent and charitable Societies; one of which gives pecuniary assistance to the poor, whilst the object of the other is to suppress mendicity, by furnishing the indigent with food and clothing, and by finding work for those who are in want of employment.

Within the last few years, an establishment has been arranged for the education of young ladies, and which is in high repute. The Reverend M. Niederer and his wife are at the head of a well conducted boarding school, where that elementary method of instruction is pursued which the celebrated M. Henry Pestalozzi instituted and practised in this place for a long time with great success. There are, I am told, the best masters in every department.

The board and lodging (la pension) of a person who wishes for respectable accommodation and good living,

would at Yverdun be 50 Louis (41*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) But if he contented himself with a furnished bed-chamber, and took his meals at a restaurateur's, he would be enabled to live considerably cheaper.

Our evening was passed in the society of a Lady, with whom, twenty-three years ago, we had both of us commenced an acquaintance in the capital of France. Our meeting again in Yverdun, after so long an interval, was "like the memory of joys that are past, pleasing yet mournful;" pleasing, to reciprocate in person the sentiments of genuine and unabated attachment; mournful, to find a victim of misfortune in the object of our just esteem.—Madame H. cheerful and resigned, under the deprivation of much that is essentially needful to comfort the feelings and support the spirit of a virtuous and well-informed female, gave us that best welcome—the warm reception of the heart; and in our eyes appeared with no less claims to consideration as the tenant of a humble cottage, than if she had been enabled to shelter us beneath a roof corresponding in gentility with that of her birth, and in circumstances the most fitted for the solace of her declining years. Verifying an observation made by honest La Fontaine, in one of his ingenious fables, on the sincerity of friendship, that

> "Rien n'est plus commun que le nom;
> "Rien n'est plus rare que la chose,"

the greater part of her life had presented a series of afflictions and calamities, such as it is impossible for any human being to struggle with, unless supported by the principles of Christianity. It is her trust in Divine Providence that sustains her mind, and inspires her with

religious thankfulness to enjoy the blessings of health and serenity.

From this friend, who, conversant with most particulars relating to her native town and canton, was equally willing to answer my inquiries, I obtained, among other information, the following on the subject of their ecclesiastical discipline:—Besides the duties of the Sunday and of stated Festivals, the Protestant Ministers in this and other parts of the Pays-de-Vaud officiate in several religious services, in the course of the week; such as public catechisms for the instruction of young people; and prayers, to which they add an analysis of a chapter of the Gospel. Of the Sunday service, the notice already taken under the head of Vevay may be regarded as a correct description, applying generally to the Reformed Church of Switzerland. But the most interesting ceremony of their worship is the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which takes place eight times a year, including the solemn celebrations of the Nativity and Death of our Blessed Saviour. On these Communion days, after a sermon appropriate to the occasion, the sacred table, covered with a fine white linen cloth, is ornamented with a large dish of silver, (or other metal) containing small slices of bread; two large cups of antique form, filled with wine, are also placed upon the table. A Deacon presents himself before the benches on which are seated those who intend to communicate, and he remains there in order to prevent confusion. The men go first, one by one, following each other in file. The Minister, standing before the table, gives to each a morsel of bread, pronouncing at the same time a passage from the New Testament. The principal Magistrates, placing themselves on each side of the

Reverend Pastor, offer the cups. The women then follow, and in like manner receive the bread and wine; after which each, in deep meditation, retires to his or her place, there to offer up a silent prayer to Almighty God.

Every year, in the month of September, there is an appointed day of fasting and penitence, on which the Clergy officiate in the Church from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. The Ministers that day redouble their zeal, and spare no one. They proclaim the denunciations of Holy Writ against the violators of God's commandments; they hold out threatenings to the more hardened sinners, in the hope of bringing them back to repentance; and instances are not wanting in which such appeals have been attended with the desired effect. At the termination of each century, a similar fast is observed, under the name of a Jubilee. In the course of each winter, the Ministers give private instruction to such young people of both sexes, from the age of 15 to 16 years, as may be desirous of receiving the Holy Communion. In this case they undergo repeated examinations, until they are found in a state of religious knowledge and a frame of mind proper for the purpose of admitting them to be partakers of it: during the whole year that these instructions last, all worldly amusements are forbidden them. The introduction of young persons into the Church is a matter of great public solemnity, especially in large towns. On Holy Thursday, divine service is performed; and the senior Pastor addresses himself to the youthful part of his auditory, in a pathetic exhortation, respecting their duties towards God and towards society, as well as on the subject of their future conduct. He reads the lists of persons admitted,

in the presence of a numerous and deeply-interested congregation. One of the young men then repeats aloud, in the name of himself and all the rest, the Baptismal vow, of which this sacred ceremony is the true *Confirmation.* On the following Sunday they all communicate for the first time.

The oldest Preachers are distinguished by the name of Dean (Doyen). Every Minister delivers his discourse to his congregation without reading it. He is however obliged to have it in writing on the desk of his pulpit, in case his memory should fail.

In this canton there are three Roman Catholic parishes, which, *pour le spirituel,* hold of the Bishop resident at Fribourg. These are the little towns of Echallons, Bottens, and Assens. The Romish worship is freely tolerated; but has no legal existence. At Lausanne, ever since the country of Vaud was rendered independent of Berne, a chapel has been established in la-rue-de-la-mercerie, which is used, at different hours, for the Church of England service, the German Protestant worship, and that of the Church of Rome. All the respective Pastors live in social union. Not a single monastic establishment is permitted to exist in the Pays-de-Vaud.

We asked our friend some questions respecting the *Momièrs,* of whom we had heard speak at Geneva.—"Their title," said Madame H. "is derived from *Momèries,* which means *Grimaces ridicules, tels qu' on en practique dans les couvens, et églises Catholiques.*"—The fanaticism of this new sect had produced in the cantons of Vaud, Zurich, and Geneva, such shocking results, that the Government was obliged on the 24th of May, 1824, to adopt some penal enactments against it; among

which was the banishment for three years, of those found guilty of proselytism or seduction. Several Preachers (Prèdicateurs) belonging to the Protestant Establishment were prosecuted and dismissed for having favoured this sect. My respectable informant added, that a cousin of hers, a physician of eminence in this canton, had become so completely crazed by the pernicious influence of these wicked people, as to have made an attempt to crucify his only daughter. At Geneva, five persons, members of the same sect, actually destroyed themselves (as the poor deluded wretches expressed it) *par amour pour Jesus Christ;* and at Zurich, two young persons were literally crucified by some of the Momièrs.—At Yverdun there was a congregation of these people, which the Authorities dispersed by dint of punishment and *surveillance.*

With the super-addition of an impious atrocity, ascribed to them in the above recital—an atrocity in which the perpetrators seem to have gone beyond all recorded example of religious phrenzy among persons calling themselves Christians, the extravagancies of these *Momièrs* appear to resemble those of the *Pietists* of the 17th century, whom Addison notices in his Travels as then a new sect arisen in the Protestant cantons, "the professors of it being (to use his language) accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequences of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the Holy Spirit."* Such proceedings would indeed be a re-

* "The Roman Catholics (continues the same Author), who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of Religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world

proach to Swiss Protestantism, if they had met with the slightest sanction either from its spiritual directors, or from its secular authorities. But whilst the utmost tolerance is shewn to all religious persuasions whose respective followers possess any character for beneficence, nothing at the same time can be more completely opposed than the doctrines and discipline of the Reformed Church, nothing can be more decidedly hostile than the principles of the civil government, to the springing up and spreading of fanaticism of every kind, and to these most revolting enormities in particular.

During severe winters, the snow, which descends in prodigious quantities on the neighbouring mountains, causes daily disasters by the fall of avalanches. Numbers of unfortunate persons are thus oftentimes deprived of an asylum, and die of cold and misery. It is at such moments of distress and calamity, that the Droits-de-Bourgeois become especially valuable. Under these rights of townsmanship whole families are maintained by their communes. They are in general very lucrative in the Pays-de-Vaud; insomuch that none of the villagers would be willing to exchange their advantages in these respects for those of a citizen of Paris. Through the privileges which

for the keeping their flocks together. I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, though these certainly lay a very great restraint on those of the Catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the Church of Rome to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the Church in a flame, were they not got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy and enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a fanatic, is in the Roman Church a religious of such or such an order."—*Remarks on Italy*, p. 353.

the Bourgeoisie gives to a man, he attains to public situations, both civil and military. Each town and its encompassing district possess what is called the Poor's Fund (Bourse-des-Pauvres), which, well administered, abolishes mendicity, solaces the aged and infirm, provides for the maintenance and education of orphans, and for the reparation of damages and losses occasioned by public misfortunes: the least of these advantages is that which insures to every individual the wood necessary for his use, as well as a lot of ground for planting potatoes or any other crop.

An alien, on obtaining his certificate of naturalization, may purchase the Bourgeoisie: the price is not fixed, but regulated according to the value of the commune in which he domiciliates. That of Yverdun, as I am given to understand, may be bought for a hundred and fifty louis. From the moment that a man acquires the rights of Burghership he is considered to belong to the state: he is enrolled in the Militia of the Canton-de-Vaud (La Milice Vaudoise) and lies under an obligation to go through a course of theoretical and practical instruction, at the Military School of Lausanne.

In Yverdun, at the house of M. Rogain, whose grandfather was the intimate friend of Rousseau, strangers are shewn the Cabinet d'Etude, which the Philosopher occupied and which still bears his name. The conversation turning upon that remarkable man, we found Madame H. interestingly at home on the subject. "My Father" said the good lady, "was one of Jean Jacques' most zealous admirers; and as towards myself, who was the youngest of the family, he always manifested the strongest predilection on account of my natural vivacity

and strength of memory, so I was selected by him, in preference to his other children, to be brought up in conformity to the physical and moral principles, developed in the *Emilius*. Often have I murmured at my lot; for I was deprived of many little treats and pleasures which my brothers and sisters enjoyed. For example, before the age of eight years, I was not allowed to taste any meat. My beverage at all seasons was water, or cold milk. I took a great deal of exercise both on horseback and on foot. If my head and chest were covered, it was only to screen them from the sun's rays. This mode of bringing me up, however, being suited to my constitution, was advantageous to my health."

And are we to believe (said I) what has of late years been asserted, that Rousseau, who has given us such detailed and romantic accounts of Clarens and Meillerie, never even visited those places?

"Certainly not (replied our friend). The story of the New Heloisa may be wholly a fiction: the places may never have been inhabited by a Julia or a St. Preux. the artificial embellishments of the locality may have been furnished by the author's fancy: but his description of scenery, on the grand scale, bears too faithful a resemblance to reality to be the work of imagination: it must have been witnessed, and frequently too by the writer who has so accurately and forcibly delineated it. The fact is, Rousseau inhabited both Vevay and Lausanne."

You confirm me (I rejoined) in the idea which suggested itself to my mind, as, within these few days, with his literary pictures vividly in my remembrance, I surveyed some of the spots which he has celebrated.

Nor is it surprising that he should have chosen the charming borders of Lake Leman, to place his Elysium, where Nature's mingled beauties and sublimities had elevated his thoughts to the highest flights of rapturous contemplation. But did he not reside in other parts of Switzerland?

"Yes, at Neuchatel, and at Fleurier, in the Val-de-Travers. At the latter place (added our friend) I have many times run about his poor little dwelling, where he took it into his head that the inhabitants were conspiring against his life; because some low-bred wags had amused themselves with throwing stones into his gallery. It was at that period, that he became so suspicious as to imagine himself a burthen to his friends, and an object of public persecution. The place where he lived the most peacefully was Yverdun."

It does appear that poor Jean Jacques was rather harshly dealt with, by the authorities of some of the different towns in Switzerland; where now however there seems to be a prevailing disposition, among persons of all ranks, to exalt his merit and to honour his memory. My own opinion of his character and conduct is that they deserve

"Ni cette indignité, ni cet excès d'honneur."

But pray on what ground do you consider Rousseau most entitled to public commendation and gratitude?

"Le plus grand bien (answered Madame H.) dont nous lui sommes redevables, c'est d'avoir aboli la mauvaise habitude de baloter les petits enfans, pour les endormir; et d'avoir engagé les jeunes mères à les nourrir de leur lait."

This Canton* was for a long time subject to Berne, which, holding sovereignty over it by right of conquest, is accused by the Vaudois of having ruled them with a rod of iron. The feeling of animosity, as well among communities as individuals, is often found to survive the causes which first excited it. It is thus, after twenty-eight years have elapsed since the Bernese authorities retired from the Pays-de-Vaud, that some of its most respectable and intelligent inhabitants occasionally talk of them with marked asperity. "Les Bernois (they say) sont les plus fameux Aristocrates existans. Nous les détestons bien

* The canton of Vaud is situated in the most western part of Switzerland. It is bounded on the north by the cantons of Neuchatel and Fribourg; on the east, by that of Berne and the Valais; on the south, by the Rhone and Lake Leman; and on the west, by La Franche Comté, Geneva, and the Pays-de-Gex. It has a surface of 120 square leagues. The air is generally pure and wholesome. The *coteaux* are perfectly cultivated, and the numerous vallies covered with verdure, flowers, and trees loaded with delicious fruit, excite the admiration of every traveller. To crown this picture it offers to view three kinds of mountains. The Alps, together with a branch of the Jura to the extent of about twelve leagues, occupy the eastern part of the canton; then the Jorat, which is a succession of hills, less elevated, extending themselves from the Alps to the Jura, along Lake Lemanus, from Vevay, and passing La Suraz, they prolong themselves as far as the Lake of Neuchatel. This last mentioned sheet of water has four States of Switzerland bordering upon it, viz. Vaud, Neuchatel, Fribourg, and Berne. Its length is nine leagues, to about one and a half in breadth. Although the Pays-de-Vaud is traversed by no remarkable rivers, such as the Rhone and Rhine, yet it is watered by numerous streams and brooks, and can boast of its mineral springs, its glaciers, and its curious natural grottoes. This canton presents the greatest variety of productions of any in Switzerland. Every species of fruits and plants, and with the exception of rice, all sorts of nutritive grain are to be found in it. But it is its vineyards which are the source of the greatest profit to the cultivators, and which furnish employment during the most considerable portion of the year to thousands of hands in the husbandry of them. The population amounts to 145,500 souls.

cordialement, comme ayant été nos tyrans avant la Révolution Française." And, although experience has in this very instance proved, that the emancipation of a country from domestic grievances may be purchased at much too dear a rate, if, to obtain it, recourse is had to the perilous aid and overwhelming power of foreigners; yet are there still those (friends too of liberty, and lovers of their country), who refer with the strongest expressions of satisfaction to that epocha, when the Vaudois introduced a French army: an army which gave them indeed the nominal advantage of "political rights," but which stopped not in its unhallowed career until it had destroyed the sacred peace, the real freedom, and the true happiness of Switzerland.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed to give the substance of what a *Bonne Patriote Vaudoise* related to me respecting those events:—

"In consequence of our people having manifested a desire to recover their independence, the Bernois so early as 1792 overran the country with an army of five thousand men, who proceeded to acts of the most arbitrary description, such as arrests and confiscations. They went so far as to subject the Magistrates of Lausanne to the humiliation of walking between two ranks of soldiers to the castle, where the Bailiff resided, a personage who in every principal town of the Pays-de-Vaud, represented the Bernese Government. They deprived the Vaudois of the means of resistance, by emptying the public coffers and taking away all the arms, ammunition, and stores, which they carried to Berne, thus totally destroying our military organization. At this crisis many men of great merit united for the preservation of our independence. They

appealed to the Volunteers. The Bailiffs were obliged to withdraw. Troops were sent to oppose the Bernese. But the spirit of freedom was carried to a culpable extreme. Our people were indeed too near neighbours of the French to escape being led away by the revolutionary watch-words of liberty and equality. Many popular excesses were committed, and the utmost firmness and energy of the native magistracy were required to repress them. The peasants, for the declared purpose of abolishing the feudal system, rose *en masse*, assumed the name of *Brule-papiers*, took forcible possession of the public archives, and made a bonfire of all the patents of nobility, which they could find in the different chateaux, taking care to destroy all coats of arms *(armoiries)*. The jacobin clubs were indefatigably at work to excite commotion and disunion. It was in this manner that the country became a prey to anarchy and to civil war. M. Henri Monod de Morges, Prefect of the Government, as well as M. César la Harpe, and the Landamman, M. Auguste Pidou, greatly contributed, by their talents and characteristic decision, to the restoration of order; and they were all three afterwards among the deputies sent to Paris as the Representatives of the Nation. The emancipation of the country, however, was not accomplished until 1798, when the French General Menard, established his head-quarters at Lausanne. Then the independent sovereignty of the canton was proclaimed; and the Tree of Liberty, surmounted by the hat of William Tell, was every where planted, amidst testimonies of universal joy. Of all the countries which Buonaparte ever visited or interfered with, none had less reason to complain of his despotic conduct than the canton of Vaud; passing through which on his return

from Italy in 1797, he was very popular, and seemed to enjoy the society of our people, who even in the act of sometimes resisting his will, gave him brilliant fêtes and styled him the Protector of their Liberties. In 1802, Napoleon, then First Consul, sent his Aid-de-Camp, Gen. Rapp, as the bearer of a proclamation announcing his intention to mediate between the contending parties in Switzerland. The 14th of April, 1803, was the day, when Deputies freely chosen by the people, assembled with solemnity to govern them, and to make them experience the blessings of national independence. The Vaudois (added my worthy informant), now enjoy peace and sweet liberty, secured by ties that connect them with the other cantons, in like manner freed from the yoke of *Les Fiers Bernois.*"

Yes, *now* they do, my good friend; and I rejoice to be even thus transiently a witness of the fact. Yet surely, for this happier state of things, your sublime and beautiful country is not indebted to its connection with the French; but rather may be said to enjoy it in spite of all the consequences of that connection. The invasion of Switzerland by the Gallic Republicans, was one of the most odious acts of unprovoked and atrocious aggression; and the conduct of the First Consul, although not marked by the same bad policy and the same dreadful excesses,*

* It appears, however, that Buonaparte had a double score of guilt to answer for, under the head of betrayed and outraged Switzerland. The Baroness de Staël, in her posthumous work on the French Revolution, observes, "There was no money to transport an army to Egypt; and the severest censure is due to Buonaparte's conduct in *exciting the Directory to invade Switzerland, with a view to seize the treasury of Berne*, which two hundred years of wisdom and economy had accumulated." (Vol. 2, p. 207.) The truth of this tremendous charge against Napoleon has lately met with

although neither so senselessly cruel nor so infamously injurious, as that of the Directory, was equally insolent, treacherous, and liberticidal. Such I believe is the opinion entertained by most of my countrymen: such at least is my own. Can we indeed look back upon the mournful, the tragic picture, which presents a brave and high-minded race of men, in the deplorable state of delusion into which the Swiss, at the period of 1797 and 1798, fell with respect to the designs of France on their freedom, independence, and honour; can we peruse that too afflicting page of their modern history, which exhibits their national virtues—their pride, patriotism, unanimity, and mutual fidelity—giving way, in an awful and an evil hour, to internal jealousies, to local prejudices, to divided councils, to public mistrust and private dissension; can we revert to such proceedings at such a crisis; can we mark their fatal consequences in the surrender of Berne, as well as in the frightful details of the war in the smaller Cantons, and entertain a single moment's doubt that the horror and indignation, which swell our own bosoms, as sympathising friends, must be felt with an infinitely keener pang by every "child of Tell," by every true son and daughter of Helvetia?

Admitting that the Bernese Aristocracy, like the government of other cities, possessed privileges too great and too

singularly strong confirmation in the Memoirs of Fouché, who, relating the particulars of his conference, as one of the Commissioners appointed to meet the Deputations of the different Swiss Cantons, in the autumn of 1802, says, "Under a geographical as well as a military point of view, the political situation of Switzerland was the more likely to engage the First Consul's attention, as *he had not a little contributed*, after the Peace of Campo Formio, to *induce the Directory to invade and occupy it with troops.*" Vol. 1, p. 219.

exclusive; admitting that its conduct was occasionally too austere and overbearing; that it exercised its ascendancy, long ago acquired, over the inhabitants of the Pays-de-Vaud, with too little regard for their just claims to constitutional independence; yet it always maintained the reputation of administering justice uprightly; and we scarcely need observe, that its yoke was easy compared with that of your perfidious allies and their remorseless invaders, the revolutionary French. Acknowledging that Berne comported herself towards you with too haughty and uncompromising a spirit, are we not fortified with good historical evidence, in regarding the insurrection of the *Brule-papiers* more as the pernicious fruit of Gallic agency than as the necessary result of Bernese oppression? And if (as Madame de Staël* observes), "the emigrants were blamed for uniting themselves to foreigners against France, should not the same principle be applied to the Swiss, who invoked the terrible assistance of the French? Besides, was it by force that any improvement was to be effected in the condition of a country accustomed to acknowledge only the slow and progressive operation of time?"

As to what was called Buonaparte's *mediation* in the internal affairs of Switzerland, it was the act of a dictator—of a military master. He relied, as the Directory had done before him, on the support of a party among

* That wonder of her sex and ornament of her age, in a conference with Buonaparte, deprecated, but in vain, the entrance of the French troops into the Pays-de-Vaud, "representing to him that the Vaudois were perfectly free in every civil relation, and that when liberty exists in fact, it is unnecessary, for the sake of abstract right, to expose ourselves to the greatest of misfortunes, that of seeing foreigners in our native land." *Considerations on the French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 208.

the natives—a party which had the advantage of being countenanced by many respectable names, but which, with domestic liberty for its avowed object, did not scruple to accept external aid as one of the means of attaining that object. It was the memorable year of the Peace of Amiens, that the First Consul chose, to offer his *tranquillizing* services to the Diets; to reason down their differences with each other at the point of French bayonets; and to treat the cantons then confederated (whether wisely or unwisely, yet honestly and inoffensively), for recovery of their ancient laws and government, as a conquered people. The mediative act turned out to be no other than a consular commission appointed to sit at Paris, in conference with the Swiss Delegates, Unionists and Federalists,* whose conflicting hopes and interests, after a brief interchange of opinions and propositions (just to keep up the farce of a deliberative assembly, whilst the inevitable rupture with England was rapidly approaching), were disappointed and set aside by a federative compact, brought to the Deputation, cut and dry, from the Cabinet of the Thuilleries.

* "The Swiss were torn to pieces by two opposite factions: viz. the Unionists, or democratic party, which desired a Republic one and indivisible; and the Federalist party, or the men of the old aristocracy, who demanded the ancient institutions. The Unionist party was engendered by the French Revolution; the other was that of the ancient regime. And it leant secretly towards Austria. Between these two factions, the moderate or neutral party balanced. Abandoned to themselves, during 1802, the Unionists and Federalists came to violent disputes and civil war by turns, secretly encouraged by the French Minister Vernignac in conformity with the instructions of the Cabinet of the Thuilleries, the policy of which tended to a *denouement* calculated with art, and on that account inevitable. The Federalist party having got the upper hand; the Unionists threw themselves into the arms of France. This was what the First Consul expected."—*Fouché's Memoirs*, p. 249.

It would appear however that the change thus made in the civil institutions of Switzerland rendered them more conformable to the wants of the inhabitants. Indeed, considering the peculiar disposition of Napoleon, and the general practice of the French Government in interfering with the concerns of European States, it is but fair to admit that power and influence on that occasion, though despotically asserted, was moderately and in some respects amelioratively used. And could we forget the peaceful dignity that adorned, the simple policy that governed, and the spirited jealousy that animated, its ancient character, we might say that Switzerland, even at the epocha of 1803, was a fortunate, as, speaking by comparison with others, she certainly was a favoured country. But neither peace nor liberty nor happiness; neither national honour nor constitutional independence could be boasted of as the portion of the Pays-de Vaud, or of any other district of Switzerland, until "the Military Jacobinism" of France, with its child and champion, was overthrown; and a general system of pacification had placed the Helvetic Body, with fresh accessions to their confederated strength, in permanent and secure possession of adequate means for consolidating their collective interests and for promoting their individual prosperity. Then, and not till then, in reference to the civil rights and the national condition of the Swiss, could we rationally and satisfactorily exclaim

"Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd;
"Hail, sacred Freedom when by Law restrain'd!
"Without you what were man?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Morning ride from Yverdun to Payerne—Canton and City of FRIBOURG—*"Our Lady of the Rosary"—The Linden Tree—Convent of the Visitation—Monastery of the Capuchins—Nuns of St. Ursula—The Avoyer or Chief Magistrate—Church and College of the Jesuits—Cabinet of Natural History—Inscription from Young's* "Night Thoughts"—*Observations on the suppression and re-establishment of the Order of Jesuits—Snails, an article of food—The Cathedral—*La Chambre secrète—*Chapel of Notre Dame de Loretto—Gate of Bourgillon—Remarkable situation and scenery of Fribourg—Projected improvement in its communications—Costume of the Canton.*

AT five this morning (August 7th) we were on our way towards Fribourg. The road almost immediately ascending the heights on the eastern side of the Lake of Neuchatel, afforded us a superb prospect, in which the neat town of Yverdun, forms a diminutive yet a very pleasing object. From the village of Chesaux we had a commanding though distant view of Granson, situated on the opposite bank, and also of the extensive plains behind the town, where in 1476 that brave, able, and enterprising, but cruel and treacherous Prince, Charles, surnamed the Bold, first learnt what it was to flee before a warlike enemy, and where the Swiss gained a victory not less complete than that of Morat which they achieved shortly afterwards.* There are perhaps few historic

* "Just previous to the battle of Granson, the Swiss prostrated themselves before God; their cruel enemies thought that they were about to

pages so fraught with examples of patriotic heroism gloriously successful, as those in which the impetuous Duke of Burgundy, in the vindictive and ambitious attempt to subjugate a people determined to maintain their independence, lost his wits at Granson, his treasures at Morat, and his life at Nanci.

The road we took forms a most delightful excursion either for a walk or ride; winding as it does sometimes through enclosures of corn and clover, from which it is separated on each side by nicely clipped hedges; at others among fir, oak, and beech trees. Through breaks in these fine plantations, we caught transitory but enchanting views of the waters and mountains that spread themselves out with increasing amplitude and grandeur.* Shady coverts line our course for several miles, resembling the belt of a nobleman's park in England.—The variegated tints of lovely foliage, gilded by the morning sun; the lake's extensive surface slightly ruffled by a breeze, and shining in the orient ray; the bold line of the Jura, crested with fleecy clouds, whose whiteness formed a striking contrast to the hue of the lofty forest-crowned summit of Chasseron; the sides of that chain, sloping down in an easy descent, and cheering the eye with multiplied indications of fertility and industry; the purple tints of the more distant mountains mark-

surrender their arms, but they rose up, and were victorious."—*Madame de Staël.*

* From the nature of the soil, and its exposure to the sun's rays, these mountainous districts become almost sterile in a season of long continued drought, which is attended with an insupportable degree of heat. The dogs and wolves commit such terrible ravages in very dry summers, that *battues* are frequently ordered for the destruction of these animals, and numbers of them are killed even near large towns.

ing the direction in which, before we should turn away from the water side, our perspective glass was made ready to search for the town of Neuchatel*—these objects and accidents, in picturesque harmony combined, still hold their place on the field of Memory's vision among the most impressive scenery that presented itself in the course of this interesting day's journey. As we proceeded, the surrounding country, so far from deteriorating, improved on our sight: the road skirted the foot of a beautiful ridge, planted at the bottom with corn, potatoes, and herbage; above them, along its sides, were vines; and the top was clothed with flourishing young woods.

At the commencement of a steep and circuitous ascent, an iron cross, placed on a rock, marks the entry into a commune of which Estavayer† is the chief town, and which, though divided by a long narrow strip of the Pays-de-Vaud from the territory of Fribourg, actually belongs to the latter canton. No sooner had we crossed the boundary, than we found ourselves importuned for alms: so invariably do mendicity and Catholicity appear to go together. From Bex through Villeneuve to Geneva, and from Geneva up to this point, being all Protestant ground, never were we solicited by a single beggar.—Yvonand, the next village to that distinguished by the above noticed symbol of Romanism, is Protestant, belonging to

* The King of Prussia is Sovereign of Neuchatel and De Valangin, which is one of the principalities. For form-sake, one of his Chamberlains resides as his representative at Neuchatel, where he is magnificently entertained.

† Situated three short leagues from Yverdun, on the borders of the lake. In this small town there are three convents; one for men, and the other two for women.

the Pays-de-Vaud; and to Yvonand succeeds Cheire,* a Catholic village, comprised in the canton of Fribourg.—It is thus that territories and religions are checquered in Switzerland. At Cheire we quitted the borders of the lake of Neuchatel, without having seen scarcely a sail, or a bark, or even a fishing punt, on that vast sheet of water. The villagers at Le Chable, as we passed through it, were assembled in the church-yard, waiting for the commencement of Mass.—The road began to lose its good condition, in spite of the many crucifixes that adorned its sides. And though the country abounds in Nature's sweetest charms and richest gifts, yet cleanliness and neatness appeared almost wholly banished from the dwellings of its inhabitants; whose general civility of deportment, however, must not go without the traveller's good word.

We breakfasted at Payerne, a Protestant town, situated on that northernmost extremity of the Pays-de-Vaud which so curiously intersects the territory of Fribourg. —The inequalities and peculiarities of building, the carved and painted fronts of its houses, and the immense overhanging roofs constructed to shelter their windows from the intensity of the sun's heat, are subjects to delineate well suited for the pencil of a topographical draughtsman. There are two ancient churches close to each other. The one we entered had formerly belonged to a very rich monastery of Benedictines, founded by Bertha, Royal Consort of Rudolph II. A monumental tablet of modern erection designates the spot where this celebrated Princess was buried: and the still preserved relics of her equestrian appointments (saddle, spur, and

* A fine mosaic pavement (Roman) was discovered there in 1775.

bridle-bit, rusty and worm-eaten as they are) serve to remind us of that period when Helvetia formed part of the second Burgundian kingdom; and of that simply constituted frame of society, when a Queen wielded the sceptre at the chamber of Nobles in the morning, and as publicly handled the distaff in her afternoon rural ride. The old castle has nothing remarkable in its exterior construction: the interior is occupied as a boarding-house for ladies, whose apartments look out on a spacious and productive garden. On the parapet of the bridge over the Broye, which runs past the town on the Yverdun side, is a Roman remain: it has, however, no connection in point of date with the architecture of the bridge itself, but has merely been adjusted to fill a place in the masonry of one of the parapets. The first two lines are sufficiently legible,* viz. FORTVNÆ REDVCI AVGVSTVS DEDICAT. Which I presume shews it to have been a votive altar stone, consecrated to that fickle Goddess, whose figure *(dextra temonem, sinistra cornucopiæ)* appears with the above legend on so many imperial coins from Hadrian to Maximian, as if to prove herself to have been *Fortuna Fugax* well as *Redux*.

Continuing our journey, we soon crossed the final boundary of the Canton of Vaud, and proceeded towards the

* Mr. Coxe, in alluding to this antique fragment, observes, that the decyphering of its inscription was to him by no means a difficult task.—He has not, however, favoured us with the result of his perseverance, though accomplished against the advice of the "plain looking man," whose preference for "plain Latin," our instructive traveller so pleasantly mentions, (vol. ii. p. 336).—With the exception of the words above given, the writer of these pages confesses himself to have been no wiser for the pains he took to make out the almost obliterated characters, than the honest native of Payerne.

capital of that of Fribourg. We were now in a country of hill and dale, with little or no extent of prospect, except what offered itself to us, as we occasionally looked back on Payerne, and the distantly receding Jura: but we were treated with a delightful succession of home-views, some resembling "the bottoms," in Gloucestershire, others the wooded districts of Norfolk. A half-finished barn on the road side, near Grolley, reminded us of Addison's description, viz. "a frame of wood for a foundation, and four huge blocks placed at each corner, by which the whole weight of the structure is supported." The gaudy gilded crosses, fixed by the peasantry on each grave in their church-yards, are not in keeping with the simple picture of

> "The spiry dome
> "Sacred to Heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls
> "Their fathers slumber in the narrow house."

In the villages we find dwellings, barns, and stables, all under one roof, either of tiles, wood, or thatch: even the winter's fuel is piled up before their lower windows: a practice which inevitably renders conflagrations destructive when they do occur. The chief agricultural products in this district are barley, oats, clover, hemp, turnips, beet root, potatoes, and lentils. The corn harvest was just beginning. Fruit trees abound—walnuts, plums, pears, cherries, and apples are the principal. We observed, from time to time, tolerably large plantings of tobacco; and as a necessary consequence found men and boys all smokers. The last stage of our ride to Fribourg lay through a large forest of firs, from which the people are furnished with wood for the purposes both of fuel and

building; but the trees are felled in the same slovenly manner (though not with the same excuse of their being on the sides of steep mountains) as in Savoy and the Vallais: the land thus divested of timber, is left in a state unfit for tillage, and seemingly incapable of being replanted.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Fribourg, entering the principal square, just as the peasantry of both sexes were proceeding in throngs to "Our Lady of the Rosary.* The church above named appeared to be already in a crowded state; but the circumstance proved no impediment to such service as the good folks of this canton are taught to pay. Keeping up a line of communication with the church-doors, the women sat in ranks on the turf and benches of the public walk, whilst the men stood near them in clusters: the sound of the bell that announced the elevation of the Host, was as usual the signal for universal kneeling; it was instantly obeyed by the congregation within the sacred fane, and taken up with mechanical precision and rapidity in the open air by the assembled multitude, equally well drilled under the ingenious bead-telling system of *Paters* and *Aves*. But, alas! how ill instructed must they be in the truth of that written WORD which cautions us against "using vain repetitions as the heathen do;" and which, whilst it inspires

* The institution of the Rosary and Crown of the Virgin is perhaps the most perfect contrivance ever devised by the genius of monkery for the regular winding up of religious *machines*.—"The Rosary (says Mosheim, Cent. x.) consists in fifteen repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, and a hundred and fifty salutations of the blessed Virgin; while the Crown, according to the different opinions of the learned concerning the age of the blessed Virgin, consists in six or seven repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, and six or seven times ten salutations, or Ave Marias."

us with reverence for "the blessed maid," and mother of the Lamb of God, declares, as our own truly pious HERBERT admirably expresses it, that

> All worship is prerogative, and a flower
> Of GOD's rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
> At the last hour.
> Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
> To make a posy for inferior power.

After taking up our quarters at the inn of Les Merciers, we lost no time in commencing our inspection of this town, which for inequality of site, and for consequent difficulty of access from one part to the other, exceeds any I ever was in. Our local guide, first of all, leading us to the principal square, made us notice the Linden Tree, said to have been planted by a soldier on the 22d of June, 1477, as he returned from the memorable field in which victory crowned his warlike brethren at Morat. The venerable timber still vegetates though feebly; and would, from the peculiar circumstances under which tradition associates its existence with achievements of "the olden time," have appeared more interesting in our eyes, if modern history could happily have furnished a page of recorded exploits equally general and persevering at least—if not equally successful, on the part of Switzerland, against the Burgundians and Franks of the 18th century: a foe not less barbarous and more perfidious than the Goths and Vandals that consummated the fall of Roman power. But whilst we read of that union and force which were the talisman of the Helvetians who conquered Charles Le Téméraire —we know too well that division, treachery, and weakness

paralysed the efforts, and surrendered the cause of the Swiss into the cruel hands of Revolutionary France.

The Linden tree stands near the Castle, which was formerly occupied by the ancient Dukes of Zæringuen;* and now serves as the Hotel-de-Ville. We entered the chapel belonging to the Convent of the Visitantines, or Nuns of the Visitation of the Virgin Mary: a handsome little building, decorated with some choice pieces of statuary in black and white marble. It was the time of service; and the sisterhood were chaunting the evening-hymn to the Virgin: they were in an oratory adjoining the chapel, and through a glazed arch, rendered still more difficult for the sight to penetrate by cross bars of iron placed before it, we saw, or fancied that we saw, the black hooded heads of the ladies. One of them sang the litany, whilst others joined in a fine chorus; and the tones of the solo vocalist were so musical, and at the same time so melancholy, that it brought instantly to my mind Sterne's pretty story of the poor encaged Starling; nor could I translate the plaintive burthen of the vesper-song, *(Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,)* into any thing but the plain English of a captive's lamentation—"I can't get out—I can't get out." In grave rebuke of which conceit, I shall be told by the reverend professors of Papal obedience, *usque ad absurdum*, (yet surely not by the advocates of any system of natural and rational restriction), that all these incarcerated females take the vow, of their own free will and unbiassed choice; and that whether young, beautiful, or rich, they none of them had

* "Fribourg was built in 1179, by Berthold the Fourth, Duke of Zæringuen who endowed it with considerable privileges."—*Coxe.*

ever experienced a feeling of regret at their total and perpetual sequestration from the world! To this, with deference to the *sworn* believers in Pope Pius the Fourth's creed, be it replied, that Nature *will* melt, though Superstition *rave*.* Our conductor informed us that this community is subjected to the strictest regulations. No male person, except the Priestly Confessor, is suffered to see or to be seen by the younger Visitantines.† He had been often employed as a workman in the garden of the convent; but on such occasions, as soon as he makes his appearance at the grate, two of the elder sisters ring a bell as a signal to the junior nuns to conceal themselves within close recesses, where

> " Veiling from the eye of day,
> " Penance dreams her life away."

Continuing our walk through the gate of Morat, we were much pleased with the rural and romantic combinations of the landscape in that quarter, in which, situated on an eminence that commands a general view of the city,

* Mrs. Marianne Baillie, in her " Letters from Portugal," gives a highly interesting account of visits which she made to different Convents during her residence in that *truly* Catholic country. " One of the visitors (says she) at the Convent of the Visitation, near Lisbon, brought her child with her, an infant of six or seven months old, which was passed eagerly from one nun to the other, and almost devoured with caresses. Poor creatures, my heart ached for them. The feelings of maternal affection, which (with a few disgusting and unnatural exceptions) I believe exist in the inmost recesses of every female bosom whether married or single, spoke plainly by this conduct. How painful is it to contemplate a delusion which places the renunciation of the noblest duties of life in the light of a virtue."— Yet *this* delusion is fostered and perpetuated by the Church of Rome!

† The Nuns of the Visitation were instituted by Saint François de Sales, in the year 1610. They have black clothes, and a little silver cross on their breasts.

stands the house of Monsieur De Diesbach de Belle Roche, a modern edifice, and one assimilating in its architectural character more closely with that of a nobleman's or gentleman's seat in England than any I had as yet seen in this country. On our return within the town walls, we visited the Monastery of the Capuchins; entering its little chapel whilst the friars were then at their devotions: if indeed it be not too wretched a perversion of the term, when we apply it to the mere routine of crossings and bowings and genuflexions; to the tiresome re-iterations of a monotonous chant; or to the hum-drum gabbling from the breviary placed on high before the altar, and the turning over of its leaves with a stick and a string.—Their monkish habits of coarse brown cloth, the extraordinary form of their *capuchon* or hood,* their tonsured scalps, long bushy beards, bare legs and sandals, were all in strict consonance with rites so whimsically called religious. On our minds, who had just quitted an adjoining canton of the same political confederation, but under a different ecclesiastical government, where the Maker of all things and Judge of all men is worshipped more conformably to our Redeemer's injunction and the practice of his Apostles, the impression made by such mummery and corruption was strangely powerful. Catholic Fribourg is distant from Protestant Yverdun but a short day's journey: at the end of which, however, in so far as Christianity is concerned, we seemed to have travelled a thousand miles; or more properly speaking, Time itself appeared to have retrograded with us five centuries at least. A civil good-tempered Member of

* Whence this order derives its name. It was established in 1535, by Pope Paul III.

the Order, whose beard was silvered o'er with age, shewed us their garden, their dormitory, and their refectory, on the table of which he was himself occupied in setting the Brethren's supper: and in justice to their professed austerity* I have to state, that their meal was as simple as their garments were coarse: "a guiltless feast,"

> "With herbs and fruits supplied,
> "And water from the spring."

Having been given to understand that the Convent of the Ursulines was less rigid in its rules than that of the Visitation, we applied for admittance, and, though the time of day for granting such requests was just gone by, we were received. In the *parloir* were displayed some of the chaplets, artificial flowers, and other pretty things made by the nuns, and sold to whomsoever is disposed to purchase. In this introductory apartment was a young lady in close and earnest conversation with an elderly dame: it was mother and daughter, the latter not *yet* in the dress or capacity of a *religieuse*, but placed in the convent for education! Presently two staid virgins of between forty and fifty, in the habits of their order, entered, and announced themselves ready to shew us the convent. The Ursulines are not veiled; they wear a hood, and a robe of white cloth, trimmed and garnished with black. We were conducted up-stairs, through several spacious corridors, into which the apartments of the nuns open:

* D'Emillianne says of the *Capucines* that "they have found the art to render the practice of their rigid Rules and Constitutions very sweet and agreeable, and they would not change the liberty they have to ramble up and down in towns, and in the country to secular houses, with the richest foundations of the Monasteries of the *Benedictines*, nay not with the purse of the Jesuits."—*Hist. of Monastic Orders.*

these galleries are well lighted, and look into a large garden. When we entered the chapel a young nun was kneeling at the shrine of the canonized Patroness, to all appearance so absorbed in intense meditation, that, after passing with our conductresses behind her, I thought it no harm to turn round and look at her: the fair recluse turned round too: our eyes met: I caught a momentary glance of a handsome face, and by its expression, as it was quickly averted from me again, became confirmed in my contumacious opinion, that "the world forgetting" is a consummation not so easily, not so soon achieved, even with all Romish "appliances and means to boot," as that of being "by the world forgot." We were permitted to see two of the apartments of the sisterhood; comfortable little rooms enough; containing a bed, table, chairs, and chest of drawers; the walls and mantle-piece adorned with numerous miniature pictures of Saints—chiefly Jesuits.* The elderly ladies who led us through this establishment, stated that they had been much impoverished by the Revolution, and reduced to the necessity of resorting to the charitable and benevolent for the means of subsistence; but that they were now in easier circumstances, and hoped to be restored to more of their former ample endowments. One of these nuns was a tall jolly dame, who looked and "e'en talked a little like a friend of this world." The other was a small thin personage, of a "vinegar aspect," and laconic to the very verge of

* The Ursulines are the Female Order of the Jesuits, founded in 1572, and derive their name from a Holy Virgin called *Ursula*, who suffered martyrdom, according to Romish fables, near Cologne, with eleven thousand young ladies who went to wait on her. In some places they are confined to their cloisters, and in others they have liberty to go abroad, and keep every where an intimate familiarity with the Jesuits.—*D'Emillianne.*

taciturnity. My friend asked them if the sprightly girl we had just seen in the *parloir* designed ultimately to profess; the fat sister laughed and nodded an answer in the affirmative; but the other, darting a look of reproof at her less discreet colleague, for thus trifling with the secrets of the prison-house, said—"*Non, elle est actuellement en pension—Voila tout.*" In taking leave, we did not omit an *offrande d'argent;* whereupon the Holy Sisters spontaneously declared their kind intention to include us in their prayers; and, taking it for granted that they kept the promise, there is little doubt but that in *their* orisons *our* mortal sin of heresy was especially remembered!

This antique town is a *multum in parvo* of monachism. It contains four convents for men, viz. the Capuchins, the Franciscans, the Augustinians, and the Jesuits; and four for women, viz. the Visitantines, the Ursulines, the Capucine Nuns, and another. The latter are subject to the same rules as those by which communities of a similar kind in France are governed; and as in all Catholic countries, there are some more strict than others.

On leaving the *Jesuitesses* we proceeded to the Jesuits; in our way to whose college we met the Chief Magistrate of the place, who, here as well as in some other Swiss cities, has the title of Avoyer.* The gentleman was walking from

* The Government of Fribourg is Aristocratic. The sovereign power of the canton resides in the Assembly of Two Hundred, who form the Grand Council. A person is eligible to be a member of it at twenty years of age; but the right of entering it, and of holding the first offices, is reserved to seventy-one families, named Patricians, to the exclusion of all others. The Burghers of Fribourg, and those of twenty-seven circumjacent parishes, have the privilege of voting for the election of Avoyer, who is the head of the Government; for that of Burgomaster; of Chancellor or Town Secretary; and of first Chaplain or Curé.—The Small Council, composed of twenty-four members, forms the Council of State.

church, in a court suit, with a black gown of office over it: a powdered bag wig, a sword by his side, and a silver rod on his arm, formed the other appointments; but with these his pedestrian march, though preceded by two municipal officers, was by no means in harmony. As this worthy State Functionary passed us, we paid him the obeissance due to his rank and station; but could not avoid being struck with the peculiar manner of managing these matters of civic parade in Fribourg; for, on his presently stopping at his own door, we observed the sword-and-gown-encumbered Avoyer, stretching forth the only hand at liberty to lift the knocker, which his two attendants very quietly suffered him to do, whilst they themselves stood like a couple of posts on each side of the portal.

We ascended to the church of the College by a staircase of about a hundred steps: it is a large and handsome building, on whose interior, gilding, carving, and painting have been lavished with more than sufficient profusion. The ceiling is charged with a design which, in a very florid tone of colouring, and much in Verrio's "sprawling" style, represents the patron, Saint Michael the Archangel, striking Satan down into the place prepared for him and his compeers of darkness,

"There to dwell in adamantine chains and penal fire,"

The grand altar is entirely of marble, upon which the artist has spared no pains in the embellishments of imagery and architecture. Close to it is the tomb

It has the charge of daily affairs, regulates the *haute police*, and is a Court of Appeal in civil cases.—There are two Avoyers, who take alternate years, and succeed each other in the exercise of power and authority.—The one who is in office is called the *Avoyer Regnant*."—*Robert*.

of Father Canisius, a celebrated theologian among the Romanists, and by whom the church was founded. The spot where his remains are interred is marked by a marble slab, inscribed "Ossa P. P. Petri Canisii. Soc. Jesu. Theolog. Obiit. MDXCVII."

From the Church we proceeded to the College adjoining. It is a large and commodious place, well suited for its purpose as a seminary of Learning, whose besetting difficulties in the road to Fame, its situation on the brow of a steep rock, not inappropriately typifies. We were shewn the refectory, a lofty and capacious room, much resembling in appearance and arrangement those *essential* accommodations called Halls, in our English Universities. The tables were set out for supper in a stile of *bonne chère* that would have put the poor Capuchins at the other end of the town to the blush. Each man had his bottle of wine by the side of his plate: and the Brother who conducted us admitted that they lived on the fat of the land. Since the re-establishment of this Order by the Pope, the Government of Fribourg has, it seems, surrendered to the Jesuits the province of public education, together with the landed property, funds, and rents formerly belonging to them in that canton. The almost immediate consequence has been the arrival of a full complement of Professors, some from France, others from Savoy, the Valais, and Italy. A numerous accession of pupils has also followed, *pari passu*, from various Catholic States of Europe; nor are they without recruits from England; insomuch that scarcely a chamber is left vacant in the college, and their different schools for classics and divinity are filled with students. In the garden we saw several of the Fathers and many of the scholars; their costume,

physiognomy, and complexion, made us fancy ourselves in Rome or Madrid, rather than within a ride of the Lakes of Neuchatel and Geneva; they wear black gowns and cassocks, with a canon's cap or a coif in-doors, and when in the open air a broad brimmed low-crowned hat of black beaver, trussed up at the sides, and peaking out before and behind. I could have picked out the counterpart of Bartolo in Il-Barbiere-di-Siviglia. In their principal gallery are numerous portraitures of Popes, and of eminent Members of "the Order," from Ignatius de Loyola, Francis Xavier, Laynez, Aquaviva, to Canisius, and so on downwards, including Campian, Garnet, and some other British and Irish born subjects of Elizabeth and James—men, whom the Latin inscriptions at the bottom of their respective picture frames, designate as "Martyrs to their religion." Yes: but then it was a religion which taught them to be traitors to their Sovereign, and conspirators with the foreign enemy of their country—a religion, under which they were bound by a vow of absolute obedience to that Pontiff, who adjured his spiritual subjects, at the peril of their salvation, not to deny his power of deposing such Princes as he chose to brand with the appellation of heretics—a religion which instructed them to equivocate and dissemble; to say that black was white, and white was black, for the benefit of their church; and to contend for the lawfulness of putting a King to death whom the Pope had deposed.*

We mounted to the top of the tower, which commands some superb views. In this most elevated part of the college is an Observatory for astronomical purposes, and

* See the Rev. G. Townsend's able commentary on these facts, in his "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome."

a fine cabinet of Natural History. Our reverend guide obligingly took the pains to shew us every thing that he thought would interest us in the collection: among the rest an extraordinarily large piece of Crystal from Mont Blanc; a remarkably fine and well preserved Bruyere Cock or Grouse of Switzerland; a noble specimen of the *Lemmer-Geyer*, or Eagle of the Alps; skins of the Chamois, Bouquetin, and Ibex; a grand electrifying machine, and several good telescopes. He also shewed us the Library: amongst its contents, as in those of the museum, are to be found numerous proofs of the energetic ardour with which this celebrated community (to render it no more than justice) has always cultivated not only the divinity of the Catholic school, but the study of ancient and polite literature, as well as the pursuit of the liberal sciences and the ingenious arts. Near one of the glass cases, containing mineralogical specimens, in the Cabinet of Natural History, a small tablet is placed, on which with feelings of national pride, not unmixed with a certain degree of surprise, I perused the following inscription:—

> ——— Nature is the Glass reflecting God;
> As by the Sea reflected is the Sun;
> Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere.
>
> YOUNG. Night IX.

Yes, Messieurs, but of what avail to your pupil is *such* a Glass as that of Nature in your excellent Cabinet here; if, when he goes down into your Theological Lecture-room, you peremptorily require him "to swallow, not only against all probability, but even against the clear evidence of

his senses, the doctrine of Transubstantiation?"* What is it but a mockery? what, but to "keep the word of promise to his ear and break it to his hope," if after thus expanding his mind with the enlarged and enlightened sentiments of "divine philosophy," your novice is compelled to narrow it again, by conforming his mode of life to the rule prescribed by Ignatius de Loyola; once a soldier of fortune in Spain, now a Saint of supererogation in Papal Paradise? The Author of the Night Thoughts, whom you have done our literature the honour to quote, says

> Read Nature; Nature is a friend to Truth;
> Nature is Christian; *preaches to mankind,*
> *And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.*

A creed, be it observed, however, of which reverence for visionary extasies and approval of fanatical extravagance, such as those which characterised the Founder of this newly revived Order, can form no part. Nature's works! how wonderful are they! yet all in wisdom made and perfected by Nature's GOD—they are framed with consistency—they are dedicated to beneficence—never are they found incom-

* LOCKE: whose writings all True Catholics are *forbidden* to read, through the instrumentality of "the Index Expurgatorius" of the Roman See.—"I venture to think (says Sir R. Inglis, in his admirable Parliamentary speech on the Roman Catholic Question), "that a good library in almost every branch of Literature might be formed out of books which the present Papal Index prohibits." The Hon. Baronet shewed how well his conjecture was warranted by quoting, from the condemnatory Catalogue itself, the illustrious names of Bacon, Locke, Milton, Copernicus, Descartes, Galileo, Grotius, and Puffendorf, from whose fate of proscription there are works even of Fenelon and of Pascal which are not exempted!!

patible with Reason; never repugnant to true Religion.—The creed that Nature aids, and the truth that she inspires, are in correspondence with those which the Saviour of the World himself came down from Heaven to teach mankind. But both Reason and Revelation are diametrically opposed to the superstitious follies, the puerile fancies, the idolatrous inventions that have sprung out of the system which *commands* a belief in Purgatory, Saint-worship, and Miraculous Images. Natural Religion, no less than the written Word of God, discountenances and disowns the abject prostration of intellect, the wretched slavery of conscience, by which

> " The spirit nursed
> " In blind INFALLIBILITY'S embrace,"

is bound to hold the absurdest doctrines, to defend the most unjustifiable acts, to augment and promote the highest assumed authority of a Church, that asserts an unlimited right of interference in temporal concerns; and prides herself on her invariable adherence to

> " The gathered ERROR of a thousand years."

Since the establishment of the Jesuits in 1555, by the constitutions of Paul III. no event perhaps has occurred of more importance to the interests of the See of Rome, than their restoration by the late Pope in 1814. In the circumstances attendant, as well on the creation, as on the revival of this Order, there are some striking points of coincidence: yet in few things has the state of the Protestant mind offered a stronger contrast to that of Catholic feeling, than in the indifference with which the sudden

resuscitation of an extinguished community, canonically suppressed for its alleged offences against God and man, was viewed by those of the Reformed Faith, as compared with the exulting anticipation of advantages to their Church with which it was hailed by the Romanists themselves. When indeed we refer to the evidences of History, and observe at what a critical juncture,* and for what special purposes that peculiar body of men, calling themselves "the Company of Jesus," first received the necessary sanction and confirmation for their institute and proceedings—when we consider their unexampled devotedness† and pre-eminent services to the Pope, whose chosen soldiers and whose ablest champions they had ever shewn themselves to be—when we look at the perfect despotism of their internal government, and at the system of *espionage* practised over the novices by the superiors, and by their General over them all—when attention is paid to their characteristic attachment to their Order, and to the spirit of active intrigue and of unrestrained ambition which animated its members, among whom were to be found the most strenuous advocates of ecclesiastical encroachment on civil government, the most zealous supporters of Papal usurpation and presumption,‡ the most decided foes to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship—when moreover we pay regard to their sedulous propagation of doctrines not less dangerous in their political tendency than pernicious in their consequences to

* When the principles of the Reformation were making rapid progress, and the Papacy stood greatly in need of such a pillar to its establishment. —*Walsh's Hist. of the Popes.*

† Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

‡ See Preface to Burnet's History of the Rights of Princes, p. 31.

morality and religion;* and advert to the recorded fact that a society thus selected, constituted, actuated, and directed, was the one to claim and obtain in less than a century after its foundation, the almost exclusive instruction of youth in Catholic countries, becoming within the same space of time the confessors of kings, spiritual rulers, and temporal sovereigns, to say nothing of their successful enterprises as mercantile speculators†—when we reflect on the wealth they accumulated, the power they acquired, the influence they exercised, the objects they aimed at, the career they pursued, up to the very moment when so many potentates of their own persuasion drove them from their dominions, on charges which were recognized as just by the Bull for their suppression—when we "think on these things," it surely may well prompt us, if not to dread, at least to watch the operations of that bold, persevering, shrewd, and artful policy, which in the face of a preceding judgment, unscrupulous about the pretext to be assigned for so palpable a breach in the Catholic *unity* of proceedings,‡ induced Pius the Seventh, just liberated from captivity in France, to abrogate the Brief of Ganganelli, and restore to the Jesuits, as pledged warriors of the triple-crown, not only "a local habitation and a name," but the full

* See Pope Clement XIV.'s Bull for their suppression, dated July 21st, 1773.

† Robertson's Charles V.

‡ When Pope Clement XIII. in 1768, was applied to jointly by France, Spain, and Austria, to revoke the Brief in which he claimed the sovereignty of Parma, and declared the Duke to be only his feudatory, the Pontiff refused, saying that it was *not the custom of the Holy See to revoke its judgments*, which were *never* passed till after the most mature deliberation, and *always with the assistance of the Holy Ghost!!*

possession of all their former rights, privileges, and employments, with the liberty of extending the sphere of their activity *wherever* they should be allowed to set foot, and *whenever* they should regain the means of permanently establishing themselves.*

They are going to have a new convent of Jesuits at Estavayer. Fribourg and Lucerne are the only two cantons that have as yet permitted the re-establishment *(re-intègration)* of the Society within their respective territories. The opinion of a considerable party in Soleure (a Roman Catholic canton) has been strongly declared against them: nor are they restored to the exercise of any rights and privileges at variance either with the public laws of the Swiss Confederation, or with the cantonal constitutions. Their influence over Education has hitherto, in spite of their intrigues, been resisted with decision and effect by the leading Catholic inhabitants of the Pro-

* See the Bull of Pope Pius VII. dated Rome, August 7, 1814. From that curious document it appears, that the *non*-Catholic Autocrat of Russia, Paul I. was the personage, on whose *recommendation* the late Pope, in 1800, took the first step towards placing "under his own *immediate* tutelage and *obedience*, and granting power *for the education of youth* to," an Order whom ALL the *Catholic* Sovereigns of the House of Bourbon had expelled from their respective states as "dangerous intermeddlers in political affairs!" Totally disregarding the heavy and repeated complaints *subsequently* made against the conduct of "the Company of Jesus" by the Emperor Alexander, His Holiness declares the said Society to be the most proper one "to relieve the spiritual wants of the Catholic world." He restores an Institution, which forty-one years before had been abolished for having "disturbed the public peace, favoured idolatrous practices, perverted moral maxims, and falsely interpreted gospel doctrines"—abolished for these reasons, by that same "Holy See" which forsooth "is *not* accustomed to revoke its judgments; which judgments are *never* passed until after the maturest deliberation, and *always* with the assistance of the Holy Ghost"!!!

testant Cantons.* At Lausanne there is a school for the Catholics, conducted without the least help or interference on the part of the Jesuits, and the children of the principal families of that persuasion in the Pays-de-Vaud are sent there for instruction.

Bearing in mind what Addison has said of the "*escargatoire*" at Fribourg, we took the liberty of asking our conductor at the College of Jesuits, whether a ragout of snails was still a favourite item in the *carte* of their well furnished board. From his expression of "*je n'en sçais rien,*" in brief and dry answer to our inquiry, we were ready to infer that this article of food was not now in request here, whatever it might have been in the century preceding. But such a conclusion would have been completely erroneous.—A person, to whom we afterwards took occasion to mention the circumstance, observed to us—"When you asked the Reverend Father where *la place des Escargots* was, I am not surprised that he pretended not to understand you. The *Gastronomes*, particularly the Priests, have Snails (as well as Frogs),

* Not so however, in an important part of his Britannic Majesty's dominions, as appears by that invaluable work, the "Digest of Evidence on the State of Ireland, by Messrs. Phelan and O'Sullivan."—"A Roman Catholic (says the Rev. M. O'Sullivan), stated to me his very great distress of mind that the Jesuit-school at Clongowes, in Ireland, was so much resorted to by persons of his own persuasion; he stated to me that so considerable a change had taken place in the minds of the young Roman Catholics, that now, instead of thinking lightly of the subjects of controversy, as they were thought of some time since, they would not only dispute seriously for them, but he thought, that if opportunity served they would fight for them." Dr. Doyle had previously admitted in evidence, that two clergymen of the Jesuit's-house at Clongowes, had gone to Rome, and he *suspected* that they assisted there at the election of the last Superior of that Order. Part I. p. 246.

cooked in a dozen different modes of seasoning. And these animals, from the manner in which they are dressed for table, form a very exciting kind of dish, and furnish matter for coarse jests."—Casks-full of Snails are sent from the Pays-de-Vaud to Fribourg, where the consumption is stated to be prodigious, especially in the monasteries. The Catholics, and above all their ecclesiastics, it is said eat this food in great quantities, by way of indemnifying themselves for the butcher's meat, which their church interdicts them, two days in the week, without reckoning Lent.*

The Cathedral is a noble edifice, in the pointed and florid stile; erected in the latter end of the 14th century. The nave is lofty; and the tower, which, with its pinnacles, measures three hundred feet in height, is one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in Switzerland: the width of its base occupies the whole west front of the church. In the centre of the grand portal is a well carved statue of the Patron St. Nicholas: beneath which a very curious group suggests reflections on the ancient practice of caricaturing

* Snails are eatable only in April, May, and June; during which three months in every year the poor people go in search of them for the supply of the convents, where they are preserved in a kind of field, which almost always abuts on the gardens that surround the Monastic buildings. They retain their freshness in the grass, and live, as is pretended, on the dew, which at that fine season of the year is said to have a balsamic property. Be this however as it may, the broth made of these creatures, boiled up with goats' milk, is considered to be a specific for disorders of the chest. The first physicians of the country prescribe it to persons of a delicate constitution, as a strengthening medicine, which may be taken by patients of all ages, in the Spring, without the slightest hazard. It is probable that our celebrated countryman visited Switzerland at that season and thus might have been enabled to see the *Escargotage* of which he makes mention, in its perfection.

Religion in sculpture. On the right hand, in this design, you see St. Peter, distinguished by his keys, leading a throng of the faithful to the gates of Paradise, an Angel following by way of rear-guard. On the left the Devil and his Angels are stirring up a large cistern in which several human figures are plunged up to their waists, whilst a little imp of darkness is busily blowing the fire under it. Another full-grown demon, with the head of a hog, is bringing up a fresh array of condemned souls to fill up the measure of judgment, and make the infernal "cauldron boil and bubble"!! In the middle of the Cathedral, we observed an enclosed seat, inscribed "*Banc pour les Seigneurs Secrèts.*" Our conductor told us that it was appropriated to the use of a peculiarly privileged portion of the members of the municipality, who twice a year, viz. St. John's Day and a Sunday called *Secret Sunday*, after attending divine service, proceed to the Hotel de Ville, where, under the name of *La chambre secrète*, they hold a council, before which the different persons in office are obliged each in their turn to pass through an ordeal, and those whose conduct was in the opinion of such judges deemed reprehensible, were censured, or if necessary turned out of their situations.*

From the Cathedral, which stands in the middle of La-ville-haute, our guide conducted us through the Place-des-Fontaines, where we descended into the lower town by a flight of four hundred steps, and ascending

* For a full explanation of the prerogatives and functions of a committee which "though not any public or responsible part of administration, is yet the concealed spring that puts the wheel of government in motion"—the reader is referred to Mr. Coxe's Letters on Switzerland, vol. 2, p. 190.

again still higher ground, entered the Chapel of Notre Dame-de-Loretto, which, like all the rest of the religious edifices in this city, is crammed full of *ex-voto* presentations. One of the inscriptions suspended near the Altar of the most glorious *Marie-des-Graces*, I was at the pains to copy for a specimen. It was as follows:— "Le 14 Mai, 1668, François Antoine, fils de Jean de la Tera and Margarette Gasser, agé de 14 ans, tomba depuis le haut jusqu' au bas du Rocher derrière cette qui s' appelle de Lorette, sans faire aucun mal. Ainsi qu' etant venu à ses jours, il a eu les enfans, ci-bas marqués, avec leur pere et mère, dont le fils ainé, tant en acte de grace que pour renouveller la memoire d' un si *grand miracle*, a fait faire le présent tableau, 1775."* Under the inscription are the portraits of the assembled family (among whom is a *Monk*) all on their knees to the Virgin Mary.

The form and pressure of Popery display themselves in Fribourg with Italian universality and with more than Italian grossness. Stucco pictures of Legendary Saints—Crucifixes of all sizes—Madonnas of every denomination, costume, and complexion, from the Mater-dolorosa in dingy painted statuary to the Regina Angelorum in newly burnished tinsel and brocade, present themselves, with their pious adorers, in every street and open place.

There are neither churches nor chapels for the Protes-

* On the 14th of May, 1668, Francis Antoine, son of John de la Tera and Margaret Gasser, in the 14th year of his age, fell from the top to the bottom of the rock behind that on which this Chapel of Loretto is situated, without sustaining any injury. So that he had the children, represented below, with their father and mother, whose eldest son, both as an act of grace and to renew the remembrance of *so great a miracle*, has caused this picture to be executed, in the year 1775.

tants, to whose religion no further toleration appears to be conceded in this canton than what the Catholics find expedient for the sake of commerce.*

Continuing our walk to the air-mounted Porte-de-Bourguillon, which stands across a narrow pass, between two terrific gulfs, we stationed ourselves awhile on the verge of one of them at a few paces beyond the gate. Thence we looked down on the winding Sarine (or Sane); and marked where this river, in some places washes the base of perpendicular and almost bare rocks; in others flows through wooded glens and open meadows—pouring its rapid current under the arches of an old bridge, beyond which its clear waters, in their serpentine sweep, give increased brilliantness to the bold romantic scenery which this remarkable city comprehends within its walls. Fribourg is indeed a rendez-vous of picturesque singularities—streets built on high ridges of rock; rocks excavated into dwellings; causeways carried over the roofs of houses; cliffs ascended by stair-cases; gardens formed on the sides of precipices; houses, convents, colleges, and churches rise in towering groups above; fruitful fields and foliaged dells spread themselves in the valley below: here one may breathe the cheering air of society, there one may rest, amid deepest gloom, with the votary

"Who sits and sighs in cloistered Solitude."

These contrasts and varieties are all comprised within an enclosure of antique but well-repaired fortifications,

* The manufactures of the Fribourgeois principally consist of cotton prints and straw hats, for which they have a great sale. The red dye for stuffs is esteemed the best of any in Switzerland.—The population of the canton is estimated at 72,000 souls.

whose turrets and curtains encompass an area of four miles round, and in the course of whose strong embattled line, still conforming to the extreme inequalities of the ground, we see one gate at the bottom of a deep ravine, and another on the very vertex of a lofty eminence.

Curious as are the objects that every where offer themselves to the eye of the stranger who explores the remarkable locality of Fribourg, and interesting as it must ever prove to the admirer of the picturesque, yet by its inhabitants and those of the neighbourhood an extreme inconvenience is experienced from the difficult and circuitous path of communication that subsists between the different quarters of the place. Proceeding for example from the hotel of Les Merciers, situated in the centre of the upper town, with a carriage, to the gate of Berne, you have to go down deep-dale and up steep-hill, full a mile and a half; when a straight course to the same point would reduce the distance to less than half a mile. It is however in contemplation to make a most improving change in this respect. The project is no other than that of throwing a suspension bridge *(pont de fil de fer)* across the vale that separates the upper town from the road of Berne. It is the proposition of some capitalists of Geneva; and Colonel Dufour of that city has furnished a plan for the work, which will be 840 feet in length, 25 in width, and raised to an elevation of 160 feet above the lowest part of the intervening ground. The expences are to be defrayed by a toll on all persons and carriages passing over the bridge: whenever accomplished it will be no mean effort of rivalship with the splendid enterprises in our own country; and will doubtless prove not less advantageous to the cause of

public utility, than valuable to the interests of individual property.*

It was from above the Bürglen gate, looking towards the south and south-west, that we had a view of the Valaisan and Savoyard Alps, including Mont Blanc:

"High in Heav'n their Monarch stands,
"Bright and beauteous from afar,
"Shining unto distant lands,
"Like a new-created star."

Never shall I forget the indescribable lustre, which the last sun-beams of a delicious day cast upon the singularly striking objects of this ancient city, and over the yet sublimer features of the distant landscape.

* Just as this page is on the point of being committed to the press, a friend of the writer's has transmitted to him the following piece of information, which shews that the spirit of enterprise in this part of Switzerland is judiciously directed to the improvement of its public communications, as well by *water* as by land:—"If (says this correspondent) you had visited us this year (1826), you would have found our little town of Yverdun yet more agreeable from the embellishments which they are continually bestowing upon it. Our port, of which the scenery is so picturesque, is now graced with a handsome steam-boat, that daily makes the tour of the Lake (of Neuchatel). Every evening the inhabitants crowd to witness its arrival. It has been built under the direction of your countrymen; and the machinery comes from the manufactory of Messrs. Bolton and Watt, near Birmingham. This fine vessel is called the *Union*, because the Cantons bordering upon the lake, viz. Berne, Neuchatel, Fribourg, and Vaud, have joined in defraying the expence, which amounts to one hundred thousand francs of our money. This speculation promises to be highly advantageous to our commerce. An English engineer is attached to the company, and resides at Yverdun with his family. The Union was launched on the 10th of last June: there were *fêtes* on the occasion; and the spectacle highly delighted our good Swiss, who for the most part have never quitted their own homes. A young poet, named Mauris, has described in an agreeable manner the course which the boat takes in its voyage, and made allusion to the famous battle of Granson; he has also

The Sabbath-day offered a good opportunity for noticing peculiarities in female costume. White linen or black stuff gowns, scarlet petticoats, with black trimmings, dark-coloured jackets thrown open, gilt crosses appended to the breast; the hair in braids parted in front by a black velvet band, and trussed up in a bunching knot behind; some with and others without shallow-crowned straw hats of most capacious brims, bound and ornamented with black ribbands; white cotton stockings, or blue ones with white clocks; rather high-heeled shoes with large plated buckles: these form the "Sunday-going suit" of Paysannes, inhabiting the French part of Fribourg.* The general appearance of their every-day dress differs from the above description, in a long frock, or apron with a bib to it of blue or pink stripes, being worn over their gowns. Walking on the road they carry a satchel or bag, appended to a short staff and thrown over the shoulder.—Numbers of them are to be seen every market-day at Yverdun, where they flock, in family parties, to sell game, poultry, and other commodities, taking back with them in exchange snails, frogs, and fruit.

mentioned the Isle of St. Pierre, in the Lake of Bienne, where one sees the tomb of Rousseau.—You people of England, who possess steam boats enough to form a fleet, will laugh at the enthusiasm which the sight of a single one excites in this district. Well, however, has it been said that the enjoyments of this life are comparative."

* "The French language is spoken in the southern part of the canton, and German in the other; and it is remarkable that the line which separates these districts passes through the town of Fribourg, presenting the phenomenon of people of a different speech, inhabiting the two opposite side of the same town: the two languages mingle towards the centre."—*Waring.*

The costume of the *gens de peuple* in the German quarter of the city is of a somewhat heavier character. We saw an *interesting* couple, in their nuptial habiliments. The newly married woman wore a flaming red gown with long sleeves of the same colour and black cuffs; a yellow stomacher enriched with a large circlet of white, in which was worked the initials I. H. S. and a cross over the central letter; a black silk apron; a green ruff round her neck; and a high cylindrical cap of many hues on her head. The happy man appeared in a corbeau-coloured coat and tight pantaloons of formal cut, vermillion waistcoat and lappets, and broad silver buckles to his shoes; whilst a bouquet of flowers and a polished buckle, both of extraordinary size, adorned his high crowned hat.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rural Notices—Ranz-des-Vaches—*Canton of Berne*—*City of* BERNE—*Cathedral*—*Steiguer's Monument*—*Promenade of the Terrace*—*Wentzaple's Fall*—*Great Hospital*—*Museum*—*Bear's Ditch*—*Hotel-de-Ville*—*Great Clock*—*New Gate building*—*Target Ground*—*Garrison*—*Arsenal*—*Church of the Holy Ghost*—*Imposture of the Dominicans*—*The Great Street*—*Lower Town*—*View from the heights of the Altenberg*—*Costume*—*Employment of Convicts*—*Country Seats*—*Farms*—*Distillation of* Kirschwasser—*Thun*—*Voyage on the Lake of Thun to Neuhaus*—*Walk to Unterseen.*

AT sun-rise (August 8th) we continued our journey. The sky was bright—the breeze invigorating—the scenery delightful. The first two miles of our route, being chiefly on the ascent up a deep hollow-way, cut through the red-stone rock, we accomplished on foot; and many a look back did we take on the little capital just quitted. The general view of Fribourg, in approaching that city from Berne, bursts upon the sight so suddenly, and is in itself so remarkable, that it cannot fail to strike every one with forcible interest. Our morning ride lay along a road upon which, but for the constant succession of hill and dale that retards his progress, the traveller would bestow his unqualified praise. The country exhibits such extraordinary fertility and such varied loveliness, that were it not for the rugged rocks, the peaks and glaciers, which stamp the alpine impress on its horizon, we might readily imagine ourselves in the most favoured spots of our own island.

The fields are inclosed either with hedges or with a neat kind of hurdle-work. Timber is abundant and large. Fruit trees, lining the road on both sides, are also planted in such numbers as to give every small field the appearance of an orchard. The crops of wheat and barley were luxuriant, and the harvest appeared to be every where commenced. Near the village of Wunewyl, we first noticed a valuable species of grain called in German *Dinkel*, and in French *Epeaute*, which is cultivated both by the Fribourgeois and Bernois: it makes the whitest and best of flour, and is used for confectionary and pastry of the first quality. The ear is bearded like barley, but the kernel resembles that of wheat.* The farmers mow their corn of every description. They use an appendage to their scythes which renders the operation slow, but the result of it is very neat. It is a frame-work, consisting of four or five curved splines or teeth of wood, affixed to the staff under and parallel with the scythe; and the corn falling at each stroke into this sort of cradle, the husbandman lays it with great exactness on the ground.—Their oxen and horses are fine animals, and mostly in prime condition. The staple materials for building are wood and tiles; and we passed many *new* structures still most religiously conformable in every respect to the peculiarities of the *old* stile. Their high-pitched and overhanging roofs slanting down the sides from a considerable height to within eight, seven, six, or even five feet of the ground; and the carved galleries, tier above tier, (like the stern of an antiquated line-of-battle ship) before the windows of the domestic gable-end, give them a very

* The Dinkel Wheat comes to the greatest perfection in Wirtemberg.

curious appearance. We entered one of these farm-houses, and, though now considerably to the north of the Gruyere hills,* we saw a fine dairy of cows in the stable, and the master, with his servants, busily employed in manufacturing cheese of that name; some tending the furnace where the milk is boiled, others pressing the cheeses in the vats, or carefully turning them in the spacious store-room.

At the village of Ekersried, where we stopped to breakfast, a family-group of peasants, resting on their way (as they told us) to La Val Sainte,† made us their salutations in a manner which bespoke so much good nature, that we entered into conversation with them, and quickly persuaded one of their female vocalists to sing us a mountaineer ditty, in the idiom of the canton of Fribourg. It was the famous *Ranz-des-Vaches*, which Rousseau‡ calls "cette air si chèri des Suisses." Its commencement is slow and heavy; but the burthen is in a quicker movement and a more lively strain. The melody is ordinary enough, and the words are uninteresting; yet the character

* *Gruyère;* a small town of Fribourg. It is on the pasturages of Mollesson, and in the vallies of Bellegarde, which surround the town, that the cheeses of this name are manufactured; they are the best and most noted in the country. Their superiority (I was assured) consists in the quality of the plants on which the cows feed, and is in no respect ascribable to the manner in which it is made.

† La Val-Sainte, in the bailiwick of Corbières, canton of Fribourg, was formerly a Convent of Carthusians, founded in the thirteenth century. It has been magnificently rebuilt in the present century; and this fine house serves now as a place of seclusion to a community of the Order of Citeaux called Feuillans; an Order which observes exactly the same discipline as that of the famous Abbey of La Trappe, founded in France by the Abbé de Rancé. The porter of the cloister furnishes the visitor with an account of the sort of life that is led in the Monastery of La Maison Dieu, Val Sainte.

‡ Dictionaire de Musique.

being that of unmeasured simplicity and mournful wildness, its effect is by no means destitute of influence over even a stranger's feelings. The lively and profound sensation which it generally produces on the natives of Switzerland, when at a distance from their country, proceeds no doubt mainly from the power of early habit. Throughout the canton of Fribourg, the numerous couplets of this *Ranz-des-Vaches** are sung at all rustic festivals, but particularly at those of the Vintage, which, by all accounts, is the most interesting period of the year. A lady of the Pays-de-Vaud told me that, many years ago, she had heard the Minister of the French chapel at the Hague, publicly forbid both

* The first verse is as follows:—

ROMAN OR PATOIS-FRIBOURGEOIS.	FRENCH TRANSLATION.
Lé z'armailli dei Colombetté	Les Vachers des Colombettes
De bon matin sé san levâ	De bon matin se sont levés
A! a! a! a!	Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Liauba, Liauba, por aria.	Vaches, Vaches, pour vous traire
Venidè toté,	Venez toutes,
Petité, grossè,	Petites, grosses,
Bliantz et naïrè,	Blanches et noires,
D'zouven è autré,	Jeunes, et autres,
De zostou tzano	Sous ce chêne
Yo ïè vos ario	Où je vous trais,
Dèzo, stou trimblio	Sous ce tremble
Yo ïè trinzo	Où je tranche le lait
Liauba, Liauba, por aria.	Vaches, Vaches, pour vous traire.

The herdsmen of the Colombettes
Are risen early in the morning,
Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Cows, cows, to be milked
Come all, large and small,
Black and white, the young and the rest,
Under this oak, where I milk you,
Under this aspen, where I curdle the milk,
Cows, Cows, to the milking.

the singing and playing of this very air, on pain of severe punishment. Some of the Swiss Guards of the Prince of Orange, had, on hearing it, been affected with what is termed the mal-du-pays; others deserted; and many instances of suicide have been known to result from the impressions of this fantastical and even trivial song. Some of these rude pastorals retrace, in their narrative, the occupations of the herd-keepers, their love-attachments, their village jests, the pleasures of their youthful days, and the productions of their mountains. The *patois Fribourgeois* and the *patois Vaudois* have a good deal of affinity with the Italian language, from which indeed they both derive their origin.

At Ekersried, a bridge over the torrent of the Kalte Sensé conducts us into the Canton of Berne, whose fiscal authority is designated at the same point by a "Bureau de Frontière et des Pèages." At this point the mountains appear again in the extreme distance with great majesty: their middle regions were wrapped in clouds, whilst their pyramidic summits, rising far above, looked like vast rocks in a sea of foam.

If we have had reason to speak well of the soil, and to think favourably of the rural economy of Catholic Fribourg, the Protestant Canton we have now entered claims our still higher admiration for the yet superior productiveness of the land, and the more comfortable circumstances of its inhabitants. The villages are neat, populous, and picturesque. It is pleasing in the extreme to behold the numerous well-built cottages of the peasantry, and the still more substantial dwellings of the farmers, agreeably embosomed in trees, with their barns and stables detachedly arranged in their vicinity. In the meadows, we

observed the grass-layers, composed of various plants, aromatic and others; the predominating part is clover, whence the bees extract their honey, and the butter derives its flavour.

The immediate environs of Berne are delightful, and the entrance to the city is particularly handsome.—The Cathedral is a noble specimen of the pointed stile; and if the tower* had been completed it would have even surpassed that of Fribourg: but a cupola of wood, painted of a reddish brown, is a very poor substitute for a coronated lantern of stone, with which apparently it was the intention of the architect to have finished it. The west entrance well deserves a minute inspection from those who take an interest in what are called Gothic designs, not only because they shew the state of the arts, but also as they throw light on the moral and religious character of the middle ages. This portal is full of statuary, consisting of saintly and secular personages. But the principal subject is the Judgment Day, executed on a more extended scale and with more elaborate workmanship than that which has already been noticed among the ecclesiastical curiosities of Fribourg. In the centre of the composition, and in the clouds, is an Angel with a trumpet to his mouth. On the right, is a crowd of Popes, Emperors, and Kings, of Clergy and Laity, entering the gates of Paradise. On the left, Satan and his

* During the night, a sentinel is stationed on the top of this tower to watch and give alarm in case of fire. The town criers begin their rounds through the city at ten o'clock in the evening, giving out the hour and warning the inhabitants to take care of fire and candle. As they pass by the tower, the sentinel at the top is required to answer them, in proof of his being awake.

Angels have a prodigious deal of busines on their hands in committing condemned souls to the flames of "the *other* place." And to say the truth, the artist, whoever he might be, has performed his task with strict impartiality; for we find a *triple-crowned* head, in company with cardinals' caps, and mitres, precipitated into the same burning gulph to which the Devil's assistants have already consigned many wearers of imperial and regal diadems, and of noble coronets. The whole is conceived in a style the most grotesque and ludicrous, so unsuited is the *manner* to the *matter*, of the representation; but the execution, in high relief, displays no mean proofs of sculptural talent and skill. The interior of this fine church is cleaner and looks altogether more Cathedral-like than that of Geneva. It contains the monument of its founder Berthold V. Duke of Zæringuen, (of the House of Austria): an interesting piece of sepulchral antiquity, spoiled by the trumpery colouring which surrounds it. The choir, converted into a separate place of worship, contains in its windows some good painted glass; and the backs of the stalls are ornamented with figures of the Prophets and the Apostles well carved in wood. In a side-chapel large tablets of marble have been placed against the walls, inscribed with the names of the citizens who perished in the battles which took place near this place in 1798. The French during those dreadful conflicts owed their success, in no small degree, to the diabolical stratagems with which they fomented that party-spirit to whose baneful influence the people of Berne unfortunately were victims. Conspicuous amidst these memorials of national calamity is a cenotaph (simple but in good taste) erected to the truly honourable memory of the good and

brave M. Steiguer;* who was Avoyer of Berne, at the fatal epocha in question. A man of transcendant merit, he would have proved himself another Bubenberg, if the Bernese of his day had but been generally possessed of the same patriotism of sentiment, the same devotedness of

* Frederick Steiguer was born at Berne, in 1729. He became in 1764 a Member of the Sovereign Council; and in 1772 Bailiff of Thun, which place he quitted to take his seat in the Senate. His knowledge and integrity obtained for him a high degree of influence in 1775; and the following year he was deputed to the Diet of Arau and Baden for the purpose of renewing the alliance with France. The Foreign Potentates honoured his talents and virtues with distinctions. In 1787, made Avoyer of Berne, first magistrate of a free people, he displayed all the virtues of a perfect patriot. Filled with indignation at the horrible massacre of the Swiss Guards at Paris, he was desirous of assembling the whole military force of Switzerland to avenge the slaughter of his countrymen. During the French Revolution public opinion was divided at Berne. And a party that sought to obtain, by negotiations with the Directory of France, that which Steiguer wished to gain without such a striking at the root of national dignity and independence, was formed against the good Avoyer. In 1798 the insurrection in the Pays-de-Vaud took place, and was followed by its military occupation by the French, who turned to their own advantage the discord that prevailed in the city of Berne. Steiguer strenuously advocating resistance to the advance of their army, caused General d'Erlach to be entrusted with the command of the Bernese troops. An ancient law imposed upon the Avoyer the duty of commanding the army on the day of battle. Steiguer, although 69 years of age, proceeded to join D'Erlach in a position between Soleure and Berne: exposed there to the most murderous fire, he failed to meet the death which he sought. Hurried away amidst the confused mass of his routed companions, he entertained but one thought, that of avenging the ruined cause of his country. After the surrender of Berne he retired into Germany, where at Augsbourg, he died of a broken heart, on the 3d of December, 1799. His friend, the historian Muller, applies to him no epithets less honourable than those of the WISE and the JUST. His death spread consternation through his country. The Generals of the Imperial Armies, as well as those of all the Allied powers, attended his funeral. And when tranquillity was re-established in Switzerland, a deputation went to Augsbourg to claim his remains, which were deposited in the Cathedral of Berne, with extraordinary pomp and at the public expense, in 1805, near this tomb,

heart, the same love of subordination and good discipline, as their forefathers manifested in the war of Laupen.—Steiguer did every thing in his power to oppose the cruel invaders of Switzerland. But not having been supported by the principal members of the State, he expatriated himself that he might avoid being a witness of the enemy's devastations. He survived the ruin of his country's cause only a short time, leaving his fellow citizens to deplore the consequences of their not having followed his advice and example; the advice of distrusting the insidious offers, and the example of resisting the profligate aggressions of French Jacobins, given in a Great and Free Land, by an Illustrious Statesman then at the helm of its national power;

"Who, while Terror and Doubt o'er the universe reign'd,
"Whilst Rapine and Treason their standard unfurl'd;
"The heart and the hope of HIS country sustain'd,
"And ONE KINGDOM preserv'd, 'midst the wreck of a world."

We rested awhile on the welcome seats and under the shady trees of the cathedral-terrace; the view from which offers such a combination of beautiful and sublime objects as can be witnessed from the walls of but few other cities. The ground in the neighbourhood alternately spreads itself in dewy meads, or rises in verdant hills, sprinkled with pleasure houses, farms, and cottages. Beyond them rise the Alps in the grandest perspective.—The Aar is here seen rushing, in a deep and rapid stream, at the foot of the steep eminence on which the town is built. The partial retention of its waters by means of a sort of broad wear,* carried diagonally across the chan-

* Dr. Burnett notices this "sloping bank of stone, which, as he states, was made at a vast charge."

nel, and producing a considerable fall, imparts animation to the scene, in the movement of numerous mills.

On the parapet wall of the terrace, on a tablet of black marble, is an inscription in German, of which, though somewhat defaced by time, we deciphered the purport as follows:*—"To the memory of the almighty and wonderful providence of God this stone is placed. As a "Mr. Theobald Wentzaple, on the 25th of May, 1654, "was precipitated hence from his horse, and after that "fall he preached thirty years."—The event thus commemorated to God's glory at Berne, would have been recorded as a miracle to the honour of "Our Lady of Loretto," had it happened at Fribourg. And surely some power next to miraculous must have interposed to save the life of the individual, for the terrace is at least 120 feet high. According to the current tradition, this Wentzaple, then a college student, having gone out on a party of pleasure, in company with several other youths, got intoxicated: in this state he mounted a one-eyed horse, which his comrades set a racing. The animal ran violently against the parapet, and there stopped; but its rider, flung forward by the sudden shock, was precipitated over to the bottom; yet escaped with broken legs, and, surviving the fall thirty years, died a Protestant Minister. Such was the account given us by persons to whom we put questions, in the place, concerning one of the most extraordinary facts ever authenticated by a public record; but the cause of such an escape still requires material explanations; and no one appears capable of affording them.

The Great Hospital is particularly deserving of a

* Addison alludes to this.

visit: its architectural merit and extensive plan are equally striking; nor are its interior arrangement and economy less creditable to the directors. We went through nearly all the wards, which we found in a perfectly clean, airy, wholesome state; and the numerous patients appeared as neat, comfortable, and contented as in any place of the kind I ever saw. But the circumstance of its doors being open to all casualties without exception, and to every inhabitant of the place, without regard to sex, age, or nation, is what recommends it especially to the praise that belongs to the most humane and most liberal of charitable establishments. Over the portal is this inscription:—CHRISTO IN PAUPERIBUS. *To Christ in the Poor.**

The Museum contains a great number of curiosities both of Nature and Art, such as Metals, Minerals, Petrifactions; a fine collection of Birds; some superb Antiques, in bronze; Roman Inscriptions, Urns, and Vases, mostly found in the neighbourhood; Weapons and other articles from Otaheite and other South Sea Islands, presented by a Monsieur Weber, an eminent draughtsman, who went round the world with Captain Cook.—The Cabinet of Medals is superb: it contains above 3000 pieces, in gold, silver, and brass, Greek as

* Madame de Staël, in her work, "*De L'Allemagne*," designates Berne as a city more than ever entitled to the respect and interest of travellers. Alluding to the simple sacred dedication above quoted, she observes—"Il n'en est de plus admirable. La religion chrétienne ne nous a-t-elle pas dit, que c' étoit pour ceux qui souffrent que le Christ étoit descendu sur la terre? Et qui de nous, dans quelque époque de sa vie, n'est pas un de ces pauvres, en espérances; un de ces infortunés, enfin, qu'on doit soulager au nom de Dieu."—Vol. I, p. 189.

well as Roman,* many of them of great rarity and in the finest state of preservation.

Directing our course to the gate of Neuchatel, we passed the fossés (one of the oldest parts of the city), where the Bears are kept,† that for ages have constituted the living prototypes of armorial distinction to Berne, as the Eagles do to Geneva. People were amusing themselves with throwing down ginger-bread to these enormous animals, from over a low parapet, left in so unguarded a state, as to be quite at variance with our English notions of what is due to the safety of the young and the thoughtless.

The Hotel-de-Ville, where the sittings of the "Magnificent, High, Potent, and Sovereign Lords" of this Republic‡ are held, and where the affairs of State are trans-

* "Its principal merit (says the celebrated M. Haller, a native of Berne, who arranged the catalogue), is that the coins have almost all of them been found in the soil of Switzerland *(tirées du Sol Helvètique)*. Italy excepted, there is no other country where so large a quantity of Roman Antiquities has been discovered. Especially on the side of Avanche (Aventicum), where they are continually coming to light."

† There is a revenue of 1200 livres assigned for their support.—*Robert.*

‡ The Government is Aristocratic in a most absolute and uncontrouled degree of authority. The sovereign power resides in the Council of Two Hundred (consisting when complete of two hundred and ninety-nine members), which fills up its vacancies itself every ten years from the citizens. To be admitted into this Council it is necessary to have attained twenty-nine years. The places are for life. This Sovereign Council makes and repeals laws, decides on peace or war, forms alliances, gives competency to the different tribunals, regulates the finances, has the disposal of the public treasury, confers civil and ecclesiastical employments, and determines civil causes *en dernier ressort*. The members of the Senate or *Petit Conseil*, 27 in number, are chosen for life by the Great Council from their own body. No general assembly of the citizens is ever convened on any occasion. Two Avoyers, appointed for life, are alternately Chiefs of the Republic, from one year to the other. The one actually in office is

acted, is a large old edifice, with nothing particularly striking about it. The entrance to it is by a double flight of steps raised very high up the front of the building.

In one of the towers that give consequence to the principal street, is a large and very curious clock. It shews by different dials the hours and minutes; the month and day of the month; it also points out the signs of the zodiac, in which the Sun is to be found, and (by a representation of its phases) the age of the Moon at the time; it presents besides an extraordinary variety of moving figures, both of men and animals.

Conformably to the active spirit of improvement that pervades the age in which we live, the Government of Berne is building a new gate and wall on the north side, but further on towards the country. When this new work is finished the old gate and walls will be pulled down; an alteration which will greatly contribute to the embellishment and advantage of that quarter of the city.

Just beyond the walls, on the same side of the town, is the shooting-ground; a spacious field, at one end of which is a long open gallery, allowing room for a dozen men to stand widely apart from each other, and fire at as many targets placed opposite at different distances. Near each target a man was stationed under cover to mark the shots. For the purposes of this rifle practice targets are set up in every town and village in Switzerland: it forms an

called *Regnant*, and presides at the Grand and Little Councils. Not more than between eighty and ninety families at Berne have any share in the government, or in contributing members to either council. The inhabitants of the rest of the canton (whether in towns, villages, or chateaux), are all excluded from those situations, and from every important post.

Robert—Coxe.

evening amusement for persons of all ranks. The guns are exceedingly heavy: many of them have locks on the percussion principle. A young man of the party (one of the Noblesse) hit the bull's-eye several times at the distance of two hundred and fifty paces.

The city has a garrison of about four hundred soldiers. Those we saw were tall personable men, clothed in a scarlet uniform very similar to that of our English infantry.

The Arsenal when the French pillaged the city, was, together with many other public edifices, stripped of its contents. It now contains about two hundred pieces of artillery, cannon, howitzers, and mortars, with their caissons and other equipments; and some thousand stand of muskets and rifles. They shewed us the armour of Duke Berthold, and a cross-bow, *like* that used by William Tell.

Near the Arsenal is the church of the Holy Ghost, the second in Berne, entirely rebuilt in 1714. It is an elegant and well arranged piece of modern ecclesiastical architecture. The western façade, surmounted by a fine bell-tower, is formed of Corinthian columns, and the whole edifice is surrounded with pilasters of the same order.—The present edifice was erected on the foundations of a chapel formerly belonging to the Dominicans. Dr. Burnet,* in his "Travels," mentions having been shewn there

* This eminent author, writing from Zurich under date of Sept. 1, 1685, states that he read the original process, preserved in the Latin record, signed by the Notaries of the Court of the Delegates whom the Pope sent to try an extraordinary matter, which arose out of the memorable dispute between the Dominicans and the Franciscans, on the question whether the Virgin Mary had been conceived in original sin or not? The former maintaining the negative, and the latter the affirmative of the proposition. It was to recover the popularity which they had so grievously lost by adhering

"the famous hole," or tunnel, which was made to conduct the voice of a man to an image of the Virgin in the chapel,

to the opinion of Thomas Aquinas on this knotty point of the "Immaculate Conception," that the Dominicans resorted to a conspiracy as impious in its proceedings as it was fraudulent in its design; and Berne was fixed upon as the theatre of their drama. By means of a most refined series of artful delusions practised upon a Lay Brother, named Jetzer, the Prior and several Monks of the House, had nearly converted him into an oracle to restore the decayed interests of the Order of St. Dominic. Apparitions of the Virgin, with a glorious retinue of Angels, her gracious and repeated caresses, her imprint of the five *stigmata* (like those of St. Lucia and St. Catherine) on his body, were successively employed to persuade the poor monk that he was the living image of the Saviour's passion; and he suffered his knavish brethren to exhibit him on the grand altar with these real wounds about him, to the astonishment of the miracle-loving multitude, and to the great mortification of the Cordeliers. But in carrying on the farce, the Jacobins over acted it, and ruined themselves. Whilst Jetzer, under the stupifying influence of their drugs, yet remained in the chapel, a monk caused his voice to be heard through the pipe communicating from a cell to the image of the Virgin, holding the Infant Christ in her arms, so as to produce the effect of a conversation between mother and son. A painter had given to the cheeks of the former tears like nature itself; these served as a pretext for the little Jesus to ask his mother why she wept, that the Virgin might reply, that it grieved her to see herself made partaker of an honour, which belonged to him alone, by asserting as the Franciscans did that she had been conceived without sin. All this, concerted for the purpose of more completely deceiving Jetzer, produced just the contrary effect: his eyes became opened to the whole trick; and he upbraided the monks for their villainy. They did not scruple to acknowledge the truth; and by dint of cajolery induced the lay brother to join with them in continuing the imposture on the people. Not however having sufficient confidence in their former dupe, now their ally, the Dominicans made several ineffectual efforts to dispatch him by poison, the last of which was administered in the host at the sacrament. But escaping from their murderous hands, Jetzer made a full disclosure of the mystery to the magistrates, who immediately arrested four of the leading conspirators, and forming a *procès verbal* of the charge, sent it to Rome. The Franciscans also bestirred themselves and procured an Episcopal Commission, which, not coming to any decision, was followed a year after by a Papal delegation. The crime was fully proved; the four monks were degraded from the order of priesthood; and on the 31st of May, 1509, were

during the progress of one of the most infamous impostures that were ever brought to light. "The discovery of this signal cheat, only twenty years before the Reformation was received at Berne, (he observes) probably contributed not a little to the preparing of the spirits of the people to that change."

Since the new Temple-du-Saint-Esprit was finished, the Senate, it appears, has prohibited, under severe penalties, all allusion to the history of Jetzer and the Dominicans.

We asked the reason, since the notable affair of which this spot was the site and scene had taken place previous to the Reformation, why a Calvinistic State like that of Berne, should be so anxious about consigning to oblivion any particulars serving to expose the fanaticism, cheats, and atrocities of a set of monkish impostors? The reply given us was, that from policy rather than from forbearance the State had thought proper to suppress all public reference to this most remarkable and well authenticated instance of religious fraud, and to other things of a similar kind. Considering that in the Helvetic Confederation, the Roman Catholics are much more numerous than the Protestants, the latter deem it *imprudent* to allow such

burnt at Berne, in a meadow which is on the other side of the river opposite the great church. Burnet (to whose more circumstantial and very curious details the reader is referred) concludes (p. 32) in the following terms:— "The place of the monks' execution was shewed me, as well as the hole in the wall through which the voice was conveyed to the image. It was certainly one of the blackest, and yet the best carried on cheat, that has ever been known, and no doubt had the poor friar died before the discovery, it had passed down to posterity as one of the greatest miracles that ever was: and *it gives a shrewd suspicion that many of the other miracles* of the Church of Rome *were of the same nature, but more successfully finished.*"

subjects to be canvassed, lest it should *irritate* the Clergy of the former persuasion.

Thus, in the 19th century, Images may weep; Pictures may shew symptoms of life and intellect; Prince Hohenlohe may work miracles *à la distance;* all to prove the identity of the only true and saving faith with the creed of the Church of Rome. And, with these "signs of the times" before them, the *safe politicians* of a Protestant canton can coolly forbid their people having access to the means of comparing such modern *wonders* with the detected *ingenuities* of former days!*

Every step we took within its confines induced us to contemplate Berne with the most favourable sentiments, not merely as a well-built, neat, interesting, and delightfully situated place—but indeed as one of the finest cities, rivalling amidst the rocks of Switzerland some of the most superb that adorn the plains of Italy; and for a residence yielding to none that we have yet seen in our tour. It stands on a steep ridge formed into almost an island by the Aar. The houses are constructed of hewn stone upon arcades, which remind one of Turin; and though they have too heavy and uniform an appearance to please the eye in search of picturesque varieties; yet the shelter they all afford and the amusement which many of them offer,

* The stipulation of the Treaty of Arau, in 1712, between the Swiss Protestants and Catholics, it appears, contained an express prohibition to each party, "not to use any terms of raillery or contempt, in speaking of their respective worships," *(Coxe v. 1, p. 67.)* But this can hardly be construed into an authoritative precedent for preventing the former, at the present day, from freely and openly referring to those historical facts, which shew the necessity that there was for a Religious Reformation, and which form the justification of their ancestors' conduct, in separating themselves from the Papal communion.

render them sufficiently acceptable to the visitor. The Great Street, more than a mile in length, broad enough for four carriages to pass abreast, and extending in a gentle curve—lined right and left with goodly mansions—ornamented in the middle with a succession of columns and fountains—refreshed throughout with a lively current of clear spring water confined in beds of free-stone—and enriched with towers and edifices of a simple but stately architecture—of such a street as this we may go far and not see the equal; yet some of the transverse ones yield to it only in extent and width, and no wise in either airiness or cleanliness.

At the western extremity of the great street, we remarked a fountain, which goes by the name of that of *David*, being embellished with a sculptural image of the sling-armed stripling. It faces the gate, which, from an ugly colossal figure placed in a balcony above the archway, and within the city, derives its name of *Goliath*. From this gate we proceeded round the fortifications that stretch across the isthmus, or space uniting the peninsular promontory to the main-land. They appear to be well calculated to defend those points, to which Nature herself has not, as in nearly every other, furnished protection.—A walk in the lower town, the descent to which is by long flights of covered stairs, presented to us in a new aspect the imposing features of this very handsome place. It is there that one perceives the extraordinary labour bestowed on the construction of the extensive line of terraces, which, looking down upon the river, support in grand masses of masonry not only the promenade of the noble Cathedral, but also a row of fine buildings

with their respective vineyards and gardens; such as would do honour to any city in the world.*

After a day of delicious weather, the landscape was still glowing in summer's richest tints: we therefore took a *char-a-banc* to the heights of the Altenberg, situated at a short distance to the north-east of the city; and we were gratified with one of the most magnificent views in the world—the different grades of the Bern-Oberlandes, extending in one vast chain of glaciers and high alps, gloriously illumined by the setting sun! This is indeed a scene that baffles description; so greatly does it in variety, extent, immensity, and splendour, surpass all that imagination can conceive or memory retain. A gently undulating country, in the most rural

* Berne dates its foundation no higher than the year 1191. Before that epocha its site was a forest. German is the language of the people; of the religion; and of the laws; but among the higher classess both French and German are spoken; and there is a Protestant Church where the service is performed in the latter tongue.—The Reformed religion is that of the city and of the whole canton. The Sabbath and sacred festivals are very strictly and solemnly observed. The population does not exceed twelve thousand, which is very little considering the magnitude of the place, the opulence of its resident nobility, the extent of the Bernese territory, and the respectability of its government. But there is a strongly marked line of separation between the families of those who hold the Sovereign power and the rest of the citizens. This throws such impediments in the way of social intercourse, as are said to deter even strangers in general from making any long stay within its walls. Commerce and manufactures meet here, neither with encouragement from enterprise on the one hand, nor with restrictions from jealousy on the other. Such occupations are considered as derogatory. Magisterial offices and military service are the favourite objects of ambition and solicitude with the young Bernese. It is at Berne that the British Legation to the Swiss Cantons, generally resides.—This city is six leagues N. E. of Fribourg, eighteen S. of Bale, twenty W. of Lucerne, and thirty-one distant from Geneva.

mixture of arable, pasture, and woodland, with every token of agricultural industry and of a thriving population, stretches itself immediately beneath the spectator's eye. Beyond this beautiful fore-ground first rise the lesser mountains, with crops at their feet, forests on their sides, and cultivation on their very tops—the different openings and divisions of this nearest range partially reveal loftier hills and deeper vallies. It is thus that, by degrees each sign of vegetation ceasing, the more distant prospect offers no other view than that of a far-stretched line of bleak and horrid crags, the firm foundations on which, in numerous array, with shapes the most various and aspects the most sublime, stand the inaccessible "Giants of the Frost." To the right, the Doldenhorn, the Blumelis-alp, the Breithorn; to the left, the Wetterhorn,* the Schreck-horn, the Finstaarhorn, the Eigher, the Gross Mönch; and nearly in the centre of the matchless group, still superior to all these conspicuously elevated peaks, we see

> ——————— "The soaring JUNG-FRAU rear
> "Her never-trodden snow."

August 9.—It was market-day; and the street in which our hotel (the Falcon) stands, presented in the morning a crowded assemblage of the *paysannes*. Their costume is so singular as to demand notice, although mere verbal description must necessarily fail to convey any exact idea of it:—a gown, or rather petticoat, generally of dark blue or black, with a narrow bordering of scarlet or crimson at

* The word *horn* in German, which bears the same signification as in the English tongue, is applied to the highest peaks, as in French *aiguille*, or needle.

the bottom; the body is very short-waisted and without sleeves; a white dress covers the neck, fastened at the throat with a collar of black velvet, with or without decorations: and the sleeves, which in fulness exceed those of a man's shirt, and exhibit both fineness and whiteness, are fastened a little above the elbow, leaving the arms bare. The hair, dressed very plain and close, is parted off the forehead, and behind is divided into two large plaited tresses, to each of which a broad ribband is attached, that reaches down some inches below the petticoat. But the peculiar feature in the dress of the Bernese countrywomen is the cap, consisting of a small circlet of black silk or velvet, fastened to the back of the head; whence springs a frame of wire, supporting a fabric of black gauze, the reticulations of which, in a front view, diverge from the face, as rays from a centre: they are however rays, not of *light* but of *shade*, unsuited to beam around a fair complexion; and serving only to display a tanned or wrinkled countenance to the greatest possible disadvantage. The lower classes of townswomen at Berne, as well as the female peasantry, wear the dress above described, including this *cobweb* coiffure, which is certainly the least fascinating part. But when, for that grotesque appendage, they substitute the neat little turned-up hat of yellow straw (or sometimes a larger one of black chip), its crown embellished with bows of ribband and with flowers, the ensemble is very becoming to a good figure and a handsome face, many of which we saw among the lasses of Berne; who have decidedly the advantage of their rustic *compatriotes* in those respects. Some of the better sort of peasant-servants in the place wear spencers or jackets of green, but more

generally of black velvet, which, contrasted with their well bleached linen and the neatness of their *chaussure*, have a pleasing appearance. To give a killing finish to their best attire, they attach silver chains to their collars, which, passing under the arms, are brought round to the front of the boddice, and the ends, ornamented with tassels, are suspended on each side the bosom.

There is a Bernese village, called Guggisberg, situated near the confines of the canton of Fribourg, which is inhabited by a remarkable race of people: the men have completely the look of the roughest mountaineer tribe. The women, whose occupations are nearly as laborious as those of the other sex, in tending cattle amidst alpine pasturages, have, for the greater facility of ascending their native rocks, so "curtailed the *petticoat* of its fair proportion," that the denuded limb, above the stocking and its scarlet garter, is rendered distinctly visible as they walk along. We saw several of these women at market; of whom it must suffice to say, that as their toilette had not been made before "the glass of fashion," so neither in their persons did we recognise "the mould of form."

In the course of the morning, in different parts of the town, we noticed several gangs of malefactors, strong healthy looking fellows; some of whom were harnessed to tumbrils; others employed in loading those vehicles with the dirt and rubbish which they had been sweeping up in the streets. It is by this means that at Berne the labour of criminals, belonging to the whole canton, and condemned to detention in the large prison, is made subservient to the preservation of public cleanliness. The men are classified according to age and the nature of offences. But thus to witness human beings, in their

garb of durance and of shame, working like slaves in the open face of day, with iron collars round their necks, and chained together, "is a sorry sight." And yet nearly all the male convicts are subject to this punishment.*

At noon we proceeded on our way to Thun; the road to which crosses a hill, whence

"High on her guardian steep, Majestic BERNE"

is surveyed in perhaps the most favourable point of view. From amidst a plantation of young trees that descends down to the Aar we looked upon the grey waves of that troubled stream, which chafes the rocky banks with augmented violence, as its ample flow of water acquires fresh impulse in foaming down "the Fall." A peninsular spot of ground that juts a considerable way into the river, contains a water mill, house, alcoves, and pleasure gardens: altogether a very pretty group in this bird's-eye view. Above the buildings of the lower town, consisting of baths, granaries, and store-houses, we here see the hanging gardens of the gentry and their lofty mansions ranged along the uppermost platforms. The venerable Cathedral, with its flying buttresses and noble tower, looks proudly over the city, and, in combination with the superb terrace projecting from its southern side, forms the presiding object of the picture. The country, (to the N. W.) is finely broken into alternate rise and fall; fertile, wooded, backed by hills resembling those of Monmouthshire.

* It is called *La peine des sonnettes;* probably from the circumstance of a little bell having formerly been attached to the iron collar of each prisoner.

The travelling was excellent; through a district luxuriant and lovely; a succession of easy slopes divided by enclosures and covered with orchards, corn, and pasture; bearing that very striking resemblance to England which all travellers remark in the softer scenery of Switzerland. Whilst houses of every class charm the eye, the general appearance and deportment of their inhabitants satisfy the heart.—One of the villas, whose situation and *ordonnance* pleased us much, lets furnished at about 12*l.* sterling per month: it had a pretty garden in front and some land behind it. A little further on to the left of our course, the driver pointed out to us a mansion occupied by an English family, forming a numerous establishment. Like the generality of the country seats, it was built in the French chateau stile, quadrangular, its high coved roof pierced with attic windows. It had a large garden and orchard, and near it farming offices with a proportionate quantity of land, for all which the tenant paid about 15*l.* per month. These *campagnes* are usually situated at the foot of some richly foliaged hill, by the side of a lawn or fine piece of herbage, belted in with trees, fenced with neat rails, and approached in every direction by good path-ways, sheltered with embowering shrubs. The village of Roubigen is an extremely pretty spot, where M. Steiguer, a gentleman who, we were told, holds a military post in his Britannic Majesty's service, has a residence, built on a small scale but in a stile of very genteel accommodation and in good taste. The inn at Roubigen, with its curiously carved galleries, is remarkably neat.—The road passes in picturesque windings over hill and dale. We looked on each side into smiling vallies—clumps of fruit trees, and groves of fine timber relieve the sameness of

pasturages, among which small fields of corn are here and there interspersed: the oats were a great crop, but still green. On the right, the lofty chain of the Oberland Fribourgeois runs parallel with our course towards Thun: at the foot of these forest-crowned heights and through fertile meadows rolls the Aar. In this perfect summer-garden, Münsingen is situated; a place which goes far to realise the *beau-ideal* of a German Swiss village: so respectable are the houses of the land-owners; neatly stuccoed and painted; and so comfortable seem the dwellings of the cottagers.

One of the houses, built entirely of wood, attracted our notice, as well from its peculiar and picturesque form as from its union of rustic conveniences. The dwelling part consisted of a substantial story and a floor over that. Along the wall, near the door, culinary and dairy utensils of brass, copper, and pewter, arranged in shining rows, threw lustre on the housewife's nicety. The sight of wood for fuel, piled in short blocks against the foundations and reaching to the cill of the lower windows, inspired a hope that the inmates are doubly careful of fire and candle. Immediately above the lower range of windows, ran an open gallery, protected by rails, round three sides of the parallelogram. This gallery, which serves to keep the ground floor of the building completely in shade, and to which the only ascent is by a broad-staved ladder on the outside, constitutes the regular passage of communication to the chambers. The roof covered with shingle, a neat substitute for tiles, was of an easy pitch: its broad eaves and projecting gable-end completely overhanging the gallery beneath them, were sustained by strong exterior supports of timber, placed perpendicu-

larly in the ground, and serving as a rustic viranda. The place belonged to a young farmer, who complied in the readiest manner with our request to see a little into the nature of his agricultural and domestic economy. His wife and female servants were busily employed in what appeared to be the finish of a *grand wash;* and delicately white the linen looked. Two little boys were driving some dozen of goats into the farm-yard. The master was a tall athletic man; and at the moment of our accosting him was sitting near his house, under the shade of some fine spreading walnut trees in company with a swain of more advanced years; whose white cap, coarse buff-coloured jacket, red waistcoat, grey small-clothes, thick shoes, coarse stockings rolled back to a black leather garter and displaying the naked knee, presented a fair sample of the male-peasantry costume of the canton.

On entering the premises, we found the kitchen to be the most spacious apartment: the eating-parlour, which also serves for a bed-room, contains a large stove for warming it in winter. Next the dwelling part, but under the same capacious roof, are the cow-houses and stables. The cattle are always kept there, when not sent into the mountains. Above this ground-tier of rooms are the barn and granary, in which not only the corn but the hay crop is invariably housed: nothing is left out of doors: the whole produce is brought under cover. The entry to this barn is by an inclined plane of wood-work; and along the steep ascent, the waggons are drawn up by the horses and oxen. The women assist the men in the employment of threshing: indeed they are very industrious, and do a

great deal of the field-work, besides fulfilling their more appropriate tasks within-doors.

It appears that most of the land-occupiers are owners too.* The reason assigned for their growing so much grass and so little corn, is that the flocks and herds fed upon the mountains during the summer, require that there should be a proportionate share of low-land pasture converted into hay for their winter forage. The resemblance of these parts of Switzerland to Britain would indeed be complete, if the farming system of the former country admitted of that moving feature which constitutes so peculiar a charm of my native land, in whose pleasant plains

> "We mark majestic herds of cattle
> "Free to ruminate."

But here during the summer months, the cows are sent to the hill-pastures. It is only in the winter that they are fed at *home; and then invariably* in their stalls. "Every where, indeed, (as Mr. Wordsworth observes) one misses in

* The Baron de Staël Holstein, in one of his interesting "Letters on England," observes, "Nothing is more common both in France and in Switzerland than to see the possessor of a small estate, farming one more extensive. I would even say that a great majority of the farmers are land-owners also. The day labourer they employ is often master of a cot that serves to shelter his family, a garden that feeds his children, and a little field that he can cultivate when he is unemployed, and which enables him to maintain with less inequality the fearful struggle of laborious poverty against exacting wealth. From this general state of things arises a degree of happiness not to be disdained even if attended with no other advantage; but which becomes one of the happiest results that the social order is capable of producing, when as we see in the Protestant parts of Switzerland, it is guaranteed by free institutions, and ennobled by a general diffusion of knowledge."—*P.* 69.

the cultivated scenery abroad, the enlivening and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their food at will."*

The last four or five villages that we passed through in our journey to Thun, had each its manufactory for porringers, basins, and other common articles of earthenware.

The road nearly all the way from Berne, a distance of 18 miles, is lined with a double row of cherry trees, which were loaded with fruit, and from these every farmer makes his own substitute for brandy. The neighbourhood of Thun is celebrated for the best distillation of *Kirch-wasser*, or cherry-water. According to the recipe with which we were favoured, the fruit, when it has attained its full maturity, is stripped from the stalks, put into a cask made of oak-wood, and therein left to ferment for six weeks. In that state the cherries become completely rotten; the kernels detach themselves and fall to the bottom of the vessel. This marmalade is then distilled by the same process as other liqueurs. It is as potent as the strongest whiskey, which it resembles in colour, but without having the burnt flavour; and is esteemed very wholesome, taken in a small quantity, with tea and sugar, in an evening just before bed-time.

The town of Thun is divided by the Aar into two unequal parts, one of which is built on the brow and sides, the other at the foot, of an eminence. The houses are strongly marked with the antique character, but the streets, though irregular, are perfectly clean.—

* See "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820."—The canton of Soleure, I am given to understand, offers an exception to this general rule. The cattle are there turned into the meadows to graze.

After dining at the excellent table-d'hote of the Freyhoff inn, we re-crossed the bridge and ascended by a covered flight of steps to the Church: the surrounding cemetery is filled with graves and the walls loaded with inscriptive tablets; displaying the same popular passion for gilding and ornament as the church-yards in the canton of Fribourg, but substituting quotations from Scripture in lieu of the cruci-form symbol of Romanism. The terrace commands one of the most magnificent and extensive as well as most delightful views in all Switzerland. The ancient castle groups picturesquely with its ecclesiastical neighbour and contemporary—the river, sprinkled with islands, glides rapidly through a vale of great breadth, extent, and beauty—

"Fair in front the gleaming lake
"Rolls its waters bright and blue"—

a lofty vine-covered ridge bounds the prospect on one side—the mountain grandeurs rise in abrupt elevation on the other—and of that portion which lay nearest to us, we enjoyed the sight in perfection; for it was a lovely afternoon. Beyond them the snow-clothed masses, whose summits usually surpass the region of the clouds, were by those envious veils at that moment hid from our eager regards. Disappointments of this kind however the traveller learns to bear with becoming resignation.

Preparatory to an excursion among the Alps of Lauterbroun and Grindelwald, we made the indispensable arrangements for forwarding our carriage to that stage, where our half-aquatic and half-land journey was to terminate, viz. to Lucerne. In this business we were

advised and assisted by the master of the Freyhoff, to whose information and civility it is the more pleasing to acknowledge ourselves indebted, because we had established no claim on the trouble which he gave himself for us, but what an every-day sort of *aubergist* would have very lightly esteemed.

At half-past five we took boat for Neuhaüs on our way to Unterseen; accompanied by Jonathan Michel, a well known native of the latter place, whom on a recommendation that proved a just one for fidelity and expertness we had engaged as our guide.

The view of Thun from the Aar, at the point where that river flowing out of the lake widens into a basin with gently curved shores before it reaches the town, is fascinating in the extreme. There is a home-like tranquillity, a rural freshness, and a social charm in the spot, which impress themselves on my recollection with the most pleasing firmness. The houses and pavillions are of that form which in England we should call romantic. Over-topped by the massive walls and cone-roofed turrets of the feudal keep, and by the spiry pinnacles of the sacred structure, they form an assemblage of buildings whose bold though simple architecture well accords with the natural character of the surrounding scenery.

As, passing close by the garden walls of the castle of Schadau, we entered the Lake of Thun, our eyes were involuntarily turned towards its south-eastern extremity. But there alas! the tops of the nearest Alps were hid from us: and thick clouds totally concealed the Jungfrau and her hoary brethren in distance and altitude. Even the rugged bases of those enormous barriers were covered with collections of vapours so dense

and dark, that we could have imagined the work of Vulcan's forges to be going on behind them. We contented ourselves therefore with surveying the borders of this fine expanse of water, which though its northern coast is mountainous, exhibits a softer appearance on the opposite side, and allowing on both an easy passage, is better suited for the residence of man than the rocky and precipitous shelvings of the lake of Como. As we passed close along the shore, Hilterfingen (to our left) with its modest white church, its snug parsonage, and neat village-cluster of comfortable dwellings literally embosomed in woods, looked delightfully in the cheering beams of the sinking sun. Oberhofen next presented itself: it has a small castle, and its closely built houses are prettily backed by vines that flourish on a lofty hill. "Ailleurs (says a French writer speaking of a similar eminence) on nommeroit ceci une montagne; en Suisse ce n'est qu' une inègalité du sol."

The southern bank (to our right hand) slopes gently down to the water's edge, offering a bright and plenteous succession of corn fields, pasturages, orchards, and woody heights, occasionally adorned with chateaus and hamlets that form with their beautiful accompaniments of lawns, groves, and inclosures, the most striking contrast to a back-ground composed

> "Of mountains that like giants stand
> "To centinel enchanted land."

These fertile and verdant uplands extend five or six miles from the lake (as our guide informed us) and then touch the chain of the Adelboden, of which the Niesen is the nearest and highest point. Between this fine peak

and another summit of the same chain, a valley opens upon us, and the lofty ridge of the Ober-Simmen-Thal appears. On the same side, but more to the south-east, we caught a glimpse of the snows on the Gemmi.—About half the length of the lake, still on the south side, we pass the village of Spiez, where there is a chateau belonging to the noble family of Erlach, a name illustrious in the history of the Canton of Berne. The situation of this place, on the margin of the lake, where a wide opening between the mountains reveals the fertile valley of the Nieder Simmen-Thal, is peculiarly fine. Behind and considerably above it stands the castle of Wimmis, placed on a pine-skirted rock, which looks like a huge stone blocking up the entrance of the narrow pass. Beyond both, rising majestically from the depth of the valley to a considerable elevation, we see the insulated mountain of the Niesen,* in the almost regular form of a quadrangular pyramid. Now taking a north-easterly course, our bark crossed over to the village of Merlinghen. We remarked various pretty white houses in every one of the different hamlets on the northern side, agreeably placed amidst well cultivated fields, or peeping through screens of foliage; and were assured by the boatmen, of what was indeed self-evident, that there were not a few wealthy persons among the inhabitants.

Nothing can be more deceptive than the impression as to distances, in such a country as this, whether we travel by land or by water. Sailing opposite the Beatenberg, where the lake is the broadest,† we thought ourselves near

* 7340 feet above the sea.

† The lake of Thun is 1780 feet above the sea, five leagues long and one broad. Between Leissinhen and the Nase it is about 240 yards deep; it abounds in fish, the most esteemed of which is the *aalboch* (salmo Maræna).

its north-eastern border, at the extremity of which the rocks rise in a vertical rampart, and to the same immense elevation as those in Savoy. Close in-shore however, a row-boat appeared, and its diminutive size served instantly to correct our error: we were at least a mile and a half from the high and dry land that seemed so immediately within our reach.—On the square sail of our boat, was the following inscription, painted in large letters of German text:

O Herr, über alle wasser wellen
Thüe ich mich dir anbefehlen.
CHRISSEN MULLER.

O LORD, upon each watery wave,
(Owning thy pow'r alone to save)
Do I commend myself to THEE.

A voyage of three hours and a half brought us to Neuhaus. Thence, in the twilight, we walked about two miles to Unterseen, being half way through the fertile plain that intervenes between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, to whose once united but now divided waters, the powerful current of the Aar forms the still uninterrupted channel of connection.

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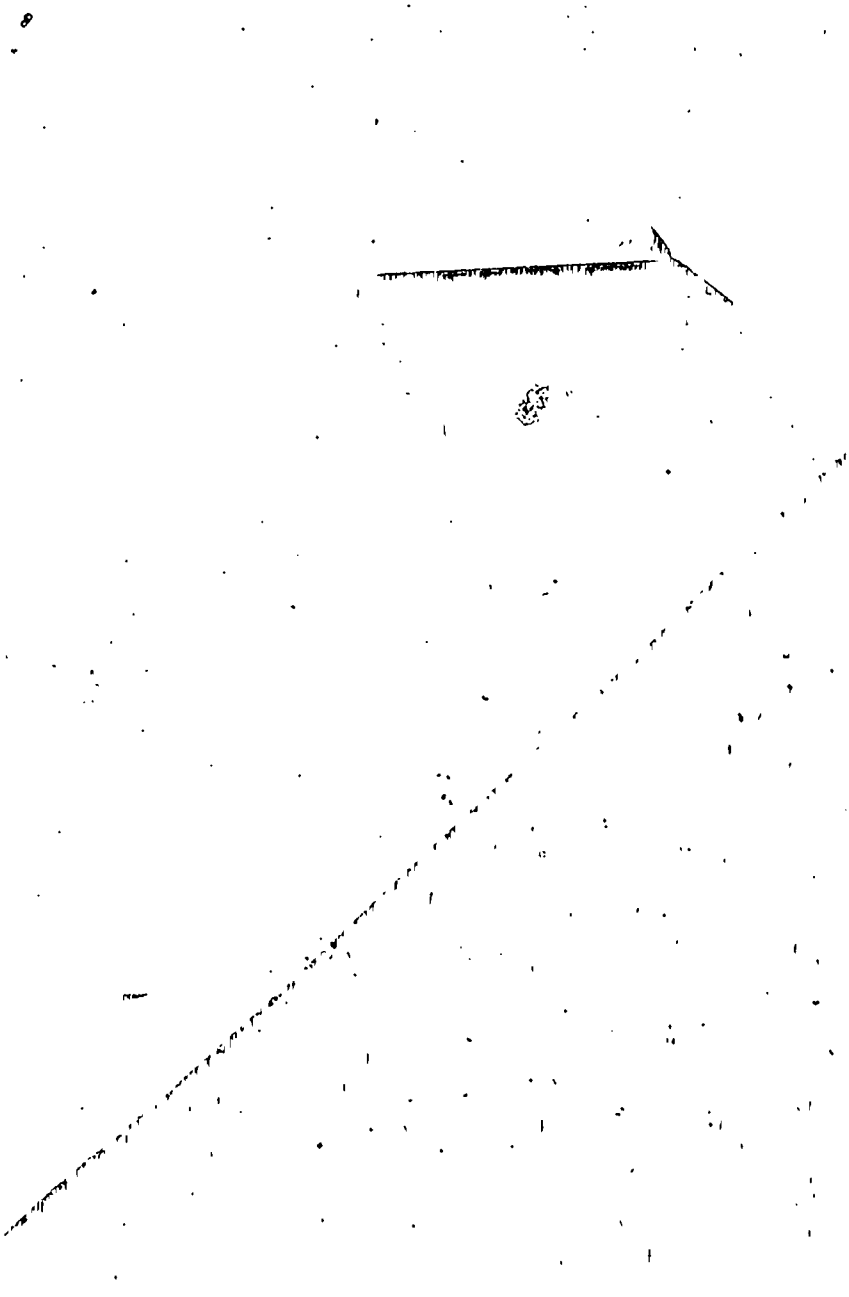

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